

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 1432.

OLD FORT DUQUESNE BY CHARLES McKNIGHT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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OLD FORT DUQUESNE:
OR,
CAPTAIN JACK, THE SCOUT.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL,
WITH COPIOUS NOTES.

BY
CHARLES McKNIGHT.

AUTHORIZED EDITION.

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

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AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

WITH COLORED NOTES

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CHARLES MCKNIGHT

NEW YORK: HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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OLD FORT DUQUESNE.

CHAPTER I.

THEY COME ON BRADDOCK'S ARMY.

Within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong; our cause the best.

Henry the Fourth.

THE march was now resumed, and continued without further incident until after midnight, when all at once, as the party surmounted a rising ground, the Tuscarora guide came to a sudden halt, and pointed to a piece of woods just below him, where smouldering fires and sundry columns of smoke rising lazily among the trees denoted a large encampment.

"'Tis Braddock's army at last," exclaimed Jack. "Waggoner, as you know the countersign, you'd better take the lead. Those scary pickets have an ugly way of firing off-hand. Everything's an Indian to them. I was out the other evening to hunt some hickory for a new ramrod, and on passing the outer line of sentries, was challenged by a 'Wha gaes tha' from a stupid, lowlander Scot, and, notwithstanding I gave the word,

he fired his piece, yelled 'Injun,' and made a vicious lunge at me with his bayonet."

The party, Waggoner many steps in the front, now cautiously advanced over a glassy glade, and entered an open woods of white oak, having very little undergrowth.

Suddenly, and apparently from right under Waggoner's feet, came out of the silence the click of a gun lock and the ringing voice:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend, with the countersign."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"'Conestoga;' and where have we struck the camp, Sergeant Dobson?"

"At the very head, Captain. There's the 'light horse' vidette in that clump of laurel. We were just about to relieve the pickets."

The party now passed the line of sentinels who were posted outside the fires, and got into the cleared paths which connected the various sergeants, pickets and flanking parties.

Whatever could be said of Braddock's carelessness and neglect in other respects, certainly every precaution which prudence or experience could suggest, was taken to prevent a night surprise or attack. Turn where one might, a sentinel, of which a close chain went around the whole encampment, confronted him. In the rear of these were pickets and flanking parties of ten and twenty men each. At the very head and rear were posted light-horse videttes. The long line of artillery, baggage-wagons, tents, &c., was drawn up, as compactly as possible, in the twelve-foot-wide road

cut by the engineers and carpenter corps right through the forest.

The whole party, headed by the sergeant with a torch, now turned into and down this rude road, in the camp's centre. The sergeants, the subaltern's parties, and the detachment of sailors from Admiral Keppel's fleet, and then the tents of the Grenadiers, were passed one after the other. Then came the long line of artillery, with the tumbrils, caissons, ammunition wagons, and a single line of tents, facing outward on either side.

Near the very centre of the whole camp, the silent and ghostly procession came to a halt before a little semicircular clearing, where were posted, first the General's guard; back of it Braddock's tent, and behind both again, a detachment of light horse, acting as "body-guard." In the road beyond continued the line of wagons, rear-guard, etc.

After some little punctilio and ceremony, Waggoner's men were dismissed to their own place for the night, while the others drew up near the guard, waiting to know the pleasure of Braddock.

The old General, anxious for Waggoner's report concerning the fords, had only thrown himself in undress upon his camp-couch, and when he heard that the Virginian's troop was accompanied by Jack, Scarrooyaddy and three females, one of them a lady of beauty and refinement, he was greatly interested and hastened out in person. As he passed Dobson, he said in low tones:

"Has any body yet told Scarrooyaddy the sad news, Sergeant?"

"No, General; I thought that had better come from headquarters."

"You *did*, did you! S'death! Haven't we enough confounded worry and trouble of our own without *this* added? Well, sir, go take him with you and tell him *at once*—or stay! *I'd* better arrange it," adding to himself in low tones, "'twas a d—d awkward blunder. If it had been made by the stupid militia of the country, 'twouldn't have been so bad; but, by my own veterans—gad, it's horrible!"

Braddock then courteously saluted Marie and the other females; accosted Waggoner and Jack; heard from them a very hurried explanation of matters, and sent an orderly to have some of his officers give up their tent to the three women for the night, meanwhile telling all to dismount right there. He then went up to Scarooyaddy, shook him very warmly by the hand, and taking him aside, said feelingly:

"The Half-King has done well—very well. He's a great war chief, and his words are always as wise as his deeds are brave. He deserves our full confidence. It grieves my heart to have very, very bad news for him. May the Great Spirit help him to bear it."

The Chief darted a sudden, questioning look at the General, then raised himself to his full stature and with great dignity made answer:

"Scarooyaddy is a man—an old chief of over fifty snows and thirty battles. He waits the great General's message. Good news can keep, but bad news must go straight," looking inquiringly and searchingly at Braddock.

"You say true, Chief, and I know well your

courage; but 'tis cruel hard to tell you that your brave son has been accidentally shot this evening."

At the word a shudder went over the old Indian's frame. His face fell, his mouth worked convulsively, but making a strong effort, the aged stoic simply and inquiringly said:

"Shot, and what then?"

"He was shot by our own men," nervously and rapidly continued Braddock: "was mistaken for a French-Indian. He was sorely wounded, was—was—"

"He's dead," said the Chief, looking the General fairly and squarely in the eye.

"Alas, that I must say it, he is!" answered Braddock, dropping his eyes to the ground before that calm, clear gaze. "The whole camp is in grief. I weep for him. I've done all possible honor to so brave a warrior and *your* son."

"I would see him," moaned the old Chief.

"I'll send my own aid with you at once. He'll explain all. I need not say again, Chief, how very grieved I am—we *all* are."

The Half-King bowed his head and stepped back into the deep shadow of a tree, leaning against its trunk, and waiting patiently until Captain Orme, Braddock's aid, quietly conducted him away.

This painful task over, the General returned to his tent, where he received his company affably and courteously, being particularly gracious and gentle to Marie, whose sad story had been told him by Jack.

Generalissimo of all his Majesty's troops in North America, and favorite of the great Duke of Cumberland, Major General Braddock was now full sixty

years of age, over forty of which were passed in active military service with the famous "Cold Stream Guards." It is difficult within the compass of a few brief paragraphs to sketch his life and character. It is generally allowed, even by his bitterest enemies, that he was personally brave, honest, loyal, and well versed in military matters, but a rigid martinet, and too apt to rely on exact drill and discipline exclusively for success. "Desperate in his fortunes, brutal in his behavior, obstinate in his sentiments," writes Walpole, "he was still intrepid and capable." Mr. Shirley, his own military secretary, in a confidential letter written while far on this march to Governor Morris of Pennsylvania, says, "We have a General most judiciously chosen for being disqualified for the service he is in, in almost every respect. He may be brave for aught I know and he is honest in pecuniary matters."

In private life, it must be confessed, Braddock was, or rather had been, dissolute and reckless, keeping the low and disreputable company of London actors; given to the debaucheries of his day and class—the bottle and the gaming table.

Franklin, that keen observer of human nature, pronounced him a brave man and a good officer, but arrogant, having too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Indians and Americans. The old philosopher, when hearing Braddock's account of what was to be done *after* Duquesne was taken, told him that the only fear *he* had, was from Indian ambuscades and from the stretch of his attenuated line of march, nearly four miles long, which would be exposed to flank attacks and liable to be cut like a thread into several

pieces. Braddock smiled at Franklin's ignorance, and replied, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression."

What singular fatuity. It was this very raw militia spoken of and treated so contemptuously by him, that saved his army from being totally annihilated, and himself from being killed and scalped in the battle approaching, while it was the "king's regular and disciplined troops" which afterwards became utterly and shamefully panic-stricken, firing their pieces in the air or at their own companions, and, when the day was thus lost, fleeing, as Washington expressed it, "like sheep before the hounds."

The Indian opinion of him was given by Scaroo-yaddy himself to Governor Morris and the Pennsylvania Assembly three months after the defeat, which he attributed to pride and ignorance. "He is now dead," said the Half-King, "but he was a bad man when alive: he looked upon us as dogs, and would never hear what we said to him; and that's the reason why a great many of our warriors left him, and would not be under his command."

There are numerous incidents told of Braddock before his arrival on our shores. It is pretty certain, for instance, that he had once made a most unfeeling speech and a cruel pun when he heard of the sad death of his beautiful but unfortunate sister Fanny, who committed suicide under most distressing circumstances; that he was mean and base enough to live on the infamous wages of a notorious Mrs. Upton, in

in whose eyes he had found favor. (See *Appendix P.*) He was known to be so needy that in one of his duels—this time with a Col. Gumley—his opponent, on coming on the ground, tossed him his purse, saying, “Braddock, you’re a poor dog; there, take my purse, if you kill me, you’ll have to run away, and then you’ll not have a shilling to support you;” and finally, that he spent the last evening in London, prior to his departure for America, in the company of that frail actress, Miss Bellamy, then living as the reputed wife of a Mr. Calcraft, whom Braddock afterward made his executor. It is little wonder that the witty and sarcastic Walpole called him a “very Iroquois in disposition.”

But these were matters of the past. All authorities, foreign and provincial, unite in stating that since his arrival on our shores, the General had conducted himself with honesty, dignity and diligence, using his utmost energies to push matters forward—and this under the most vexatious and disheartening difficulties—and being exceedingly anxious to further the king’s service. Had he been successful, as everybody expected he would have been, it is probable we would have heard little of him but praises. “Nothing is so successful as success.” (See *Appendix Q.*)

The worst that could be said of Braddock since his sojourn in America, was that he was impatient, intolerant, and complaining—scolding at everybody and finding fault with everything. But then it must also be admitted, he had much reason therefor. The delays, swindles, and outrageous impositions which he and his army had to submit to, in the way of horses, wagons, provisions, and general army supplies, were

almost incredible. The General's intercourse, too, with both Washington and Franklin was always pleasant and honorable to all parties; and when the latter had raised a large number of wagons and teams for Braddock, in Pennsylvania, by means of a timely hand-bill circulated among the Dutch farmers, in which the threat was craftily held out that unless the aid was granted, the ferocious Hussar, Sir John St. Clair, would enter the province with a body of horse and forcibly take what he wanted, Braddock expressed his thanks to him in person, and wrote to his government that it was "almost the first instance of integrity, address and ability that he had met with in all these provinces."

During his march, Braddock had gotten rid of many of his foolish and pompous European notions. He soon discovered that America was a strange, unknown territory for him and his veterans, and that a western wilderness, with its crowded trees, dense thickets, and bridgeless streams, was a very bad place for high style or display. Thus he started by buying a tawdry and lumbering travelling chariot from General Sharpe, of Maryland; and on the 10th of May, the army was startled by Braddock's rapid transit, on his way to Fort Cumberland, sitting grandly in his chariot, with a body of light-horse galloping on either side. Poor mistaken old man, he was soon glad to come down to one sorry, attenuated cob, and after, to a rude litter, carried by a few faithful soldiers.

Braddock now held a long interview with both Jack and Waggoner. Their reports seemed to make considerable impression on him, and he was anxious for morning that he might confirm his doubts and

consult with his officers. As soon as the orderly reported the officers' tent ready for the three females, Braddock arose and addressed himself very gently to Marie:

"Miss de Bonneville, you will excuse the rough quarters we have to offer you, but such as they are, you are most heartily welcome. I have heard from Captain Jack your sorrowful story, and, believe me, sympathize with you from my very heart. These are terrible times to all, but especially to one of your sex and culture. I have tried to persuade Jack that it would be better for all three of you ladies to retire to Captain Gist's plantation, not far from here, rather than follow the fortunes of the army and share the privations of the camp and march. What think *you*?"

"I thank you, General. After the terrible shock we've lately gone through, we sadly need rest and quiet, all three of us; but still, if it wouldn't burthen you, we—at least I—would prefer staying with the army, to running any new risks by the way. I have other reasons," meaning her father's grave and her goods and portfolios. "You have no doubt, whatever, of taking the fort, I presume?"

Braddock smiled scornfully. Never a doubt—*couldn't* have any. My veterans will scatter this French-Indian rabble like chaff from a threshing-floor. I expect no more than a skirmish. You are assuredly welcome with us, Miss de Bonneville, while Lieutenant Frazier can care for his wife and daughter until his cabin is reached. I've about concluded to go by way of the river fords—will know to-morrow, when General St. Clair reports."

CHAPTER II.

THE DEAD CHIEF—BRADDOCK'S ARMY.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment.

Richard the Third.

Their poor jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips,
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.—*Henry the Fifth.*

CAPTAIN ORME, having returned from conducting the Half-King, now led the way to his tent, just next that of Braddock, and which had been fitted up as comfortably as possible for their reception. It had been occupied by Braddock's three aids-de-camp and secretary. A cold collation was found upon the table, and one of the camp women—a Mrs. McMurtree—was there as attendant.*

Captain Orme now, [at Jack's earnest request, led the way to a distant quarter of the camp, where the seven Indians that accompanied Braddock were quartered. They were all that were left of near fifty which had started from Cumberland. One of these,

* Shortly after the army left Fort Cumberland, not only were the Indian squaws banished the camp, but all the white women—with the exception of two to a company—were sent to Philadelphia. In the Pennsylvania archives are published their names, and the number of O's and Mac's sufficiently attest the nationality of Braddock's regiments.

Cashuwayon, or Captain New Castle, was a son of Queen Alaquippa; another was Iagrea, Scarooyaddy's son-in-law, and two Mohawks, Esras and Moses (the song), were his wife's brothers, so that Scarooyaddy's son was among relatives.

The General, knowing the great importance attached by the simple-minded redmen to a little ceremony and attention, and in order to palliate and overcome, as much as possible, the bad effects of the stupid blunder of his grenadiers, had called this evening's encampment Monecatootha, after the Half-King; had given the Indians a tent in which to deposit and lament over the body; had stationed a guard before it, and issued orders for a military funeral early the next morning, and a burial with all the honors of war.

As Captains Jack and Orme entered the tent, they found the Half-King bent in tearless sorrow over the dead body of his son—an active and gallant young chief, whom the father had left in the flush of youth and vigor of health. A number of Indian ceremonies had already been performed over the body, and even then all were engaged in a rude chant of lamentation; Iagrea beating the Tay-wa-egun or one-headed drum—made by adjusting a deer's hide to one end of the section of a hollow tree—while the others recounted the virtues and gallant exploits of the deceased.

Jack quietly went up to his old friend, took his hand, and whispered a few words of comfort and condolence. The old Chief, grieved as he was, seemed pleased with this visit, as he evidently was with the attentions and honors bestowed by Braddock. With great pride and animation he spoke of his son's brav-

ery, and then narrated how the accident happened. Several loiterers in the very rear of the army had been killed and scalped by a party of French Indians. The General had sent back his grenadiers, before whom the hostile Indians had fled. They were discovered again soon after in front, by his son and the other Indians, who were about attacking them, when they themselves were fired on by a party of Braddock's out-rangers, who mistook them for the enemy, notwithstanding they made the agreed countersign, which was holding up a bough and grounding their arms. By this fire the young chief was killed; but the simple-minded father seemed so gratified with the orders Braddock had given on the occasion, that the stupidity of the blunder was somewhat excused and forgiven.

Orme and Jack soon retired to quarters offered by the former, and the whole camp was now again wrapped in silence. It was just the time for deepest slumber. Within a narrow circuit in those dark, wild woods, lay over twelve hundred picked men, who slept profoundly, totally unconscious of the sad fate and disgrace which shortly awaited them. Foot-sore and travel-stained, they had lain them down that night in unusually bright spirits. Two more days and their toil would be over; the battle would be fought and won; the fort assaulted and taken, and then a rest from all their labors and privations.

The extended circuit of sentries kept their ceaseless vigils among the trees and bushes. The little knots of flankers waked and slept by turn. The long line of wagons—the horses hobbled about them—stretched down the narrow road overarched by huge

oaks, and elms, and hickories, and all was profound stillness.

Most impressive and solemn is an encampment of soldiers just on the eve of a bloody battle. It is well that the future lies hid from man. Could these unrecking slumberers have foreseen the carnage that would shortly ensue—that of the fourteen hundred and sixty men, officers and privates, who went into the battle, four hundred and fifty-six would be slain outright; that four hundred and twenty-one would be more or less grievously wounded, and that the rest would be a routed, disgraced, and panic-stricken mob of fugitives, what a scene of horror and commotion there would have been!

It is not our aim or purpose to give a detailed account of Braddock's command, and its tedious, toilsome march, first to Cumberland, and thence to this spot; but now would seem a favorable time for grouping together a few salient facts which may serve to give readers some comprehensive idea of the size, character and composition of this ill-fated army.

Its nucleus, in the shape of the 44th Regiment, Colonel Sir Peter Halket, and the 48th, Colonel Thomas Dunbar, had arrived from Cork, Ireland, disembarking at Alexandria about the middle of March, 1755. Neither regiment numbered five hundred, and these were made up of Irish, Scotch and English, drafted from different commands, and a large proportion of base material. After reaching this country, these two regiments were recruited by raw, provincial levies up to an effective of seven hundred each, and, after innumerable and vexatious delays and an immense labor, were joined by independent companies

from New York, Virginia, Maryland, South and North Carolina.

The trouble, expense, and delay in getting the army supplied with wagons, provisions, horses, etc., was almost incredible and entirely disheartening, and it was not until about the 8th of June that the heterogeneous little command was ready to march from Cumberland. Had not Dr. Benjamin Franklin raised a large force of wagons and pack-horses in Pennsylvania, by the timely publication before alluded to, in which he frightened the German population by a threat that if they were not immediately furnished, the Hussar, Sir John St. Clair, would overrun the province and impress them, the army would not have been able to march at all. The whole force was divided into two brigades under Colonels Halket and Dunbar, numbering about 2150 effectives, not counting the usual train of non-militants—women, wagoners, and hangers-on.

The progress of this ill-assorted command was painfully slow, five miles being considered an excellent day's march, while most frequently it did not reach half that. Bridges had to be built, roads to be cut the whole way, deep and miry marshes to be traversed, and steep and rugged hills to be surmounted. The route chosen was by no means the shortest or the easiest one. The advice of Nemacolin, the Indian guide, was too closely followed. Frequently morasses had to be waded through and savage hills to be climbed, the heavy artillery being let down by the sailors with block and tackle. The number of wagons and pack-horses was strung out in a line of over four miles in length, which was constantly made the object of attack, though happily by small parties.

In addition to the natural difficulties of the route, were superadded such as arose from crazy wagons, wretched and inadequate food, most miserable horses, and a general sickness and discontent among the soldiers and officers. It is little wonder, then, that this army had been ten days in reaching the Little Meadows, but twenty-four miles from Cumberland.

This fatal tardiness would never do, and reductions of baggage were constantly occurring. Even the officers were compelled to give up their horses to the service, Washington, Braddock's aid-de-camp, offering his best charger, and reducing his luggage to one poor half-filled portmanteau.

At the Little Meadows a council of war was held, the result of which was that Washington's advice was taken, and the army was divided. It was daily more evident if Fort Duquesne was to be reached before it was reinforced, and in time to allow of subsequent military operations, that a light fighting division must push forward more rapidly, and so about twelve hundred of the best and most reliable troops were sifted out, together with a select train of artillery and pack-horses for the provisions.

Colonel Dunbar, with all the heavy wagons, useless artillery and other *impedimenta*, was left behind with the worst and most unreliable troops, to make his way as best he might. Even with these aids to a more rapid progress, it was not until the 21st of June that Braddock entered Pennsylvania, and not until the 30th, that he crossed the Yough, near where Connellsville now stands, and now, here was the 7th of July, and Turtle Creek yet remained to be passed, with a strong

probability of being obliged to turn back on their course and seek a crossing of the Monongahela.

Had the General waited here for Dunbar's army, as was strongly urged by Sir John St. Clair, the Quartermaster-General, it would probably have been the middle of August before the fort would have been reached, and the whole army would either have starved or fallen into the hands of the enemy, as numbers would have availed little. "Dunbar, the Tardy," as he was called, had lost so many of his wretched draught horses by sickness and starvation, and by constant stealings, that he could only move half his wagons at a time. After one day's march, the miserable and worn-out old jades were sent back to bring up the remainder, and then two days more before a fresh start could be made.

Now, add to all this a bad state of feeling among the troops, caused by an insufficiency of provisions; no allowance of spirits; nothing but water to drink, and that often bad and unwholesome, and a general disheartenment among the foreign troops. Disputes and jealousies were common too among the officers, and Braddock was not even on speaking terms with his two brigade commanders. Even the robust constitution of Major Washington had given way under this state of things, and he had been travelling for ten days in the rear in a covered wagon, and was but just now returning. He had exacted a promise from Braddock that on no account should a battle be fought without him being present.

CHAPTER III.

THE BURIAL—GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN.

Tut, tut! good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder: they'll fill a pit as well as better.—*Falstaff*.

THE morning of the 7th dawned auspiciously. At the early beat of the *reveille* the whole army was astir. The quiet and deadness of the night before was changed into most intense activity. From one end of the long line to the other, every one was busy. The wagoners and batmen made ready their horses; the fires were kindled and preparation for breakfast commenced, and all the various steps of preparing for the march were soon completed.

After the morning meal was over, the first thing in order was the burial of the young chief so unfortunately killed the night before. The whole command was ordered to pay respect. Soon the Half-King, accompanied by the other Indians, issued from the tent, followed by a special guard detailed to carry the body. This funeral cortége was accompanied by many of the principal officers and the chief band playing the Dead March.

A grave had been dug on a slight eminence near by and at the foot of a clump of chestnuts, just then in full blossom. The general officers, out of respect to the Half-King, gathered around. The body was

lowered to one of the Indians' own wild chants; the chaplain read the service for the dead, and when all was over, there was platoon firing over the grave. These little honors and attentions were so agreeable to the Indians that they became more attached to the service than before.

Short march this day. The army soon came to a halt on the very brow of a precipitous hill overlooking Brush Creek. Sir John St. Clair was out with his engineers, his guides and his light-horse, but the reports were unfavorable—the country utterly impracticable for artillery and the wagon train—and so it was decided in the afternoon to abandon this direction altogether; to turn sharp about and make for the Monongahela fords. The rest was much needed by both man and beast. Some of the officers managed to get up horse races, and the soldiers gathered about in knots and laughed and chatted, or grumbled and complained, as suited their various moods and grievances.

The late stirring adventures of Jack and the Half-King becoming by this time much discussed, they were the objects of great interest to the rank and file, and of much attention among the officers. The latter numbered many who rose to distinction and held important commands in after years. Not to speak of General Washington, who in this district had learned the rudiments of war, there was General Gage, the well-known British commander at Boston and Bunker Hill; General Horatio Gates, if not so much as General Arnold the hero, at least the one who received the credit at Saratoga when General Burgoyne's army was so badly

defeated and cut up; General Gladwyn, whose gallant and obstinate defence of Detroit against Pontiac and his leaguering hosts, is so well known; General Adam Stephen, General Lewis, and others, besides British officers who attained high rank in England. (See *Appendix R.*)

There was still another officer of distinction in our revolutionary war whose acquaintance Jack made this day in a rather singular way. He was sauntering away in the rear among the wagons and wagoners—generally a rude, clownish, boisterous and profane set of vagabonds—“lewd fellows of the baser sort”—who had gathered to this expedition from Virginia, Maryland, but especially Pennsylvania.

Among them was a rough, uncouth and powerful fellow, said to have been a Virginia overseer. He had happened to incur the anger of one of the lower British officers, who, “dressed in a little brief authority,” were accustomed to be arrogant and overbearing to all provincials. Reprimanding the teamster for his tardiness, he probably received an insolent reply, whereupon the officer struck him with his sword. The sturdy wagoner, not being able to brook this insult in presence of his jeering companions, whipped out his lash, fell upon the officer, and gave him a thorough and severe drubbing.

So great an insult, coming especially from an American teamster and a hireling at that, could not go unpunished in such a severely-disciplined army as Braddock's, in which any officer or soldier found gaming received three hundred lashes; any soldier found drunk, two hundred, and any soldier, or army fol-

lower found stealing provisions was adjudged to death; and so for this rank offence the poor wagoner was condemned to receive five hundred lashes, and as Jack was passing, the execution of the sentence was about being concluded. Kneeling before, and his hands tied around a sapling, the cat came down with terrible severity on the poor fellow's bare shoulders. He squirmed, and writhed, and his flesh quivered under the stinging, cutting lash until, when about four hundred and fifty strokes had been conscientiously administered, the sufferer fainted, and fell into the arms of the indignant Jack, who had him taken to his friend Gist's tent, dressed his wounds and carefully nursed and tended him.

Gen. Daniel Morgan, who commanded the celebrated rifle corps of the revolution, who proved such a powerful aid at Saratoga, and who caused Tarleton to fly at the Cowpens, used afterwards to say that "old King George" yet owed him fifty lashes. It was some little easement to him to know that the very officer whom he had thrashed, afterwards acknowledged himself in the wrong and made the *amende honorable*. It is said that in the battle of Braddock's field, Morgan was shot in the neck, the ball passing through his mouth, taking out some of his teeth by the way. This is probable, as some of the wagoners in the front were the very first to receive the enemy's fire, and suffered severely. Those in the rear, however, behaved shamefully. At the very first suspicion of defeat, these fellows, to a man, abandoned their charges, cut the traces of their best horses, rode off at hot speed, and made such astonishing time that at five the next morning the first one rushed—his eyes distended with fright

—into Dunbar's camp, with the dreadful tidings that the whole army was completely beaten, destroyed, annihilated, and that *he* was the sole survivor. (See *Appendix S.*)

CHAPTER IV.

MARIE, AND MAJOR WASHINGTON.

See! what a grace was seated on his brow:
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.—*Hamlet*.

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity.—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

By reason of the attenuated line of his army, Braddock was compelled to take even greater precautions to guard against surprises and attacks during the march, than when in camp. While the artillery, pack-horses, baggage and the main army were slowly and painfully worked along the rude, narrow road hastily constructed by the engineers right through the forest, numerous videttes and flanking parties were thrown out on either side, and a surprise was thus rendered almost impossible.

On the 8th of July, at the beating of the "assembly," both soldiers and officers turned out with unusual alacrity. The tedious and harassing march was nearly over, and, leaving the head waters of Turtle Creek, the army turned off at right angles and took the direct route for the Monongahela fords.

Jack's usual place on the march had been with

the Indians and Captain Gist, but now he walked along side of Marie, who, mounted on an easy-going palfrey and in company with Jennie and Mrs. Frazier, had been requested by Braddock to keep close with him.

Near the present town of Stewartsville, Pa., the head of the army, preceded by the ringing blows of the axe and the crash of falling trees, soon plunged into the sequestered valley of Long Run, and over its lonely swales and hill-sides; through its dark thickets and coverts, and among its luxuriant forests of oak and maple, the baggage and artillery jolted and rumbled along, while the pack-horses, mounted officers, and straggling foot-soldiers picked and plodded their tedious way, startling the wild bird or beast almost at every step.

General Braddock was very considerate for Miss de Bonneville's comfort, and frequently sent Bishop, his body-servant, to consult her wishes, and ever and anon rode by her side and engaged in conversation with her and her protector. At noon the whole force took dinner at a spot near where Sampson's Mills now stand, and then made a brief march to a lovely and sheltered nook, midway between Long and Crooked Runs, having made during the day no less than eight miles—the best and most cheerful march since leaving Cumberland.

The route between these two runs lay along a most singular plateau or table-land, having an average width of about a hundred rods, now known as "the white-oak flats."

The buoyant soldiers pitched their tents with joy, and the whole camp was soon alive with preparations

for the night. A bountiful fountain—to this day known as “Braddock’s spring”—here poured forth its refreshing waters. After the evening meal, the entire grove was vocal with song and laughter, and little knots of soldiers and officers, by this or that stately oak or mossy trunk, discussed the eventful morrow.

By general order, the arms were now burnished up; fresh loads put into the muskets; all the clothes and accoutrements brushed and scoured, and every preparation made for a grand military display which should strike a wholesome dread into the hearts of the foe. But few of the British regulars who did not think that an easy victory would crown their arms, and that a sharp, brief skirmish would open an easy way to the possession of the fort which had for so long been the almost sole subject of their thoughts and conversation. The provincial troops were not so sanguine, and gravely shook their heads at British boasts. They had more experience of Indian stratagems and bravery, and felt that success would depend on fighting and whipping them in their own way.

A council of war had been held early in the evening, at which were present all the field officers—Colonels Halket, Gage, and Burton, and Majors Sir John St. Clair and Sparks. At this last official meet, Sir John, with that passionate hastiness which so distinguished him, vehemently urged the sending forward a detachment to invest the fort that very night. But it being argued that the force so dispatched would not be within proper supporting distance, and that such a move would be more judicious from the next evening’s encampment, the gruff and tempestuous old Quartermaster-General was fain to acquiesce.

Sir Peter Halket, next in command to Braddock, and more cautious and diffident of success than he, now frankly expressed his forebodings, and with great solemnity enjoined on Braddock—with whom he was scarcely on speaking terms—to take every possible precaution against ambushes and surprises: pressing him most earnestly to thoroughly examine every foot of the way, and to beat up the forest as Highland hunters beat up the mountain coverts for game.

To this timely advice, the confident General, still possessing that overweening confidence in the discipline of his own veterans, and that fatal contempt for his Canadian and Indian foes, listened with impatience, and the wary old veteran retired in sadness from his presence. Sir Peter was a fine old Scotch soldier and high-born gentleman of the ancient *régime*. A nobleman by birth, he had married the Lady Amelia Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Moray, two of his sons being then with him. He was a brave, loyal, sagacious and honorable gentleman and an experienced officer, who had risen by merit alone; and had Braddock trusted more in him and in Washington—the two who generally agreed touching all military movements—it would have saved him from defeat as well as disgrace.

At the famous battle of Preston Pans, which occurred only ten years before between Sir John Cope and the Highland clans and Jacobitish adherents of Charles Edward, the Pretender, Sir Peter, then lieutenant-colonel, had been captured and released on parole by Charles. This coming to the ears of the Duke of Cumberland, he ordered that officer to disregard his parole and rejoin his regiment, which Sir

Peter stoutly and resolutely refused to do, saying that "His Royal Highness was master of his commission but not of his honor." The king approved this proper resolve of an honorable soldier and he retained his rank. It is sad to think of the fate which awaited so good a man. He and one of his sons now lie buried near the bloody field where they so bravely courted death rather than dishonor.

It was now agreed that the "narrows" lying between the army and Frazier's—being very impracticable for artillery and affording for several miles admirable facilities and opportunities for attack and ambush—should be avoided by crossing the Monongahela by the fords already tested by Captain Waggoner; and so Lieutenant Gage was ordered to march before day-break, with two companies of grenadiers, 160 of the rank and file, with Gates' independent company, all preceded with proper guides, etc., to pass the two fords and take post after the second crossing to secure the passage. At four o'clock he was to be followed by Sir John St. Clair, with 250 men, including the engineers and a company of carpenters, to make roads for the artillery and baggage, which was to march with the balance of the army at five.

This important business having been transacted, the General, being in a particularly gay and hopeful mood, turned aside to the tent of his aids—now occupied by Marie and Frazier's wife and daughter—where he found Captain Jack and his own chief guide, Captain Christopher Gist, whose happy escape with Fairfax, Queen Alaquippa's son, we have already noted.

Marie was still overwhelmed with her great grief,

but occasionally roused herself to take interest in passing movements and even some part in the conversation. Jack had remained with her as much as possible the last two days, striving ever to divert her mind from its absorbing sorrow; making no allusion whatever to the sad events at Frazier's cabin, but constantly surrounding her with those little acts of attention and thoughtful regard for her comfort, which betrayed—far more than could any words of his—the homage of his heart and his deep-felt sympathy in her affliction.

These little civilities of his did not pass without notice from Marie. When did they ever in like relations? It is the thousand nameless little proffers of gallantry and considerate attention, where self is forgotten and where every want of the loved one is anticipated, which constitute the grace of young love and give to it its chief zest and flavor. Happy are those who, in after life, can keep up the devotion of their days of courtship and its varied modes of expression. It is rare, but it is beautiful, to see the husband of sixty just as fervent and constant in his delicate attentions as the impetuous lover of twenty; and yet this is the test and token of the truest and purest love—such as comes not from the blood, but from the soul.

While Braddock was closely questioning Jack and Gist as to their late adventures, and anxiously speculating as to the fate of Talbot—who, despite his eccentricities, was a general favorite in camp for his pluck and good humor—the step of a horse was heard outside, and immediately after, the flap of the tent was unceremoniously lifted, and a tall and stately

form entered. The stranger started back in great and unaffected surprise when he saw who were the occupants of the tent, and making a hurried but courteous bow, was about to retire in much confusion, when all three gentlemen started to their feet, and rushed towards him, Braddock catching and pressing the young officer's hand and exclaiming:

"Why, Major, this is indeed a surprise and a pleasure. When, and how did you rejoin the army? and, my poor fellow, how thin and weak you do look! I trust, dear Major, you've not over-tasked your strength. I expressly charged our Doctor Walker not to let you put foot on ground till you were able to stand the march; but what the deuce am I thinking of? Plague take it! if this backwoods life don't make one forget all his manners. Allow me, Miss de Bonneville"—leading forward the stately and still wondering young officer—"to present to you one of my military family—my trusted aid, Major Washington. 'Sdeath! I don't much wonder at his surprise at finding his quarters so charmingly occupied."

Marie, her fine, earnest face suffused with blushes but with a look of evident pleasure in her beaming eyes, arose and answered his dignified bow with a graceful courtesy, remarking:

"I ask of Major Washington a thousand pardons, and am sorry if my temporary possession of his tent will put him to any inconvenience."

"I beg, Miss de Bonneville, that you'll not mention it," replied Washington. "I only regret that in wishing to surprise my tent-mates, Orme and Morris, I did not inform myself of your presence. Please make yourself perfectly at home in it."

"And now, old fellow," said Braddock, again affectionately pressing Washington's hand, "here are your friends Gist and Jack, and most eager to greet you," while both of these admirers of his warmly took each a hand, and welcomed him back to the army.

"Why, Jack, and Gist, too!" said Washington. "How rejoiced I am to see you again in the flesh, and with whole scalps! Orme's last letter told me you had gone on a dangerous scout, and were probably either killed or captured. Nothing has ever chafed me so much as being stretched impotently on my back, while I might have been as actively if not so usefully employed. I was afraid, General, you would forget your promise to me not to give battle without letting me know, and so I came on in a wagon with the last provision convoy from Dunbar's camp."

"Yes," said Braddock, "and you look at this moment fitter for a hospital couch than for a march—still less a battle. I must remand you to the care of Dr. Craik and Bishop, now that Alston your own servant is also sick."

"General," laughingly replied Washington, "I would have been much worse had it not been for the James's pills you kindly forwarded me. They acted on my system like magic, restoring tone, and giving me at the same time strength and spirits."

All this time Washington could not refrain from turning occasional glances, in which surprise and curiosity were plainly but not offensively manifest, towards Marie, as if he were trying to account for the strange presence of so beautiful and elegant a lady. The General observing this, attempted to rally him, laughingly remarking, "I see, Major, by the looks you

throw toward Miss de Bonneville, that our guest and her visit here are a mystery to you."

"Why, yes, General, I must confess, saving the fair lady's presence, that she puzzles me no little. Such fruit does not grow on the trees hereabouts. She has not come with our army from the East, that I know; and where she could spring from in the West passes my poor comprehension. I trust the lady," bowing gracefully toward Marie, "does not take it amiss, or think me uncivil because the General has—too frankly, perhaps—uttered a truth."

"Not at all, Major. I have, then, much the advantage of you," modestly replied Marie, "for I have often heard of Colonel Washington, and, I must add, nothing to his hurt. Jenny Frazier and her mother are never tired of sounding his praises. I've heard, also, the French officers of the fort speak favorably of you, although they *do* feel somewhat sorely concerning the death—or as they style it—the *assassination* of Monsieur Jumonville, who they allege was an ambassador."

"Why, this increases the mystery," gravely answered Washington. "French officers of the fort and yours a French name; and pray, what does Miss de Bonneville think of the Jumonville case. I trust nothing to the disparagement of my honor?"

"Not in the least, Major. Had I done so, be assured I would not have mentioned the matter. I know the whole case, and acquit you of everything but what was to the highest degree honorable and patriotic. *Sieur de Beaujeu* takes your part strongly, but Captain Dumas either doubts or affects to doubt."

"Major," interrupted Braddock, "I fear you'll have

to give up the conundrum, unless Jack will come to your assistance. 'Tis rarely a scout brings such rare booty—and allow me to add—beauty, as Jack's late one. Not content with bearding the *Parlez-vous* in their very den, giving their Indian allies several severe fights, and nearly drowning the old Scaroooyaddy, he surprises us by bringing back this gentle lady, whom we hope soon to install as mistress of Fort Duquesne and interpreter extraordinary between us and the French. Rest you here, while I make out my orders for the morrow and tell Orme and Morris of your arrival."

CHAPTER V.

MAJOR WASHINGTON, AND CAPTAIN JACK.

Not with the bold array
Of armies dread came they,
Proud conquest on.
Through a long warfare rude
With patient hardihood,
By toil and strife and blood,
The soil was won.—*L. C. Cist.*

WASHINGTON soon heard the brief but connected history of late events, and the reports concerning the fort, Indian allies, etc., and passed some time in conversation with Marie. At last, rising, he courteously bade her good-night and—Gist wishing to retire to his quarters—engaged Jack for a round about the camp.

“I don’t know how it is, Captain,” he said, as soon as he was fairly outside, “but my return to camp has already acted like a strong cordial on me. I have been of so little use in this expedition, and was so fearful that I would miss altogether its *dénouement*, that I felt anxious, nervous, depressed. This tedious fever has unmanned me. For two weeks it was—not for a moment to compare myself with Cæsar—‘Give me some drink, Titinius, like a sick girl;’ but now I’m in the saddle again and so near stirring events, that I’ve a new heart. By the by, Jack, that is a

strange story you tell me about your late adventures and the way in which you came upon old friends and rescued them. Your amiable *protégée* is very beautiful, and I flatter myself I know a fine woman and a true lady when I see her. There's a part of the story," looking meaningly at his companion, "that remains to be told; eh, Captain?"

"Not that I am aware of, Major," reservedly answered Jack, with dignity. "Miss de Bonneville's grief is too recent and crushing not to enlist my most heart-felt sympathies. Her poor father placed her under my protection for the present, and my duty is to endeavor to assuage, somewhat, her great grief. I scarce know now," as if musingly to himself, "whether I'm doing right or wrong in going back to her father's grave. 'Tis a slow way to make her forget, but she seems to wish it; she seems to wish it."

Washington, respecting his companion's feelings, made no answer, but linking his arm in Jack's, passed with him along the line of tents.

Here we may state, in explanation of Braddock's warm and affectionate welcome of Washington, that nothing in that unfortunate General's American career reads more pleasantly to one of this country, or does more credit to both his head and heart, than the just and ever warm appreciation he held of Washington's character and abilities. He seemed to single out both Franklin and Washington as objects of his special praise and approval. On his arrival in the country he found the latter, who had been the esteemed and honored colonel of the Virginia troops, and who was exceedingly anxious to still further serve his king and country in the field, at Mount Vernon. This unwel-

come retirement was compelled by King George's order, denying all rank to the Colonial military in comparison with those given by himself. To obviate this difficulty, Braddock sent him a very friendly letter, not only offering him the position of aid-de-camp, but requesting him to suit his own convenience as to time, and to consider himself at liberty, in all events, to come or go, as best suited his business or inclinations.

This position, Washington, desirous not only of serving his country, but of taking lessons in the military art from so experienced a teacher, hastened gladly to accept. During the whole march, it is certain that Braddock not only frequently consulted Washington, but acted on his advice, even when it was somewhat at variance with his own convictions. In one of Washington's letters, in which he states how Braddock condemned the Colonial authorities and contractors for their supineness and lack of honor and honesty, he adds: "We have frequent disputes on this head, which are maintained with warmth on both sides—especially on his, as he is incapable of arguing without it, or giving up any point he asserts, be it ever so incompatible with reason or common sense."

When Washington took sick on the route, nothing could exceed the General's attention to and solicitude for him, dispatching his own physician to him, sending him the pills he himself made use of, detailing a guard to take care of him on the road when too ill to bear the joltings of a wagon, keeping up a correspondence with him, and, finally, solemnly promising him that if he would stay quietly in the rear and nurse himself, he would on no account give battle

without having, if it were possible, Washington present.

It is also certain that Braddock had such a high esteem for him as a man, and confidence in him as a soldier, that it was his intention to give him a high position in the king's regular army. This was distinctly promised him; Governor Dinwiddie emphatically asserts it. At his death, Braddock expressed compunctions at not having more scrupulously followed Washington's advice, and singled him out as his nuncupative legatee, bequeathing to him his favorite charger and his body-servant Bishop, so well-known in after years as a faithful attendant.

Washington, notwithstanding a certain gravity and stateliness which well became, and seemed natural to the man, and Jack, notwithstanding a certain reserve and sternness, which were part of his habitual manner, were both very popular with the common soldiers, more especially with the Colonial troops, and as both men now passed under the trees and down the long narrow line of tents, they were warmly and even affectionately greeted. They stopped to chat with this, and with that group of officers or men, and, finally, attracted by the noise of loud laughter and merry singing, they came to a pause before a motley crowd of officers and soldiers—foreign and provincial—Scotch and Irish—camp-women, wagoners, and what not.

It seemed as if all the jovial and roystering spirits of the camp were here assembled, and all, too, in a state of excitement and joyfulness. From the broad brogue spoken and sung, it was easy to detect the Scotch nationality of most of the group. They joked

and chaffed and sang together, as if campaigning in the wilderness, surrounded by Indian outlyers and on the very eve of what might prove a bloody and desperate struggle, was the merriest business in the world.

It was a strange and impressive scene in these virgin forests—vast solitudes frequented only by bird or savage beast or the still more savage Indian. Beneath an immense white oak, whose huge trunk and spreading branches, with their thick overhanging canopy of leaves, were lit up by the flickering flames of the camp fire, reclined the promiscuous assemblage. Now Sergeant Mac Pherson, noted throughout the whole army for his fine, powerful voice, and for the fervor which he generally threw into the song, was vociferously called on for “Annie Laurie”—that old camp favorite of Scotch soldiers out on a campaign. Nothing could exceed the peculiar, startling effect, in these solemn old forests, of those simple and touching words, delivered with unusual pathos, and in a voice of exceeding richness:

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Ga'e me her promise true,
Ga'e me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be.
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lee me doon and dee.

As the Sergeant's voice rang full and clear along the stretch of tents, there was a general hush; all ears were attentive; all hearts were affected, and before the touching lyric which expressed so general a heart-

sentiment had died away amid those leafy aisles and sombre shades, many an eye was filled with tears.

Then followed on the part of other noted singers, war songs, love songs, and drinking songs—Scotch, Irish and American, until at last the cry arose to round off with the “Braddock Campaign Song,” a jingling provincial ballad, more remarkable, let us hope, for its melody than for its metre, but which, like our own old John Brown war song of a later date, was a general favorite with the army:

To arms! to arms! my jolly grenadiers!

Hark, how the drums do roll it along!

To horse! to horse! with valiant good cheer,

We'll meet our proud foe before it is long.

Let not your courage fail you,

Be valiant, stout and bold;

And it will soon avail you,

My loyal hearts of gold.

Huzza! my valiant countrymen! again I say, huzza!

'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzza, huzza, huzza!

March on! march on! brave Braddock leads the foremost:

The battle is begun, as you may fairly see.

Stand firm! be bold! and it will soon be over;

We'll soon gain the field from our proud enemy.

A squadron now appears, my boys:

If that they do but stand.

Boys never fear! be sure you mind

The word of stern command.

Huzza! my valiant countrymen! again I say, huzza!

'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzza, huzza, huzza!

See how! see how! they break and fly before us:

See how they're scattered over all the plain.

Now, now!—now, now! our country will adore us,

In peace and in triumph, boys, when we return again.

Then laurels shall our glory crown,

For all our actions told!

The hills shall echo all around,

My loyal hearts of gold.

Huzza! my valiant countrymen, again I say huzza!

'Tis nobly done, the day's our own—huzza, huzza, huzza!

Many a camp doggerel, with no more pretensions to poetic or literary merit than the above, but yet having a good, ringing chorus, and its defects hidden under a dramatic action and in a stirring melody, has excited a martial spirit and urged men to mighty deeds of war. So, in the present instance, the effect was simply prodigious. The chorus, "Huzza, my valiant countrymen," etc., was taken up by group after group of soldiers, until the whole camp rang, and the woods re-echoed with exciting "huzzas." Had they gone into battle next day with it in their mouths, who can tell but the fate of the struggle would have been changed?

The beat to quarters now came to quench the excitement, and the camp gradually sank into silence and slumber. The effect of the song on Washington and Jack was rather a saddening one. They saw more plainly, perhaps, than did the poor, unthinking soldiers about, the difficulties now immediately before them. Both of them knew well the character of the French foe they were about to encounter, as also the savage ferocity and devilish ingenuity of his painted allies. Indians of different tribes had followed their march ever since leaving Fort Cumberland, never losing a chance to harass troops, run off horses and cattle, and kill and scalp stragglers; and thus all this enthusiasm of the army, begotten of the feeling that now their weary marchings were about to end, could not altogether stifle Washington's apprehensions.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR PETER HALKET SEES DEATH.

A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.—*Lady of the Lake.*

SEER.—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives the mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
Lochiel's Warning.—Campbell.

TAKING leave of Jack, who went to the quarters where Scarooyaddy and his little band of faithful Indians had also—after their own fashions, with their own rude music and dances and chantings—been getting up a like warlike *élan*, Washington slowly and musingly wended his way to a marquee tent near the middle of the line.

To his request for admission, a gruff but hearty voice answered: "Coom ye in," and Washington advanced to the side of a rude couch, on which reclined the large and stalwart form of a noble-looking old officer of some seventy years. His hair was plentifully sprinkled with white; a keen, gray eye sparkled under a bushy, shaggy eyebrow, while a stiff, white moustache gave the square, Scottish face a stern and decidedly military look. He now appeared, however,

sad and weary. He had evidently been engaged in writing, as paper and pen were then lying on a low camp-chest beside him.

At sight of Washington he started up quickly, warmly pressed the proffered hand in both his own, and said, in a strong Scotch brogue, which grew broader in proportion as he was excited: "Ah, Geordie, my worthy young laddie, I heerd you were coom back to camp, and would hae' ta'en it amiss o' you if ye had na ca'd on yer auld frind."

"Thank you, Sir Peter. I've been to pay my respects to the General and called on my way to my tent. You look jaded, and even haggard."

"Ise muckle reason, lad," replied Halket, gloomily. "Awell, Major, ye'll be in at the death, will ye? I honor ye for't, and yet maun pity ye. I fear me we'll have a bluidy day the morrow."

"Why, Colonel, have you later tidings from the enemy?"

"Nae, nae; it is na joost that, but Ise gotten my warning from them who care na to speak twist. Did ye hear, Major, them limmer loons scraughing and skirling a wee bye since? and maist o' them under ban and near til their death-throws? 'Tis little these daft callants reck o' the morrow's bluid."

"Why, Sir Peter," replied Washington, in a surprised tone, "I find you singularly depressed this evening. What makes you augur so badly of to-morrow? Be assured, if the General will give his army a fair chance, the foe must be badly beaten."

"But he will nae, I tell ye! Coom nigher, Major. Yese heerd, no doot, of the Gaelic second sight—the Scottish *taish*? I ne'er put much stress on it, and

am na seer, and yet I saw this verra gloaming that which maks me doot—a vision of death and bluid—of battle and carnage.”

“Why, Sir Peter, this is positively wicked! You are ill—have been over-anxious of late! You must drive away these gloomy phantasies—the creatures of a distempered mind. God does not work in that way, Colonel Halket.”

“Bide a wee, bide a wee; I dinna ask ye to believe, Geordie,” solemnly replied the old nobleman. “I only say what my ain een saw. I tak’ the warning to mysel’ alone, an’ tell nane but you—not e’en my puir bairns. As I walkit alane under the oaks this night, a mist seemed to rise before my two een; and as I lookit and lookit, wondering what culd it a’ mean, the glamour brake up into shaips and ghaists, and, ’tis thrue as that I see ye, Major, I saw a stream running thick with bluid, and on its banks a throng of spectres walkit, and one stuid there for me and one for the bairn James, and baith were crossed, whilk I na understand. But this I knaw, they were all white with shrouds. Ken ye what that means, laddie?”

“Indeed, I do not, Sir Peter,” replied Washington, deeply affected by the fixed and solemn look of the old man. “I put but little faith in Scotch superstitions, although the belief in them is now so common.”

“It means *death*, Geordie. If the shrouds be below the middle, not so soon; but if aboon the breath, the *very next day*. All the shrouds I saw, Major, were *high up on the breast*. Oh, Ise sair distraught, but ne’er fear ye but I’ll do my whail duty the morrow,

dear Geordie; but I tells ye my weird is dreed, and so is that of my bairn, James. Wha, alas, will pipe our coronach? Ye see my will there, and whin Ise dead and gone, ye'll see to't, lad; and noo let's turn the talk." (See *Appendix T.*)

Colonel Halket now, with a great effort, seemed to rouse himself out of his gloom, and talked calmly and even pleasantly on various subjects, and on Washington rising to go shortly after, he shook him most affectionately by the hand, and begged him to take care of himself. As he passed out into the air, Sir Peter smiled sadly, held up his warning finger, and simply said: "Ye'll remember, Geordie, the Scotchman's *taisch*. I saw nae end of bluid, bluid, bluid!"

Washington, himself still weak and suffering from his prolonged fever, was very deeply moved by Sir Peter's manner and relation. He soon met Morris and Orme, who had been out on the hunt for him; but, try his very best, he could not shake off his gloom; and, on reaching his quarters, threw himself anxious and distressed on his couch, without undressing.

His slumber was fitful and disturbed, and the earliest streak of dawn found him up and preparing for the day. Parts of the camp were even then in motion. He witnessed the departure of Gage's advance, and then of Sir John St. Clair's working party.

At six the whole army had taken their simple meal, and with quick step and joyful hearts, marched down the valley of "Crooked Run" to the Monongahela, but two miles distant. Soon cheer after cheer went along the ranks as the river was first sighted. Those in front broke into a run, while those behind

pressed hard after them, and all was joy and tumult at the first view of the beautiful Monongahela, which rolled its peaceful waters between hills, clad from the river's margin to their very tops, with the freshest and greenest verdure.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DELAWARE QUEEN ALAQUIPPA.

With head upraised, and look intent
And eye and ear attentive bent;
And locks flung back, and lips apart
Like monument of Grecian art;
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

Scott's Lady of the Lake.

JUST as the little army emerged from the defile, a singular apparition—as it looked to the soldiers—met their wondering eyes. On a jutting rock, some twenty feet higher than their route, stood the bold figure of a very tall and commanding-looking woman. Her coarse, black hair was plentifully streaked with gray, and fell down her back in great abundance; her countenance, though dark and weather-beaten, was yet comely and impressive. Her eye was like the eagle's for fire and boldness. She had on the moccasins and leggings of the Indian, but over her shoulders was thrown an ample, flowing robe of fine cloth, while in her outstretched hand was something like a lance, with which she would point to the opposite shore, as if showing to the army the way to honor and victory.

The commanding figure of this strange being stood strongly revealed against the sky. Not a word spake

she nor movement made she, but as she stretched out her long wand or lance, as if showing the route to the enemy, the superstitious soldiers were at first appalled, but, afterwards, taking it as a good omen, they gave her cheer after cheer—the first English cheer that those hills had ever echoed.

Thus she proudly stood, until the crowd of officers, led by Braddock and including Washington, Marie, Jack and others, stopped abreast of her. Then, with a majestic step, and leaning on her lance, she slowly descended from her rocky perch, and with stately and dignified mien, strode directly towards Washington. All were sorely puzzled, and Braddock most of all, scarce knowing whether she was “of the earth, earthy,” or some tutelar divinity of these Western wilds, standing at their very entrance to warn off intruders from her dominions.

All at once Washington recognized her, and exclaimed, “Why, as I live, General and gentlemen, ’tis the Delaware Queen Alaquippa, for many years the unwavering friend of the English, and the mother of our two trusty scouts, Fairfax and New Castle. Come! I must descend and meet her with due deference, for, I warn you, she stands greatly on her dignity. She was once greatly offended because I dared pass her royal lodge—with lies at the junction of the Yough with yonder river—without calling on her.”

So saying, Washington dismounted, went forward to meet her, greeted her kindly and politely, and presented her first to Braddock and after to the other officers, and to Marie.

The old queen spoke pretty fair English, and, in right royal style, bade the General and his army wel-

come to her country; told him of the route, and expressed the hope that he would speedily take the fort which dominated her river. After shaking hands all round, she passed to where were Scarooyaddy and her worthy sons.

By 8 o'clock the first passage of the river was made, at a point opposite Crooked Run, and even to this day observable by a deep scar in the banks, where they were graded down to make a road for the artillery. The army now found itself on a broad bottom, covered with a fine growth of maple, walnut, and sycamore, and moved steadily forward in the road cut for them.

Soon a messenger comes back from Gage to inform Braddock that the advance has recrossed the river without any resistance, and is posted agreeably to orders. The only enemy seen was a score of savages who had been routed from cover and who had fled at his approach. This was joyful tidings, for if the foe was to stand anywhere, surely the river crossing was the expected place. By eleven o'clock the second ford was reached, nearly opposite the mouth of Turtle Creek, and but a quarter of a mile below what is known now as the "Second Dam."

Here the "broad bottom" begins to narrow until it runs into the hills very near the margin of the river. On this grassy savannah, denuded of trees, Braddock, not doubting that the enemy were anxiously watching his every motion, resolved to impress them with the size and character of his command. Accordingly, while the banks were being graded down, on that as well as the other side, to allow of the passage of the

artillery, baggage wagons, cattle, etc., the troops were ordered to appear as for dress-parade.

Now the astonished hills re-echo with the loud beat of drums and the swell of martial music. Every man was attired in his cleanest apparel. The burnished arms shone and glistened in the noonday sun. The flags and colors were unfurled, and the joyful and well-drilled troops, glittering in scarlet and gold, were rapidly marched and manœuvred, and put through all their movements, which they executed with the precision of a piece of machinery.

This plateau, where, for over an hour, all this showy parade was going on, was in full and uninterrupted view from the subsequent battle-field. The officers, and soldiers all viewed it with undisguised pride and delight. There was but one universal belief, and that was of the speedy occupation of the fort. It is no wonder that Washington, in after life, declared it to be the most beautiful and imposing spectacle he had ever witnessed. Even Sir Peter Halket, as the grim old Scotch soldier sat his horse, near where Braddock, Washington, and Mlle. de Bonneville were posted, seemed to throw off entirely the gloom of the night before.

All was now ready, and after a brief repast the army had safely passed over by the second ford, and reformed about two o'clock, in a thick walnut grove, several hundred yards below the mouth of Turtle Creek, and hard by Frazier's cabin, where Jack and Scarooyaddy made such a gallant and successful resistance.

How sadly and yearningly had poor Marie kept

her eyes towards that cabin, and to the sacred spot on the river's margin where rested all that was mortal of her dear lamented Father! She was now free to visit it.

CHAPTER VIII.

TALBOT AND SMITH IN PRISON.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it; found it; or came by it;
What stuff 'tis made of; whereof it is born,
I am to learn.—*Merchant of Venice.*

Go we now back to poor Talbot and Smith, who, after making that most gallant effort to escape from Fort Duquesne by water on the day of the canoe races, were re-captured by Nymwha—the young lord's Indian Father *in posse*—and brought back to Dumas. The plan of the fort having been found on Talbot's person, that officer remanded him back to the guard house, as a person too dangerous to be left at large, while the lad Smith was put with him for company.

It was then late at night, and after having had the full range of the fort; having enjoyed the exciting boat-races, and the interesting preparations for the challenge ball match, which were even then being continued, it may well be supposed that the change to the solitude of the lonely guard-house was anything but pleasant.

The key had scarce turned in the massive door, and the footsteps of the guard had just died away along the passage, when Talbot—whom it was difficult long to repress—first broke the silence by a long

whistle, and then a few impatient tattoos with his feet on the puncheon floor, ending in:

"Well, here's a rum go! Jimmy, if you feel like laughing boisterously, pray don't mind me; I'll excuse it, but, *I'm* going to swear. If you know any word bigger or longer to swear by than Nebuchadnezzar, let me have it. I want to do full justice to the occasion."

Poor Smith was in sad humor for jesting, and kept a lugubrious silence.

"Why, James, your face seems to have soured on you. Liver must be out of order. Give me one of those sweet smiles of yours that are creating so many flutters under Mlle. Fleury's bodice. So—that's better! Never get in to the lollydrums, lad; they won't help you a bit. Leave them for love-sick girls, who've nothing to do but dawdle."

"Why, Mr. Talbot," at last answered Smith, "you're a queer cove and seem to take life very easy."

"Got to do so, my boy, else life would take me very hard. I see nothing in our present condition to whine or whimper about. I've already resolved what *I'm* about to do."

"And, please, what is that, sir? I'm but a green boy—never been away from home before; and besides, sir, I don't care about letting *you* know," sinking his voice, and with an air of confidence, "I've—I'm—I've got a sweetheart at home, and am engaged to be married."

"Phew! the devil! why, what an old *roué* you are, to be sure. I'll tell Miss Fleury on you. But, bother the girls, now. Why, I'm not a very old chicken, Jimmy, and yet I've a full score of sweethearts about

the world, of all lingo and colors, too, from pink-and-white down to richest cream color. 'Never feel exactly right under my doublet unless something of that kind's going on. Now, I'm getting real anxious about Wau-ki-na, the young Indian princess or chieftainess, or whatever's her rank. I've never yet seen the girl, Jimmy, to match her for either grace, beauty, or modesty. She's struck me harder than usual. Heigho! James. Plague take the sirens, I say! Never out of *one's* clutches but am dropping into those of another. As the old song says, 'First be off with the old love, before you're on with the new.' Wau-ki-na, too, is so artless, has such soft, lustrous eyes and such a flute-like voice. I never—"

"I must quote your own words on you, sir," interrupted Smith, "and say, 'Oh, bother the girls, now!' What *I* want at present, is to get out of this scrape."

"A fair hit, James. I owe you one. Well, first, I shall immediately stretch myself on Dumas' robe in the corner there—by the by, Smith, he's a devilish clever fellow, is Dumas—and will put a solid wedge of dreamless, kickless, and snoreless sleep between the two days. Second, I'm bound to see this grand ball match to-morrow, and shall bet heavy on it. The only way to get rid of these shabby, dilapidated clothes, is to win a new suit from de Lignery, who's the only decently-dressed Frenchman in the fort—wonder who made that slashed undress of his? the one with the frogs, I mean—and thirdly, and lastly, I'm going to give my parole to Dumas to be a good boy, talk nothing but French, and make love to Miss Fleury."

"What!" laughed Smith, "going to call old Nymwha father, embrace Mrs. Nymwha, and fish out of a

bean-and-hominy pot with all the dirty, naked, little Nymwhas?"

"See here, Smith! I've done my *devoirs* to Braddock in drawing him a tip-top plan of the old fort he's after; I've done my duty to myself in making a first-class escape—not to speak of that confounded notch—and I've done my duty to old father Nymwha, in not choking him to death when, after landing our canoe, he opened on us with that horrible, sepulchral laugh. Now, then, what's the use of sulking here when there's so much fun and excitement outside, and when Braddock will release us in two days? I want to get the run of this fort before our General gets here. I'd love to set up housekeeping in that blasted old de Beaujeu's quarters. I'd like to do a month's fishing, and hunting, and courting about here. Where would you have better, lad? and what more lovely courting material could you find than Captain Pipe's sweet daughter? Blamed if she isn't the—"

"Yes, yes! but do you think, sir, Braddock will take the fort so easy? There's a deal of Indians camping around, and all seem very confident hereabouts."

"Look here, Jimmy! you and I'll have to quarrel, straight, if you even hint that doubt again. You don't know Braddock; why, I've seen him, in Hyde Park, wheel and turn and manœuvre his 'Cold Streams' in a space no bigger than a parlor floor, and never a jar, or hitch, or interference—just like a well-oiled piece of machinery. Why, he's confessed the best drill-master in Europe! Now, what chance will a set of raw Canadians, chasseeing Frenchers, and breech-clouted savages have against such veterans?—each as steady

as an oak and as cool as a small iceberg! In the words of the great dramatist, 'I pause for a reply;' But come! let's to sleep, and early to-morrow we'll send for Dumas."

So saying, the two laid them down on the robes so considerately provided for them by the Captain, and were soon fast locked in slumber.

Betimes the next morning, Talbot knocked away until one of the guard made his appearance, grumbling at his impudence, and telling him, in a surly tone, he could not have his breakfast for an hour yet.

"Did you think, *imbécile*," said Talbot, in French, "that I sent for the bill of fare or for lollipops? I want to see Captain Dumas, quick! By the by, ain't you our old friend, Pierre Meurice? I thank you, in the name of Jacques Baptiste, for allowing him his visit to the Delaware girl."

"*Mille Diabes!*" snorted out Meurice, for it was he; "but that was a shabby trick on a poor soldier, and you, with your 'bad cold,' and your Delaware girl! *Peste!* but you've found that two can play at tricks! Old Nymwha made it all even. *Sacre-e-e!*"

"*Monsieur* Nymwha, please, Meurice, when you speak of my father; but go, go! there's a good fellow, and bring Dumas here;" and off went honest Pierre, muttering and swearing to himself.

The Captain soon appeared with an orderly, bearing a good, warm breakfast. "Eh, bien, milord Talbot. J'espère que vous avez bien reposé, hier soir."

"Assez bien," replied Talbot, in the same language. "Would have liked better passing the evening with your mess or Mlle. Fleury. You don't bear any ill will to me, Captain, for what occurred yesterday?"

"Surely not! Your plan of the fort was a good and truthful one, and if you had gotten clear off, I wouldn't have shed many tears over you."

"May I ask, Captain, what news from Braddock?"

"Certainly, milord; a party of Shawnee braves, who had a most desperate fight yesterday with Jack and Scarooyaddy—that was an elegant, drowning game the cunning old redskin played on us; he stands higher with all the Indian tribes about here now than ever—report a small body of cavalry crossing the Monongahela ford, which denotes an entire change of route on Braddock's part. We have now a large force of whites and reds out watching his every step."

"And so," said Talbot, "Jack and the Half-King got off after all, and I suppose Gist and Fairfax?"

"Yes, all; and that's not the worst of it. The former two have carried off Miss de Bonneville and her father, of whom you have heard us all so often speak, and the inoffensive old gentleman has been cruelly murdered by one of those cursed Shawnees, but his death, from all their accounts, was quickly and fully avenged. That Captain Jack of yours, or, as *we* call him, 'la Carabine Noire,' must be a very incarnate devil to fight. He don't seem to know the word *fear*. He's a match for our La Force, whom Major Washington took as hostage. I hope, milord, you haven't many like him in your army—but sit to your breakfast, and I'll tell you the whole fight."

After the breakfast, Dumas very willingly received their paroles, and gave them again the freedom of the fort. This day was to be a grand gala day. Although the news of Braddock's approach and changed route evidently created uneasiness and hastened preparations,

the ball-match was to go on as announced, commencing at nine.

The first significant sign noted by Talbot, was that a solitary gun was mounted on a carriage. This, together with other minor facts, looked towards either an abandonment of the position without striking a blow, or an honorable surrender provided an evacuation with the honors of war could be obtained. The daily reports of the size of Braddock's army—which was greatly exaggerated—and the order and discipline with which every move was made, had so operated on and demoralized the Indian allies, that there was little to hope in the way of successful resistance, yet still a brave front was kept up, the Commandant's resolve—even if he had come to any—being known to but a few of his officers.

Long before the hour appointed, the whole force inside the walls had taken up favorable positions on the parapets nearest the ground staked out. Here a rude, board platform had been erected for better accommodation. Soon the huge gate was swung open, and a number of Indian chiefs, with a few squaws and maidens entered, and strode their way to the seats. Among these latter, Talbot was rejoiced to see Wau-ki-na, accompanied by her grim old father, and Captain Jacob, another celebrated Delaware chief.

CHAPTER IX.

WAU-KI-NA AND TALBOT—THE BALL MATCH.

Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet cupid! thou hast thump'd him with thy bird bolt under the left pap.—*Love's Labor's Lost*.

I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depth of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad, and the thicket hides
With its many stems, and its tangled sides
From the eye of the hunter, well.—*Bryant*.

THE fresh young girl was dressed with unusual care and richness, and looked exceedingly attractive, but very, very sad. Her fine, luxuriant hair, decked only with a simple wreath of wild-wood flowers, was allowed to escape from the gold-rimmed comb she had won at the late race, and fell in wavy masses down her back, even below her waist. Her dark-blue tunic was elaborately embroidered and curiously inwrought with dyed porcupine quills, and trimmed with eagle and wild-pigeon feathers. Her neat-fitting, fawn-skin buskins were singularly ornamented with scalps of the red-headed wood-pecker and wild duck, wrought in figures, while her leggings had a fringe made from the tail feathers of various gay-colored birds, which were attached and still further set off by deftly-fashioned quill work. The long silken sash, also her prize at the late race, hung gracefully from her waist and completed a costume no less tasteful than gaudy, and yet all seemed

in thorough keeping, not only with the girl herself, but with the occasion and the surroundings.

Talbot hastened forward to the brilliant young beauty, and when he called her by name, and Wau-ki-na artlessly, but shyly took his proffered hand, the young lord—*blasé* as he was in such interviews—felt more embarrassed than he could have thought possible.

“Why, Wau-ki-na, this is an unexpected pleasure! If that’s your father—and it seems to me confounded strange if it is—would like to know him.”

Wau-ki-na timidly plucked Pipe’s robe, and gave a sort of introduction, when the powerful old chief seized hold of Talbot’s delicate hand, and gave it such a vice-like grip and shake, that the bones almost crunched under it, and tears fairly started to his eyes.

“I think I’ll know the chief now, Wau-ki-na. He seems like a very cordial sort of a man. He must paddle a good deal in canoes. And so you have come to see the ball-play?”

“Yes, Mr. Lord; but Wau-ki-na no want to come, and no want to dress this-a-way, but her father make her. Me very, very sad. Marie—she call Wau-ki-na sister sometimes—gone far away, and poor old Mr. de Bonneville killed. He was a so good, kind man. Oh, Miss Marie, she never happy no more—Wau-ki-na, too—no more happy—want to die;” and the young girl’s eyes swam with tears.

“Oh, nonsense! my girl, this won’t do! You’ll be happy plenty, and make some other chappy happy, too.”

“Chappy? Me no understand ‘chappy.’ I like no more my town and people. I don’t go in canoe nor

water, not any more. I love only Marie and her Edward—Captain Jack me mean.”

“Why, Wau-ki-na, Jack’s a stern, proud, cross man; I never could make anything of him; he’s sour as vinegar, and as haughty as Lucifer.”

“No know Lucifer, but he no cross to Wau-ki-na, nor Marie—gentle as falling dew. Me love to get near him, look in his eyes, and hear him talk. Don’t know why. Me wish my mother was alive. Do *you* like Wau-ki-na very much?” raising her eyes and looking shyly, but straight at Talbot.

“My God!” thought Talbot to himself, startled at the confiding simplicity of the question, “wonder if she, too, takes me for a female woman; but no, impossible!”

“Why, you funny little puss,” he laughingly replied, actually blushing at the *naïveté* of the question, “of course I do. Who could help liking you?”

“Oh, Wau-ki-na *so* glad. She like *you*, very much;” and then, in low and confidential tones, “me don’t care no more for Indian. Me like white people better—and want to learn English,”

“You would? Well, I’d like to teach you English, and French, too, and German, and—and—several other European tongues. But, come! let us get a good seat to see the play. Do you think your father would want to shake hands again if I offered to take you?”

“Oh, he no care; me go with you,” and off the little couple started, meeting Mlle. Fleury by the way, who, after kissing Wau-ki-na—Talbot mentally, but not entirely to his own satisfaction, going through the same motions—took places with them. All was now

ready for the great ball-match, the preliminaries of which, as already described, had been going on the whole of the preceding night. The ground had been marked out right outside the great gate and along the Allegheny; "byes," or goals driven at either end; all the bets made across the "betting line," and stakes deposited, and the dances and invocations ended.

The anxious contestants were scattered over the field awaiting the signal—four hundred picked red men, divested of all clothes but their moccasins and breech-clouts, which were fastened to broad bead-belts. Most of the far-western Indians—coming from a region where horses were abundant—had each a tuft of white horse hair depending from this belt, and a sort of mane of dyed hair or quills, running from between the shoulders to the base of the head.

Two hundred of the young, brawny fellows now strutting about the field, were Ottawas and Chippewas, led on by the fierce and fiery Pontiac—the head and brains in the desperate struggle which broke out a few years after, well known as "Pontiac's War." The other two hundred were selected from the Delawares, Shawnees and Iroquois, living about the head of the Ohio, and led by Pukeshinwa, a noted Shawnee chief, and father of the afterwards famous Tecumseh.

Now, two aged Sachems, ball in hand, step forward to the stake driven equi-distant from the goals. The most eager and skilful players of both sides, flourishing a bat in either hand like the modern "shinny stick," but with a web of thongs across the curve, crowd around. The object of the players was to drive the ball through their respective wickets, which scored one in the game of a hundred. No

player was allowed to touch the ball with anything but the netted stick. When the ball passed a wicket, an interval of one minute was permitted before it was again tossed for the next bout.

Now the deep boom of a cannon is heard from the fort, and before its echoes are returned from the surrounding hills, the ball is in the air, the mob of players leap to the centre, and a desperate struggle is immediately commenced.

There they go—the surging, swaying, almost naked crowds—pell-mell, helter-skelter—now up, now down—now here, now there—now packed in dense, writhing, desperately-struggling masses, and now scattered over the field, or leaping, shouting, and giving forth sharp, shrill yelps as they rush after those who were running with the ball before them.

It was a wonderfully exciting scene—so many strong, supple and well-proportioned athletes—active as panthers, lithe as leopards, earnest as death—all their thews and muscles in full play and in open view. What a study for a sculptor! None could look and remain passive, and cheer after cheer came from the fort parapets, along which thronged soldiers, officers, visitors—*everybody*.

Talbot sat between Wau-ki-na and Mlle. Fleury, and *should* have been as calm, and “happy as a clam at high tide,” but he wasn’t, not a bit of it, but kept bobbing up and down like a cork in a whirlpool, and when, at last, old Pukeshinwa took the ball, and, in spite of all opposition, bravely carried it through his wicket, which was almost under the fort stockade, Talbot was fairly beside himself. He rose up and cheered till he almost choked, and then snatched off

his wig and flourished it around in so exciting a manner, that even the Indians about laughed out their approval. Nymwha grinned at him like a Chesser cat. The young lord subsided somewhat as he noticed old Captain Pipe coming patronizingly forward with his huge bony paw extended, and looking as if he wished to shake hands again with him. He then found it convenient to give Wau-ki-na a lesson in English.

"Do you think, my lord," proudly exclaimed Captain Dumas—the subsequent commander of the fort and a brave and gallant officer—"that all those pretty fellows there will quietly open the fort gates for Le General Braddock to enter?"

"Eh, what! Braddock? Where is he?—Oh, now I understand. That's not the question just now before the House, Captain; but what will you bet on this play? I go two to one on the Ohio Indians; if Captain de Lignery is there, I'll lay him a new velvet suit, if I can only come at his Paris tailor. He dresses like a count."

"And yet," retorted Dumas, "you're shouting yourself hoarse over those glistening redskins, who don't dress at all—that is, none to speak of."

To Wau-ki-na in English: "He has me there, Wau-ki-na—but I'll be even with him." To Dumas in French: "Captain, I profess to be a connoisseur in fashions. Now, if I were an Indian—and Nymwha there thinks I'd make a first-rate one—I might consider myself dressed in a breech-clout, a necklace of bears-claws, and some streaks of red paint. 'Tis not exactly full dress, you know, neither do I think such a suit would improve my appearance, that's the *naked* truth, yet still—"

But here the cannon sounded for the second round, and at it they went again. It is extraordinary the interest all tribes of Indians take—or used to take—in the game of ball, and the great skill they attained in it. Matches were sometimes made between whole tribes, in which there would be thousands on a side, and entire days occupied before the game was concluded. All weapons were carefully left behind, and when single encounters took place, which were almost constantly, even the sticks were laid down, and they would wrestle or fight out their little differences, and then join the throng again.

Even the women had their ball-plays, the only difference being that *they* used two balls attached to a thong, about a foot and a half long, and instead of a curved stick with a web, they all held short straight sticks, one in each hand, with which they would catch the string and throw the ball toward their own goal. There were matches, too, between the young men and women of a village, at which it was permitted the young fellows to catch the squaws and wrestle for the ball. It is said, by those who have witnessed these games, that the girls were more passionately fond of the play than the men, and in the frequent wrestles, managed often to come off victorious.

The combatants of the present contest—the first flush of excitement over—now settled down to their work more steadily, but occasionally there would be struggles of terrific desperation and intense interest. Sometimes, at a critical point of the game, and especially when the ball was on the ground, the whole field of players would be gathered about it in a confused mass—pushing, wrestling, scuffling, knocking

their sticks together, raising up clouds of dust, never once seeing the ball, but still contending for it long after it had been sent to another part of the field.

There were also innumerable incidents of a comical nature. Sudden collisions would occur. Flying leaps would be taken over the heads and shoulders, and, as it was allowable to impede an adversary in every possible way, sudden darts would be made under the legs or dexterous trip-ups caused, creating personal conflicts or shouts of merriment.

Up to noon, the lake tribes were considerably ahead on the score, but after a short interval of rest, the Ohio Indians went into the game with such earnest effort and determination that they were brought nearly even with their adversaries. The struggle then became terrific in its intensity and superhuman effort. The feeling, too, grew deeper, and the temper more uncertain. Angry exclamations, derisive shouts, and sharp conflicts occurred, not only between individuals, but between whole groups, and the sport was fast becoming hot and furious.

CHAPTER X.

A QUARREL AMONG INDIANS.

Rest! Thy warrior tribes so bold
Roam no more these forests old;
And the thundering fire-canoe
Sweeps their placid waters through.
Science rules where Nature smiled;
Art is toiling in the wild;
And their mouldering cairns alone
Tell the tales of races gone.—*Luella Case.*

FOR a prisoner, it might be considered that on this day Talbot was having rather a good time. He certainly made the most of his opportunities with Wauki-na, who seemed to be getting a stronger hold on his ardent fancy than he would have wished to confess—perhaps more than he knew himself. It was very amusing to watch the behavior of the two, for Mlle. Fleury, disgusted with the one-sidedness of Talbot's attentions, very soon deserted him.

The couple gradually tired of the play and wandered all over the fort together, promenaded the parapets, gazed out upon the rivers and surrounding hills, and seemed like two careless, happy children out for a day's frolic. His instructions in English were very assiduous, and must have been at times amusing, judging from the little melodious ripples of laughter that came from her lips.

The shyness and sadness of the young woodland beauty gradually wore away, and she became more engaging and communicative. Even her broken English and queer pronunciation pleased. Talbot soon knew all about her relations with Jack and Marie; about her home, her companions, her duties and enjoyments, and was infinitely amused at the simplicity and *naïveté* of her remarks, going off a step or two and looking at her, and then laughingly approaching again, as if he never had in all his life seen just such an odd, taking little witch.

Once, when standing by the big gate and looking up the Allegheny, Talbot said: "And Shannopin, where you live, is just around yonder point, is it, Wau-ki-na?"

"Yes, and much pretty place. You come soon and see Wau-ki-na. She live in woods and on the water. She show you where be all the pretty flowers; where the bees hide their honey; where you find many birds; you teach me Marie's talk, I teach you how to paddle canoe, and shoot, and fish, and dance, and swim."

"Why you must lead an idle, merry, vagabondish life, Ki-na. Play all day; no work, no trouble, no lessons."

The girl's countenance changed.

"Yes, much trouble sometimes. When snow comes, wigwam cold and wet, fish no plenty, birds, deer and bear sometime all go away, and—" sinking her voice to a lower key—"Indians drink pale-face 'fire-water,' and fight and scold much. That make Wau-ki-na pretty much sad—make her fall tears. Old squaws very cross—winter not good time for Ki-na; she like summer and the woods much as the birds."

"And is your father ever very cross to you, dainty little maiden?"

"No—yes—not so much. When he get fire-water, or when Ki-na very bad; you mustn't," looking reproachfully at her companion, "ask such tings—come, see?"

"Well, to be sure I will, when I get to be Nymwha's son. Did you know, Ki-na, I was going to turn Indian? What kind of a chief do you think I'd make?" taking a position and drawing himself up as tall, and looking as fierce as possible.

This brought out a musical little laugh and a merry twinkle of the eye not altogether pleasant to the little Lord.

"Oh, you make so funny Indian. Your hair's too much, skin too white, hands too little, little, and you not high enough. When you hunt deer and eat much venison, you grow, oh, so big," putting her tawny little hand above Talbot's head. "You make very nice Indian girl, though."

"What! you tormenting little minx," hastily exclaimed her mortified companion. "That's not nice of you: mustn't talk that foolish way. Come! let's go and watch the play."

Talbot sat quiet and with averted face so long, and seemed so desperately intent on the game, that Wau-ki-na finally touched his hand, timidly glanced up into his face with a very droll, coquettish look, in which shyness and merriment were about equally mingled, and whispered:

"Mr. Lord, Wau-ki-na am mistook. She think you be great big chief like my father; make all the braves tremble."

"Oh, girl, that won't do; comes too late, and's too much on t'other side. I'm very, very angry," and he stayed angry for at least—five minutes.

Meanwhile the game had gone on with varying fortune, but with increased feeling and even bitterness, until about five of the evening, when a dispute suddenly arose about the ball being carried by one of the Ohio Indians through the wicket, and which the fierce Pontiac charged was unfair and contrary to rule. There was immediate commotion and great clamor. The hot blood was up on both sides, and a war of angry words ensued, followed by many encounters in different parts of the field.

Finally, an Ottawa was unfortunately felled with one of the bats, when, with a cry of terrible rage and with shrill whoops, the lake Indians, with one accord, rushed to the woods where the arms were piled under guard.

The other side, too, made a rush for *their* weapons, and both parties, violently thrusting aside the guards, seized knives and tomahawks, brandished them fiercely about their heads, and with great leaps and yells and terrible whoops, were just about rushing to the deadly encounter, when all at once, the great gun of the fort boomed out its reverberating roar; the massive log gate was let down to make the drawbridge, and a company of armed soldiers, accompanied by de Beaujeu and the other officers and numerous Indian chiefs, poured out upon the plain.

At the same time two Indian couriers, almost spent with running and covered with sweat, were seen to issue from the woods, at foot of the eminence which is now called "Grant's hill," and to make rapidly

across the interval. There was an immediate hush of all the clamor. The Indians on both sides stood with sullen, dogged, vindictive looks, as if transfixed into statues. The runners stopped not until along-side of de Beaujeu and Athanase, the christianized Cauhne-waga from Quebec and the recognized leader of all the Indian forces with the French. To them they hurriedly delivered their message, which it was evident to all was one of great moment.

Now de Beaujeu advances, and a brief but earnest discussion follows. Curiosity on the part of all on-lookers begins to take the place of rage and hate. The weapons drop to the side, the countenances soften, and all eyes are anxiously bent on the runners. At last, Commandant de Beaujeu, who was very much beloved by the savages, and who exercised over them a powerful influence, strode forward with dignity, accompanied by Athanase. The thousand Indians from so many different warlike tribes, and who were but just now prepared to hack each other to pieces, crowd around in a semicircle, the various chiefs a few steps in advance.

Then the old Athanase, gathering up his robe and stretching out his arm for silence, commenced:

“Shame! shame! Sachems and warriors—must the sons of Onontio turn themselves into foolish children? Must they, like maddened wolves, fight, rend, and devour each other over a few naked bones? The Great Spirit will be angry and turn forever from his children, if it is thus they make haste to offend him. You are gathered here from many different tribes and by many different roads—from the great western waters and from the big rivers, and for what?—to snarl and

quarrel among yourselves? or to fight and drive back a common foe?—one who has dug up the hatchet against you; who would sweep you from your hunting grounds; who would steal away your head and strength with strong waters, and who would drive you and your families from the graves of their ancestors!

“Look you here, brothers!” pointing to the two runners who, jaded and panting, were standing a step or two in the rear; “where think you do these come from, and what message do they bring? The proud, pale-face general, with a great army from beyond the sea, is now coming into your grounds, among your own woods and wigwams, to kill and burn and destroy. Coming, did I say? *He is now almost here.* These two have seen him but a few brief hours ago. They have made haste to tell you that you might know what to do.”

This announcement created a great sensation among the listeners. All animosity against each other vanished on the instant, and the chiefs commenced discussing the matter in low tones.

Athanase resumed: “Brothers, there is no time left now to smoke and talk. Your braves have followed this army every step from Cucucbutuc (Cumberland). You know its size, its leader, how many big cannon come with it. You have taken some, and killed and scalped others of its braves. General Braddock is changing his course. He now comes by the Monongahela fords and crosses at the Tulpewi Sipu (Turtle Creek). When the sun stood in mid-sky this very day, he was preparing for the march. To-morrow’s noon will see him at the Tulpewi Sipu, and the next sun will see him before that big gun house.

"'Tis for you to say whether he shall enter it and drive you across the Ohio, or whether all these western tribes will scatter his warriors and drive him back over the mountains whence he came. I, and my Caughnewagas, have come all the way from Canada to help you do this. The Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowatomies from the lakes, will also go on the war-path with you."

Beaujeu, who thoroughly understood the Indian language and character, followed to the same effect, artfully and eloquently depicting the dreadful effects which would follow if the English were once allowed to get a lodgment in the Ohio country; reciting the wrongs they had already suffered; how the Six Nations, living at a great distance and assuming to be their masters, had been bought or persuaded in their cups to sell tract after tract of western land; how English and Irish traders had come among them, to first make them drunk, and then cheat them out of their skins, debauch their women, and deprive them of their hunting grounds. He then endeavored to show them that the French were their friends; that they lived, hunted, and married with them without wanting their lands, and that they had been as prodigal of their gifts as the English had been stingy, etc., etc.

The plausible Beaujeu used every art and device of rhetoric to influence their minds and lead captive their judgment, but he only partially succeeded. None knew better than these experienced chiefs, the size, discipline, and complete appointments of Braddock's army, whose numbers they, however, greatly exaggerated. They knew well, also, the small French force at the fort and very much doubted their ability to

make a successful stand. Very many of them, too, were tired with the long waiting, and were ready, at the first pretext, to break with their allies. When Beaujeu had concluded, therefore, they broke up into little knots, and discussed the whole matter with warmth and earnestness. Finally King Beaver, of the Delawares, speaking the general sense, made brief reply:

"Our ears have been open, my Father, to what you had to say. It has entered deep into our hearts, and we wish to turn it round and round. We *do* know all about this great army of 'pale-faces' which is coming into our grounds. Most of us used to be friends with them, and you, my Father, have done all you could to blow up a great cloud between us. We are not certain that you mean better to us than they. If *they* claim the lands west of the Alleghenies, and *you* claim them also, where, pray, do the Indian lands lay? Are you so bent on destruction that you can ask us to go out with one thousand against four thousand warriors? Would you sacrifice us to save your big gun house? Truly, this is not the saying of a wise man. But we will treasure up all that we have now heard, and to-morrow you shall know all our thoughts."

Beaujeu vehemently tried to persuade them to change their purpose, arguing that if resistance was to be made, steps must be taken *that very night*, but all to no effect. They answered it was too important a matter to be decided hastily, and they would hold a grand council on it.

CHAPTER XI.

GRAND COUNCIL—THE CHIEFS REFUSE.

Woe to the English soldiery,
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain;
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.—*Bryant.—Marion's Men.*

THE game was virtually over; for, although renewed, its spirit was gone, and a "draw" was announced. The usual keg of rum was distributed among the players, but the late misunderstanding had caused a shock, a stiffness, a soreness, which prevented further cordiality. The visitors inside the fort soon took their leave, Talbot accompanying Wau-ki-na to the very gate, and whispering, as he pressed her wee hand: "Good-bye, my winsome little gypsy, we'll meet again. I have much yet to tell you, and soon." He would have said more, had not her father just then turned and offered his hand for a farewell grip, but Talbot had vanished; he would as soon have inserted his digits in a steel-trap.

All the Sachems and leading chiefs held a grand "pow-wow" that night under the trees. Their discussion was protracted, and at times, exceedingly earnest. Pontiac, Athanase, old King Shingiss, and

lastly, Blackhoof, smarting under the severe punishment lately administered to him by Jack, spoke briefly but hotly in favor of an attack on the English, regardless of numbers: but then followed the more temperate and dignified utterances of Killbuck, Kateuskund, King Beaver, and other old Sachems and warlike leaders of weight and influence. These had lately been estranged from the English; would have been, had they been more adroitly managed, still their allies, and had more to dread, in case of defeat, than the lake and Canada tribes. (See *Appendix U*.)

Prudence and interest at length got the better of valor and hate, and it was finally resolved that it would be madness to think of resisting Braddock's army with their small numbers, and that so the Commandant should be informed. The council then broke up, and all was stillness.

Beaujeu passed an anxious night. He was a man of great nerve and of prompt action, and had for some days back been fearing some such *dénouement* as this. He had watched the Indians closely; had sought out their chiefs for private interviews; at which he employed all his art and ability, but was forced to acknowledge that notwithstanding all the prodigal means used to assemble and hold firm his red allies, they were liable to fail him at the last moment.

Much, then, depended on the resolve of the Grand Council; and early the next day Beaujeu issued out alone to know the result. He soon met King Shingiss and Beaver.

"My children are astir betimes. They have had much wise talk together. What do the great war chiefs say? Will they aid us with their braves to drive

Braddock and his dogs into the Monongahela, and make it red with their blood?"

"Our Father," said old Beaver, "is not wise to ask us to do this thing. He would sacrifice us to save his gun house, which is on our ground, and which we have 'warned off' many times. We are sorry, but Onontio must fight his own battles; we cannot aid him."

This was a terrible, though as we have premised, not an entirely unexpected stroke to Beaujeu. He saw that the capture of Duquesne would be a death blow to French dominion west of the mountains. If they could not stand there, they could stand nowhere. Vast sums and great effort had been spent in collecting and holding together these Indian bands, gathered from far and near, and now here was the fair fabric he had been so patiently and laboriously building, all tumbled into ruins about his feet. The mortified officer flushed up with indignation, and bit his lips with anger. He scarce could trust himself to speak; at last, schooling his voice, he simply and with great dignity, said:

"And this is the voice of the council? 'Tis well. 'Tis better to be deserted here than in the midst of battle. Onontio did not expect this of his beloved children. The time for repentance will come speedily, and punishment will be swift and overwhelming. I know we can beat back this proud and insolent General. We will fight him at the river's crossing, where one will be equal to twenty. And will you let your Father go out alone?" he concluded, sadly.

Beaujeu had, as we have said, great influence with the savages, by all of whom he was much beloved.

He managed them with exceeding adroitness, and his words now caused the chiefs to waver. After consulting together, the fiery old King Shingiss said:

"Shingiss and his Delawares will go with you if 'tis an ambush you seek. You would be mad to try a great battle—one against three. 'Tis, as you know, against Indian law and custom to join open battle with superior numbers, but if you choose your ground and lay an ambush, or will fight them at the ford, all the chiefs will join you, and I speak for them."

"Enough! 'tis all I ask!" joyfully exclaimed the Frenchman. "You'll see that we will, we *must* triumph! You know how these Swannocks are marching—crowded together in the woods like pigeons. Your rifles will shoot down the leaders, and the rest and all the vast stores of booty are yours, to do with as you please. Pick out your best chiefs, and we'll select the ground this very day."

An hour later, Pontiac, Killbuck, and Shingiss disappeared in the woods in company with Beaujeu, Dumas, and Langlade, gone to select the spot most favorable for coping with Braddock's army. They did not reappear until late in the afternoon, having found the locality they desired, and now both fort and woods were alive with preparations. The Indians made the whole night hideous with their revels and orgies. "Fire-water" had been freely distributed, and the "medicine" men were out in force, with their dances and sacrifices and incantations.

The next day, which was the dread day of battle, as Talbot and Smith stood on the parapets, they witnessed a strange and stirring sight, both inside and outside the fort. Hundreds of whooping and yelling

Indians were gathered about the great gate, their scalp-locks all dressed anew; their faces hideously streaked with fresh paint; every garment thrown off but the breech-clout, and all busily helping themselves at will with flints, bullets, powder, buckshot, and what not, from barrels which had been rolled out of the fort. Those inside were just as busy.

At about 11 o'clock everything was ready for the march, and off they started; Beaujeu—who had first gone piously to confession, and then to communion—leading off with his regulars and Canadians and cadets in front, and followed by a motley mob of yelling and leaping red devils, who fired off their guns, and gave out whoop after whoop, until they were lost in the woods towards the hill.

Both Talbot and Smith nearly agreed in their count, making about 75 regulars, 150 Canadians, and 630 Indians.

An awful silence—a silence that could almost be felt—followed, and the two captives sat, quiet and subdued, speculating on their own fate, and the chances of the battle about to ensue, but both quite confident of victory. How could it be otherwise?

CHAPTER XII.

THE ADVANCE TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again!
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France.

Richard the Third.

The death-shot hissing from afar;
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale;
Though few the numbers, theirs the strife
That neither spares nor speaks for life.

Byron's Giaour.

BEHOLD, now, Braddock's joyful little army—after having safely made, a short half mile below Turtle Creek, the second fording of the Monongahela—all snugly gathered on the first bluff and under the grateful shadow of an open walnut grove, hard by Frazier's cabin.

It was a stirring and exciting scene. Soldiers, officers, artillery, wagons, pack-horses with their batmen, camp servants, and a drove of cattle, all crowded together, and gradually but noisily falling into the rough road cut for them through the timber by the pioneers and carpenters.

The landing had scarcely been effected, before the Fraziers and Marie de Bonneville—escorted by the two inseparables, Jack and the Half-King—made for the little cabin which had so lately been the scene of

such a bloody and heroic struggle. They found the premises undisturbed. All its contents, including Marie's precious packages of specimens and portfolios of drawings, remained just as left.

The sorrow-laden daughter soon passed to the margin of the wood, where all that was mortal of her dear father had been so hastily buried. The sacred spot, carefully as had been the effort made to conceal its every mark and trace, could not long have escaped the practised eye of Indians, but it, too, was safe from all profane touch. Either their kind feelings toward the old naturalist, their belief in his visitation from the Great Spirit, or the influence of the French officers, had secured the body from all sacrilege, and the weeping Marie, the sounds of fife and drum and the confused tumult of an army on the march filling her ears, sat herself sadly and wearily down on this, to her the most sacred spot on earth.

Here Jack, whose work was in the very van of the march, left her, charging her on no account to leave her post, and promising his escort as soon as the army had mounted the first hills. He, no more than any of us poor, short-sighted mortals, could forecast the future.

It was now past one o'clock of a sultry afternoon. The rear guard had not entirely crossed the river, before the van had been pushed forward towards the hills; Gage, with his three hundred videttes, engineers, light-horse, and pioneers in front, followed at a little interval by Sir John St. Clair's working party, with its two brass six-pounders, and its tumbrils and tool carts. Their business it was to cut and prepare the road marked out for them by the engineers.

The march was to continue until three, and then the last bivouac before resting in Fort Duquesne, or, at least, before encamping down about it. On either flank of the advance were thrown out squads of viddettes, to guard against surprise.

The distant sound of the ringing axe, and the crash of falling trees, could be distinctly heard as the pioneers rapidly advanced—first over the broad and gently-rising river bottom, and then up the slope which led to another gradually-ascending plain, which, in its turn, rested against a line of bold, wooded hills. This second alluvial slope was more heavily timbered than the flat below, while the undergrowth of vine, thicket, and tall wood grass became at every step more abundant and luxuriant.

Adown this second sloping plain—although at that time, and not until long after known to or even suspected by the British—ran several ravines nearly at right angles to the brow of the hill which the advance had just surmounted. From one on the left trickled a little stream, which as it debouched into the first bottom, lost all distinctive channel, and was so diffused as to cause a sort of marsh. It was to avoid the treacherous footing of this miry bog, and to pass the head of the ravine which gave it birth, that the army was mounting so far towards the hill-sides.

The ravine on the extreme right, which sprang from the hills and traversed the whole second plain, was both broad and deep, its sides and bottom thickly covered with huge trees, and having an unusually rampant growth of vines and brambles, and sufficiently ample to conceal an army of ten thousand men.

About two hundred yards from the line of hills

and the same distance from the broad ravine just mentioned, commences, right in the middle of the plain, and without any apparent *raison d'être*, a most singular ditch, with a depth and breadth of a few feet at its head, but increasing soon to ten or twelve, and at that time overhung and completely concealed by a thick growth of vines and bushes; of grasses and trailers and the wild Indian plum. Even to this day it can scarcely be perceived, or, at least, its full capacity cannot be fully appreciated until one is right upon and then *in* it. It is a most peculiar ditch, and could not be better adapted, either for attack or defence, were engineers to devise and fashion it. It could easily conceal a thousand men.

The main place of action was on the densely-wooded tract between these two ravines, with its fallen trunks, its coverts and thickets of vines and brush and grass. The course of the twelve-foot wide road cut through these leafy coverts, was not parallel with either, but diagonal and turning the head of the last described ravine at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the whole face and flanks of the passing army being exposed to a long line of the enemy's fire at an *average* distance of sixty or seventy yards.

This then was the spot so carefully reconnoitred and so admirably chosen by the six officers and Indian chiefs, whose departure from the fort we described in our last. Here was the slaughter-pen they had so adroitly marked out for their foes. When, or if, beaten by their adversaries at the river crossing, it was to this refuge they would retire, and here would they prepare their ambush.

Not a man or officer of the British army ever

dreamed of these ravines, and never saw them during the three hours of combat, and it was only long after the disastrous action, when reason resumed its sway, and the beaten, driven mob of fugitives considered how pitilessly they were pelted and mown down by a terrible but unseen *feu d'enfer*, they concluded their wily foe *must* have fired from hidden ravines.

Pass over these quiet, peaceful "fields" now, as we have but lately done, part of them in grass and part staked out and soon to be occupied by the country seats of Pittsburgh business men, and then imagine them covered with a sombre and luxuriant forest, the ravines choked with vines and brush and under-growth, and the long rows of deadly rifles resting on their edges and deliberately sighted by hundreds of naked savages, and then see the narrow road choked up with an unsheltered crowd of soldiers and mounted officers, and Braddock's defeat is easily accounted for.

Had the French hunted for days, or had their engineers the privilege of selecting a ground for successful combat and arranging artificial ditches for attack and concealment, they could not have found or prepared any place better fitted for a dreadful and successful assault, or one which could so easily have protected the assailants.

As Braddock and his *aide* Washington—still weak and shattered from his fever and unable to sit his horse without a pillow—were standing on the river's bluff, trying to bring order out of confusion, and to separate the noisy mob of soldiers, wagoners, artillery and cattle, the clear ring of the distant axe was suddenly exchanged for the rapid and continuous dis-

charge of firearms. The crack of rifle, followed by the roll of musketry, appeared to be incessant.

"My God, Major!" cried Braddock, as he leaped to his horse, whose bridle his servant Bishop was holding near him, "the advance is attacked, and sharply, too! What can it mean? Mount on the instant, and bring me back a report of what's going on! Tell St. Clair and Gage to throw well out their flankers! and urge Burton, as you pass, to hurry forward with the vanguard, while I get the artillery in motion. Here! you infernal scoundrels of wagoners and cattle-drivers, get you out of the road with your rubbish into the woods on either side, and let the troops and guns press on! Quick step! Don't dally!"

Washington delayed not an instant, but springing upon his powerful roan, spurred along under the trees and by the side of the road now choked up with artillery and soldiers, all pressing forward with utmost speed and excitement. He soon reached the first slope; a few strides and his horse was over its brow and on the plain beyond. The firing was now straight ahead of him. Officers and men stood huddled in groups in the road; some few had taken to the trees on either side. The two brass pieces had just been unlimbered and the cannoneers were preparing to apply the match. The attack had evidently been sudden and unexpected, and Washington now saw Gage's advance doubled back upon St. Clair's working party, and for a brief space all was confusion.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

He whistled shrill;
From crag to crag the signal flew:
Instant, through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below
Sprang up at once the lurking foe,
And every tuft of grass gave life
To *painted* warrior armed for strife.—*Lady of the Lake.*

Consider this! He hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In *bolting* language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction.—*Coriolanus.*

NOTHING could be seen in front but the flashes of the enemy's guns and the shadowy forms here and there of French and Indians as they glided from tree to tree; nothing heard but the crack of rifles, the noise of muskets, the piercing yells and whoops of the savages, who seemed to fill the woods and to be working around in a semicircle.

"Ho! Sir John," exclaimed Washington, as St. Clair foaming with rage and mad with excitement approached to form and urge on the men. "What's all this? The General bids you halt where you are; throw your flankers well out, and hold your own—if hotly pressed—until Burton comes up. What's the nature of the attack?"

"Fierce as furnace fire and hot as d——n," answered the fiery Sir John. "Harry Gordon was in the very front marking out the road when, upon hearing a rushing noise ahead and looking through the trees, he saw a pack of French and Indians on the run, a gaily-dressed officer, with a silver gorget on his bosom, leading the way with long kangaroo leaps. Soon as they got within musket shot, the cursed Frencher stopped short in his tracks, and waving his plumed hat above his head and then stretching his arms to either side, his pack of red devils scattered to right and left, crouched down and slunk away behind trees, trunks, and what-not, until, by heavens, they had completely vanished—not a painted head or hide of one of them to be seen—the skulking cowards! The first we knew, a pitiless hail of bullets rained upon us, amid the most horrible screeches and yells and infernal noises sure ever mortal heard. I'm blessed, Major, if I'm used to this kind of fighting—don't know what to make of it. Our flankers have all run in, and the carpenters, or what's left of them, are huddled down the road like so many sheep worried by wolves, and the troops are fairly appalled by these screeching demons. For God's sake, hurry old Braddock up! tell him we've got the whole French-Indian army in our front, and will have to fight our way to the fort step by step."

Washington, after a few more brief, rapid questions, took in the whole situation and turned his horse's head. He had gone but a few steps when he saw Jack and the Half-King a few yards on one side of the road, each peering from behind his tree and trying to catch sight of something to shoot at.

"Halloo! Jack and Scarrooyaddy. *You* there, my braves? Where are the other Indians? They must scatter in the woods and try and find out where those devils are hiding and what's their force. I'll have Braddock here in a flash." Just then a crack was heard and a bullet whizzed by, going through and through the lappel of Washington's coat.

"Aha! Major," cried Jack quick as thought, as he raised and fired his rifle, "that's just the chance I've been waiting for. I've watched that skulking Shawnee now for over a minute. I knew he wouldn't let you pass without a shot. That's their game, the cunning varmints. Pick off the mounted leaders, and the rest comes, of course. Don't stay to see where I hit him, Mayor. Old 'Black rifle' is certain as death. Hurry up the troops! we'll need 'em all, for the savages are in full feather in front; if there's one, there's a thousand, twisting and creeping and gliding about among those trunks. Halloo! there's Yaddy's rifle. Hit him again, by Jupiter, and a Frencher, too! No bark without its bite is the plan we're acting on."

Washington had not far to go. Braddock, finding the uproar not only continuing but even increasing in front, had raged through the whole army like mad, and could not wait for his aid's report. Ordering Burton to detach eight hundred men and hurry forward with all possible speed, he left Sir Peter Halket in the rear with full four hundred to protect the baggage. He then swore and stormed along the whole artillery line, and pushed the guns forward as fast as possible.

Washington met the General, his eyes fairly aflame and with spurs buried deep into his horse's sides, right on the brow of the hill. Gage's cannon at that

moment had just filled the woods with their resounding roar, which was followed with cheer after cheer from the British, who were standing in a confused crowd in the middle and on the sides of the road, loading and firing as fast as they could.

The terrible, leaden hail, which had been steadily raining on the English and shattering their columns, now slackened for a while. The British then advanced on the French in front, pouring in a hot fire, though very few of the enemy could be seen. As they drew near, another staggering discharge met them, appearing to come, as it were, right out of the ground.

The British rallied again, and opened a dreadful storm of grape and musketry, sweeping away everything living before them, but the grievous misfortune was, that about the *only* living things were the trees of the woods. Beaujeu, the chief leader of the foe, and several others, were seen to fall, while the Indians, unaccustomed to the appalling roar of artillery and the loud huzzas of the soldiery, appeared to waver, and for the moment gave way. A well-pushed bayonet charge just then would have put them to remediless flight.

Observing, however, that the French and Canadians still held their ground in the direct front; much exasperated by the fall of their loved Beaujeu, and urged on to revenge by Dumas, Langlade and de Lignery, they took fresh heart, and returned to their trees and ravines, through and along which they extended more and more.

It was just at this critical moment that Braddock's horse leaped into the road, and, struck instantly by a bullet in front, fell on the very leap, throwing the

General violently to the ground. The grim and infuriated old warrior staggered to his feet, sword in hand, and glared around like a lioness robbed of her whelps. His eyes fairly shot flames, and his face grew livid with rage as he saw his carefully-drilled veterans standing in groups and without order, all appearing to fire at random, while many were shooting into the trees above them, as if their foes were birds in the branches.

To increase his disgustful rage, just at this moment Gage's advance gave way entirely. The unseen enemy had worked themselves along the ravines on both flanks, and, from behind the dense undergrowth and tall grass which fringed them, poured in a most galling fire, coolly and securely picking off officer after officer.

Colonel Burton's command had just come upon the ground, and were forming, as well as could be under such a murderous hail of lead and in such a narrow road, when crowding down upon them came Gage's and St. Clair's shattered columns trying to get into their rear, and mixing the two regiments in inextricable confusion.

Then it was that Braddock stormed around with a rage and an indignation which was almost sublime from its intensity. Turning sharply on Gage:

"How's this, craven sir! would ye so basely dishonor your king and the duke? God's wrath! is *this* the way ye've been taught to fight! By the Eternal, but I'll break your disgraced sword where you sit in saddle! Curses on you all for a set of white-livered cowards! You look more like a flock of silly sheep set on by hounds than drilled soldiers. For shame!

for shame! Fall in ranks, every mother's son of you, and come out from behind those trees! By the great God above us, men, but I'll cut down with my sword the first soldier, British or American, who *dare* skulk behind a cover! Out with you, cowards!" and suiting the action to the word, Braddock leaped to the road side and actually hit with the flat of his sword several whom he found behind the trees, while others he pushed into the road.

"General," sullenly expostulated Gage, "these insults are undeserved. We can't fight a deadly foe who surrounds us on three sides but whom we can't see. The officers are falling like leaves all about you. The men are plainly panic-stricken. If allowed to get behind whatever cover offers, they can pick up heart and reform when the enemy is found. If not, we'll all be killed, officers and men."

"Killed!" hoarsely roared Braddock, while mounting his second horse. "And why not? Better die with naked front to the foe than blink and skulk like hares in their 'forms.' Get behind trees! Oh, that ever I'd live to hear a British officer and a nobleman's son, too, give voice to such dastard words! Officers, I command you to separate yon frightened mob! Advance the regimental colors! Set up rallying points! Tell the men off into platoons, and hunt up the enemy in that way! Major Washington, bid the rest of the artillery advance and open with grape!"

The word had scarce left his lips, before his second horse was laid low with a bullet, and Braddock was again on his feet in the road, which did not go far to improve his temper. Here Washington ventured to observe, quietly and in low tones: "General, since

the enemy's evidently in great strength ahead and on each flank, would it not be well to find out exactly where he is, and how he manages to so hide himself? If we could retire the troops a little out of fire, beat up these woods with the bayonet, and reform—"

"Retire! retire out of fire, and before a d—d dastardly foe who dare not uncover himself!" shouted Braddock. "Major Washington, you are my aide-de-camp to *carry* orders, not to *give* them! *Retire* is a round, well-picked word! It may suit your American militia, but, sir, it is a disgraceful word for an officer holding his Majesty's commission, either to speak or to hear! It was by *retiring*, as you well call it, that Forts Duquesne and Necessity were given up by you last year to the French! Damme, sir, it has been so much retiring that brings me and my army on this field! Here, orderly, bring me another mount!"

Washington's pale face flushed up with indignation at this stinging, but totally undeserved taunt, the more galling since Braddock had repeatedly given his approval of the '54 campaign. Seeing the General's obstinate temper, and knowing he had no right to offer advice, he put spurs to his horse and was soon over the hill to hurry up the artillery.

"That's right, officers!" hoarsely shouted Braddock, soon as he was again mounted. "Tell off your men into small parties, advance on a double-quick, and drive those d—d skulking vagabonds from their hiding places!"

It was useless. By this time the confident and whooping savages had enveloped both flanks, while a most galling concentric fire was poured in upon the

panic-stricken army, which was particularly severe upon the officers.

In vain these officers, with unparalleled bravery, put themselves repeatedly at the head of small parties and advanced with cheers upon the hidden foe. Distinguished by their horses and uniforms, they were simply sacrificed.

In the dark and narrow road, surrounded on all sides by gloomy trees and dense thickets, were crowded close together the panic-stricken wretches, appalled at the fatal fire of foes whom they never saw. Many fired away into the air; many more brought down their own men.

Wherever a puff of smoke was seen, off went the soldiers' muskets; while all around, securely hidden in those mysterious, unsuspected ravines, lay a screeching, murderous, insatiate foe, their rifles or muskets loaded with both bullet and buckshot, peering through grass and bushes, resting them on the brinks, gathering more and more confidence with each fatal volley, and making the forest echo with demoniac yells and whoops and savage clamor.

Occasionally a naked and hideously-painted savage would break from cover, and rush forward with fearful screech, to secure the scalp of some officer he had shot. Then would follow a volley of musketry from the poor soldiers, killing or wounding their own fellows more than damaging the enemy.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR PETER HALKET'S DEATH—FEARFUL SLAUGHTER.

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish—*As You Like It.*

One effort—one—to break the circling host;
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrow ring compressed, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet;
Oh! now they fight in firmest file no more;
Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down and trampled o'er.

Byron's Corsair.

WHAT followed deserves not the name of battle; it was simply a horrible slaughter. Once Colonel Burton managed to gather a hundred men and advanced towards a rising ground in front, the very centre of the French position, but upon his being disabled by a rifle ball, the rest retired precipitately.

By this time Sir Peter Halket came up with reinforcements, but too late for good. The men were hopelessly disordered and panic-stricken, firing off all their ammunition, quarrelling with their brave officers, who threw themselves from their horses and led them repeatedly on foot, but only to be swept into eternity.

The only thing for Braddock to do when he found himself caught in this horrid slaughter-pen, was, mani-

festly, to retire his forces while he had them yet under control; throw out scouting parties to beat up the enemy's position; bring up his artillery to the ends of the ravines and thoroughly rake them with grape and canister, or to rout out the securely-hidden foe with the bayonet. Indians have never yet been found able to withstand a bayonet charge. The cold steel at close quarters demoralizes. They quiver, break and fly.

This was what both Halket and Washington urged him to do, but to no purpose. He raged along the road like a fury; drove back his men by the sword and seemed determined to overcome by mere force of drill and obstinacy. Indeed, it is uncertain whether he now could have executed the manœuvre. No soldiers—not even Cumberland's veterans—could long withstand a deadly and concentrated fire from front and both flanks.

The fact that the fatal flashes and puffs of smoke and volleys seemed to come right out of the ground and from unseen foes, while the whole air and woods around rang full of savage yells and horrible screechings, completed the demoralization. Many afterwards declared that during the whole three hours' contest they had never once seen a foe; while others would not assert that they had seen over half a dozen. It is only wonder that soldiers so wretchedly posted and so badly commanded, could stand it as long as they did. (See *Appendix V.*)

The provincials suffered as much as the British soldiers. Whenever and wherever they could, they took to the trees. It is even asserted, and we think it probable, that some of the officers who, by Braddock's explicit command, attempted to beat back into the

road the men who had thus sought shelter behind trees, were shot by their own men.

In one of the pauses of this one-sided conflict, Washington, who had been kept busy carrying the General's orders—the other aides, Orme and Morris, having been wounded—saw Col. Halket, grim and weary-looking, standing dismounted under a huge oak, and leaning heavily against its massive trunk. Hastening up and out a little from the fire, he anxiously inquired,

"I trust, Sir Peter, you are not very badly hurt?"

"Na, na, Geordie; but Ise gotten eneuch. 'Tis joost aboon my baldric. Wha culd luke to go thro' siccan an awsome day wi'out scaur or scaith. I ha'e fear Ise ta'en a strong grippit o' death. I am sair, sair forfoughten, but, ne'er fear, mon, but wha' the auld Sir Peter will e'er present a heckle to his foes."

"Oh, 'tis not so bad as that, Colonel," said Washington; "but you, like the rest of us, have received your baptism of fire. 'Tis a gory field, and the end's not yet."

"D'ye mind, Major, the 'secon-sight' I tauld ye of yestreen and the vision of bluid? Said I not recht?—but, ha'e ye seen Jamie, laddie?"

"I have, Sir Peter; there he stands, and unhurt."

"'Tis strange, verra strange. 'Tis the bairn Francis, and not James that's hurt and ta'en to the rear, alang wi' Sir John Sinclair, Col. Burton, Gladwin, and mony ithers. Oh, but this is a sorra day! Braddock's joost lost his fourth horse. The fule carle thinks he's fightin' on the broad plains o' Flanders. 'Tis eneuch amaist to drive one distraught to see him trying to wheel and manœuvre a whail army, shoulther to

shoulther, in a twal-fut road. I ha'e beggit him to let his men tak to the woods, but the dour deevil wi' not. He's clean daft, Geordie, clean daft."

"Well, Colonel," said Washington, "no use to discuss the General now. You need immediate attention. I'll send some soldiers to take you to the rear."

Washington had scarce gone a hundred paces before a bullet, sped by an Indian rifle from the ravine, struck Halket straight through the heart. Just as he was falling, his son James rushed forward and caught him in his arms. He, too, was at the same instant mortally struck, and both fell together, locked in each other's embrace, and this was the last of the old Scotch nobleman.

The two bodies lay, just where they fell, for years, through summer's heat and winter's snow—"mid all the wreck of the spiteful elements." We will hereafter relate how, three years after, two skeletons were found locked together, and in how singular a manner the young Sir Peter Halket identified them as those of his father and brother.

The Provincials—the American militia of whom Braddock was so contemptuous—were among the last to yield the hill. Among them were Jack, Gist, Waggoner, Scarooyaddy and others of the more cool and collected scouts and rangers, who had, wherever they could obtain a "coign of vantage," kept up a desultory fire upon the foe.

About this time Jack, his face all begrimed with powder, his bullets almost all spent, his eyes glowering and teeth clenched in a sort of bull-dog fixedness, was sullenly retiring from tree to tree hotly pushed by some Ottawa Indians, when he noted the approach of

our old acquaintance, Captain Waggoner of the Virginia Rangers, with what was left of his men. They were doggedly retreating step by step, casting many an anxious look behind.

"Waggoner," exclaimed Jack, "'tis a crying shame that we should stay here and be butchered for the mad whims of a man, who may be as brave as Julius Cæsar but who's also as crazy as a loon. Now, I've been studying the lay of these lurking red devils, and from the line of their fire, I feel certain their whole position can be turned from that huge fallen tree yonder, lying just on the rise of the hill. What say you? Can you take your men, and let us run for it?"

"Good! Jack. Give me your hand on't, old hickory! I'm with you till death. I can depend on what is left of my company to a man, and think I can get enough rangers from Dobb's, Dagworthy's, Stevens' and Peyronies' companies to make the attempt. Ho!" he shouted in clear ringing tones, "American rangers, stay one moment! We've tried fighting Indians on the British plan, and if we go on one short half hour longer, we'll not have a whole scalp left. Captain Jack proposes to run forward and take possession of yonder huge log, which commands the enemy's position and will give us complete protection, and we'll route those cursed, yelping, barking devils down there, quicker'n you could scrunch a nest of rattlesnakes. All who want to redeem this disgraceful day and strike at least *one* stout blow for victory, follow me!"

A hearty cheer rang out, and about eighty American rangers, including, also, Jack, Scarooyaddy, Alaquippa's two sons, Gist, Fairfax, and two other friendly Indians, agreed to follow.

"Now, lads, all load up, and sling each man of you around his tree and draw their fire:"

"So;" as a brisk volley came from the foe. "Now for it," and Jack and Waggoner leading, they darted rapidly forward, rifles cocked, all ready in trail and losing only three men by the way.

"Now!" shouted Waggoner, "spread yourselves along snug and fire one volley all together, and then every man load and fire at will, and if we don't have some little to boast of this day, my name's not Tom Waggoner. Look! Jack; look! D'ye see the painted slippery devils wriggling and gliding away! Aha! we've got 'em, every pop! Now for it, boys! Quick! quick! before you lose 'em. Ready! Take aim! *Fire!*"—and a tremendous volley and red line of flame leaped from their rifles.

"Ha!" yelled Jack, springing to his feet with excitement, as he saw a whole raft of Indians break cover. "One more like that and we'll have scalps enough to buy a farm apiece. Hurrah! boys; hur—"

His words were drowned by the roar of guns and a general discharge of musketry behind him, and at least forty of the eighty fell killed and wounded by the fire from the mob of British regulars in their rear, who loaded and fired wherever they saw a flash or smoke.

"My God!" gasped Jack, the first to recover from the dreadful shock which seemed to paralyze and hold speechless all that were left. "Shot by our own men, as I'm a living sinner! Worse than murder, by heavens! Come, Waggoner and Yaddy, it's no use. The day's lost when British soldiers can thus slaughter their betters."

Another volley was poured on their doomed heads, until fifty out of the gallant little band were either killed or wounded, and the rest were put to a hasty flight. Their rage, disgust and indignation can be imagined but not described.*

Braddock, almost all his best officers either killed or wounded, and all the ammunition shot away, found it now almost impossible even to effect a safe or orderly retreat. The Indians, having little more to fear from the army on the hill plain, had now worked down the ravines until they appeared on the first "bottom," and commenced to attack the baggage.

The flank parties posted for its security all but one ran in. A great number of horses and some drivers were shot down, while the rest, cutting loose the best horses in the teams, mounted and were off. The cannon did some service, and commanded and sometimes even served by Washington himself, had for sometime kept off the foe, but the spot was so woody that very little execution could be done.

* This awful disaster to Waggoner's volunteer movement, the only one of the day which promised success, is historical; indeed the whole account of this battle is based on information carefully gathered from every possible source, and can be taken as reliable.

CHAPTER XV.

BRADDOCK'S RETREAT AND DEATH.

So fall my visioned splendors to the earth,
And all our schemes, so grand and absolute,
Melt like a bubble touched by some child's hand.
Out upon life! We are the jest and sport
Of every breeze that blows—*Peterson.*

JUST at this juncture, Braddock himself, who had had five horses killed under him and whose clothes had been riddled with bullets, received a mortal wound while standing beneath a large tree on the brow of the second rise. The ball passed through his right arm, lodging deep in his lungs. The order he was just giving was left unfinished on his lips. Falling from his horse, there the brave but unfortunate General lay, with but a few friends around him and all his drilled veterans flying off in headlong, disgraceful flight. "They ran," wrote Washington in his first letter after the battle, "as sheep pursued by the dogs, and it was impossible to rally them."

It is related by George Croghan, the famous Indian Interpreter, that Braddock, unwilling to survive the disgrace of his defeat, disgusted at his desertion by the famous soldiers "who had served with the Duke," and probably tormented by the pains from his wound, refused to be carried from the field, insisted upon being left alone, and finally tried to possess

himself of Croghan's pistol, wherewith to make an end of himself.

Be this as it may, Captain Orme, wounded as he was, offered sixty guineas to any of the regulars who would carry him off the field, but in vain. It was a *sauve qui peut* rout with the regulars and "devil take the hindmost."

Captain Stewart, of Virginia, commander of the body guard of light horse, and Braddock's own "aide" Captain Orme, carried the dying General off the field, put him in a tumbril, then upon a fresh horse, and thus the old veteran was borne from the scene of his defeat. It was a custom in those days for every officer to carry a sash of scarlet, silken net-work, with which to bear him, if wounded, from the field. The sash in which Braddock was this day carried, the date of its manufacture (1707) and the initials E. B. wrought in the woof, and the blood-red stains upon its netting still visible, is said to be yet preserved in the family of the late President Taylor.

The fall of the General destroyed all semblance of further opposition. Every aide but Washington and every field officer was struck down. About nine hundred out of the fourteen hundred men, and sixty-three out of the eighty-six officers were either killed or wounded, and the rest scarce waited for the drums to sound the retreat. All, all was abandoned! Horses, cattle, wagons, artillery, military chest, personal baggage, *every thing*—and what was worse, almost *every person* who was badly wounded.*

* There were two exceptions worthy of special note. Captain Treby of the 44th was so desperately wounded as to be unable even to crawl to the nearest bushes to avoid the pursuing Indians. While the herd of fugitives

Down, down the fugitive mob rushed to the ford, over which they had passed with such pageantry and enthusiasm in the morning. The whole route was strewn with guns, military trappings, and even clothing—all which could impede flight. About fifty Indians pursued even to the Monongahela, tomahawking several in the passage.

It was well that the savages, glutted with blood, ladened down with scalps, or having a wholesome fear of Dunbar's army still in the rear, turned aside from the monotony of slaughter to the work of gathering the rich spoils of the disastrous field. Had they chosen to pursue across the river, or had they gone up the same bank and waited at the other ford, two miles above, for the poor, panting, exhausted, and panic-stricken fugitives, as they crossed the stream for the fourth time that day, but few would have been left to tell the sad and disgraceful tale.

But happily, and it is a well-attested historical fact, the French and Indians were about as much frightened as the British. After hastily tearing away the scalps from both living and dead on the fatal field; after having loaded themselves and the captive beasts with all manner of spoils and killed all the horses they could not take with them, they spiked the British artillery and burst all the shell, and only followed the route of the British fugitives when they

went trooping by, his woful situation arrested the attention of a gentleman volunteer named Farrel, who placed the sufferer on his own back and so carried him until out of danger. At the first fire, Captain John Conyngham's horse was shot down and he himself very severely wounded. Falling under his horse, and being unable to rescue himself, his soldiers "for the love they bore him," rushed to his rescue and finally carried him in triumph to a place of safety, although many were shot dead in the attempt.

learned from deserters that the panic with Dunbar's reserves was even greater than with the army in the field.

Scarcely believing that this disgrace, which was at the time considered throughout the country as far greater, more inexcusable, and more disastrous in its consequences than even the defeat and flight of Braddock's army, could be possible, Dumas—Beaujeu's successor—then sent a force to follow the route, and to destroy all that "Dunbar the Tardy," in his pusillanimity, had left.

This headlong, disgraceful flight is an unwelcome theme, and not being directly connected with our story, we care not to dwell on it, except to say that about a quarter of a mile on the other side of the river, a hundred men were prevailed upon to make a brief stand at a favorable point. Braddock and some wounded officers remained there an hour or so, but soon all the soldiers sneaked off, and Washington, sick, exhausted and fever-stricken as he was, and having so lately passed through a most terrible ordeal, with two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat, was dispatched by Braddock to Dunbar to forward wagons, provisions, etc., to the wounded.

He rode sad and oppressed during the whole of that wet, long and dismal night; through dark, gloomy forests, frequently having to dismount to grope for the path, and reached Dunbar—whose camp was in an incredible state of alarm and confusion from reports brought by the frightened wagoners—by sunrise the next morning. His wretched feelings during that truly doleful ride can better be imagined than de-

scribed. Thence, being still very feeble, he retired to Mt. Vernon to recruit his shattered health.

It is a well-attested fact, that in 1770—fifteen years after this battle—Washington, when travelling on the big Kanawha, was visited by an old Indian chief, who stated that he had been present at the battle of Braddock's Fields and had not only often fired on Washington himself but had instructed his young warriors to fire; but finding it in vain, had come to the conclusion that he was protected by the Great Spirit and was preserved for a great future. So, indeed, he was.

We may pause by the way one moment to follow Braddock till death released him. He remained under the faithful care of Captain Stewart; was first carried on horseback and afterwards conveyed by soldiers in his sash, fastened on poles as a "stretcher."

At 10 P.M. on the tenth, the day after the battle, he reached Gist's plantation. Next morning he arrived at Dunbar's camp, high up in the Laurel Hill, six miles from the present city of Uniontown, where the half-famished fugitives from the battle-field were constantly coming in and soldiers deserting by the score without ceremony.

Braddock's strength was now rapidly ebbing away. He had abandoned all hope of achieving anything; and it is to be supposed that the sufferings of his mind were far greater than those of his body. He still issued his commands, and confidently expecting pursuit and knowing that Dunbar's panic-stricken force was in a most shameful and dangerous state of demoralization, ordered the destruction of the immense stores of arms, wagons, powder, and provisions, re-

suming his march towards Cumberland on the 12th. These orders were not fit for a British officer to give, nor for one to obey. Want of horses and demoralization of his army were Dunbar's excuses.

On the 13th, Braddock was evidently sinking fast. Ever since the retreat commenced, he had preserved an almost unbroken silence. His dying hours were very much embittered, and it would have been far better had he left his remains on the carnage field.

The only allusions he made to the fate of the battle, was to softly repeat to himself once or twice: "Who would have thought it?" Turning to Orme: "We shall better know how to deal with them another time!" and these were his parting words.

A few moments later he breathed his last at 8 P.M. Sunday, the 13th, and was buried the next morning right in the middle of the road—Washington reading the funeral service over his grave. The troops, wagons, and artillery passed over the place to destroy all traces and prevent discovery and mutilation by the enemy, supposed to be in pursuit. (See *Appendix W.*)

About 1823, some laborers, while working on this road, exposed these last "unwept, unhonored, and unsung" remains. They were still distinguishable by their military trappings. It is asserted that some were sent to Peale's Museum, Philadelphia, while the rest were re-interred under a tree near by.

This tree has, in these present times, either by "Decay's effacing fingers," or by the spoliations of relic hunters, been reduced to a mere rotten stump. It remained for Josiah King and John Murdock, of Pittsburgh, to rescue the spot from total neglect. In December, 1871, they proceeded to the forsaken grave,

situate on the farm of James Dixon, nine miles east of Uniontown, and planted about it a number of elms, spruces, larches and willows. Should any fail to grow, they will be replaced, and Mr. Dixon having agreed to surround the spot with a strong fence, it is to be hoped that thus the last resting place of the brave but rash and unfortunate General will be marked out to generations yet to come.

We scarce deem it worth while to allude to a Pennsylvania tradition, industriously circulated and generally believed throughout the whole country for half a century, that Braddock fell by the hands of one of his own men.

Thomas Fausett, a sort of mountain hermit of Fayette county, wild, uncouth and gigantic in his appearance, distinctly claimed for himself that he killed Braddock to save the remnant of the army from destruction, and to revenge the cutting down of his brother Joseph by Braddock for taking position behind a tree.

Hon. Winthrop Sargent, who, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, published the only full and reliable history of Braddock's expedition and battle, has most carefully and thoroughly examined this Fausett romance, sifting all the evidence on which its credibility rests, and unhesitatingly pronounces it unworthy of credence. In this dictum we most heartily concur. There is not a tittle of trustworthy evidence to support the story. All cotemporary authorities are totally silent concerning any such feat, and Fausett's own tale—as well as are the accounts of those who uphold his claim—is bungling, absurd, and inconsistent.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARIE GONE—JACK ON THE TRAIL.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
Where he bore the maiden away;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet,
Than the blast hurries the vapor and sleet
O'er the wild November day.—*Bryant.*

SOON as the fierce tempest of battle and the cloud of hurtling bullets had fairly swept the beaten forces over the slope and down upon the lower flat, Jack felt that all was over. He saw the "beginning of the end."

Knowing that the ruthless savages would soon spread as a red cloud over the plain, and anxious for the fate of Marie—though absent not forgotten—he called on the Half-King, and while Jack hurried towards Frazier's cabin, the latter proceeded to the woods' edge where last he had seen Marie.

All silent and desolate. Jack, his heart heavy and his brain fairly in a whirl from apprehension, then made for the old naturalist's grave. Unhappy man! No Marie to be seen. All deserted. Her horse, which was tied near, gone too—not a trace of either.

Back again to the cabin, his limbs in a tremor; now out upon the bluff, gazing wistfully over the water.

Amid a group of fugitives crossing the stream—at that time exceeding low—he recognized Lieutenant

Frazier, wife, and daughter on their horses, but no Marie. He scarce knew what to think or do. He was fairly stunned. His breath came thick and fast, and he leaned wearily against the cabin to regather his dazed senses.

A touch on the shoulder startled him. It was the Half-King.

"My brother does not see clear to-day," he said, in earnest and sympathizing tones. "The loss of the 'Wood-thrush' clouds his mind. Scarooyaddy is now old. He has no young maiden to make the blood fast come and go. When—"

"What is it, Yaddy? Out with it, Chief! Have you any trace of her? Speak quick!"

"Come!"—rapidly leading the way to the grave of de Bonneville. "When my brother lose his senses, Scarooyaddy must see and think for him. He has been out on the search. Look there!"—pointing to the place where the palfrey was tied and around which could be faintly discerned traces of moccasined feet.

Jack gazed first at the prints, and then at the Half-King. He was now himself again, although very deeply moved.

"Indians, sure as there's a God above us! Anything more, Chief?"

The Half-King led the way into the woods and down the river's margin, pointing out the plain tracks of the horse, and here and there and on both sides, foot prints, twigs broken, leaves displaced, and sundry other mute but infallible signs.

"Yes!" excitedly exclaimed Jack, "here the horse has gone and Indians on both sides of it—that's clear

as sunlight—but no trace of Marie. She may have crossed the river, or, frightened by the terrible tumult of the fight, may have joined the crowd about the artillery; or—”

“Come a little further,” quietly answered the Half-King. “What does my brother think of that?” pointing to a lady’s glove lying aside of the road, behind a laurel bush, which the instinctive delicacy of the Chief had left to the ardent lover first to touch. Marie, at some favorable moment, must have thrown it behind her for a clue to Jack, should he seek her.

Jack snatched the dear token from the grass, pressed it to his lips, and said in great agitation:

“Chief, you are right—are *always* right. No more room for doubt. Marie is a captive, and among Indians. This precious little glove bids me follow and rescue her. Anything else?”

“Listen! The Indians are five; they are Delawares; they have passed only a half hour; they were careless and did not fear pursuit, and they will keep the river bank and not go along the hills.”

Jack, knowing well the unerring and almost miraculous sagacity with which Indians discern and interpret the minutest signs, and having had very many especial occasions to test Scarooyaddy’s wonderful powers in studying out and following indistinct trails, at once accepted the Indian’s conclusions with unquestioning confidence. He himself was no mean adept in all kinds of woodcraft, but in trail-hunting he yielded the palm to the old Half-King. It was an Indian’s life business, his *specialty*, as it were.

Jack mused a moment. The great love he bore the fair captive made him less prompt and resolute

than usual. Looking up somewhat anxiously, however, he said:

"Well, Chief, you know the awful peril just now, but I'd follow that trail if it led into King Shingiss' wigwam—yes, into the very grave. Here let us part. The whole country is alive with enemies, and I must, as you know, go right through them and into their very nest."

The Half-King darted a quick, hurt look at his companion and said simply and quietly, but none the less rebukingly:

"'The Black Rifle' is very dear to Scarooyaddy. When his son was killed by Braddock's soldiers, his white brother came to his lodge and wept and mourned with him, and now that the 'Wood-thrush' is taken to a Delaware cage, shall a great Chief turn his back and let his brother hunt his song bird alone? Is Scarooyaddy a Delaware dog to do so vile a thing?"

"I might have known as much, Chief," said Jack, pressing the Indian's hand, and brightening up at this proof of friendship and valuable assistance. "Well, be it so, Yaddy. We've hunted many's the trail together, and I'd be loth to part company now. So step out, Chief! If Marie *can* be found, we'll find her and save her, too."

And the twain, taking on the set look, and falling into the steady, dogged gait of trained trailers, passed deep into the woods and along the very route they had so gallantly fought over a few days before.

While so many others were then flying from the foe, these two tried scouts, their lives in their hands, were going directly towards him—out of the jaws of death into the mouth of hell.

CHAPTER XVII.

TALBOT AND SMITH—FORT REJOICINGS.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain;
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art.—*Butler's Hudibras.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel;
So fast they follow.—*Hamlet.*

HOURS after Beaujeu and his Indians had left the fort, Talbot and Smith sat on the ramparts, gazing out upon the woods which had covered them from view. Both felt confident of victory, but Talbot, with his *couleur de rose* disposition, and with such an exalted and unshakable confidence in Braddock and his drilled army, felt actually jubilant.

"You see, James," he said, in one of his gushes, "Braddock's no chicken. He's an old campaigner—has served long under the fighting Duke of Cumberland and knows a thing or so. Those screeching scaramouches, too, who sometimes positively make me blush for the brevity of their pantaloons and the exposure of their bosoms, have no cannon, and when the first big gun is trained on them and opens with its awful roar—and when the grenadiers, with their muff caps, commence to throw their grenades, 'twill be just like—like—what *will* it be like, Smith?"

"I'll swear *I* don't know, Mr. Talbot; tell me. Miss Fleury chasing the fort chickens?"

"Pshaw! Why, like a fox jumping into a warren of rabbits, to be sure! You'll see those red rascals trooping back into their holes absolutely white in the face, and old father Nymwha at the head of them; but, by jove, here comes your Miss Fleury and looking pretty as a pink, too. Bon jour, mademoiselle!"

"Good day, milord," replied the doctor's daughter, appearing somewhat anxious and nervous. "I fear we're about to have a terrible battle. What *will* become of us, should your General be victorious? Has he a very superior force, milord?"

"Well, mademoiselle, not so much as regards quantity, but in quality—if you'll allow me—I think—no, I'm sure of it—he has—but never fear, my young lady, you may expect the most generous and courteous treatment at Braddock's hands. He's a perfect gentleman and a very great favorite with the ladies."

"I haven't, between you and me, milord, too much faith in our painted friends. They appear jealous and suspicious, and if they were crossed in anything, would prove treacherous; but Beaujeu says that wherever they've been fairly matched with the British, they've beaten them."

"Oh, Beaujeu be d—dumbfounded!" hotly answered Talbot. "He's enough to make a fellow swear! *He* knows much about the British, don't he? What's he made all ready to decamp for? Look at those guns and other signs! Why, his own Indians bully him. When Braddock reaches here, by the lord Harry, if I don't get him to make the pompous,

swaggering old turkey-cock run the gauntlet of *our* Indians! Yes, and blamed if I wont dress up, or rather down, as the head of the file! But, halloo! what's that?—sounds like the distant roar of cannon. Listen!"

Again came that peculiar, impressive, reverberating roar, distant, yet distinct.

"It is, James, by Jupiter Ammon! and Braddock's army is come at last! 'Twouldn't do for me to hurrah just here, but would you mind telling me what time it is, mademoiselle?"

"About two, milord. Why do you ask?"

"Two? Well, let's *kalkerlate*, as they say in these colonies; about half an hour for the scrimmage, and three hours for the long driving them—that makes three and a half; then a half hour here, accepting the invitation to enter; that makes four. About six—well, may be half-past six—this evening, Miss de Fleury, I hope to have the pleasure of introducing to you our gallant old General."

"Come, come! milord!" flashed up the little lady. "These are strange words from a prisoner. As I can't share with you in your opinions, I beg to take my leave; and I'd advise you, as a friend, to restrain your tongue somewhat."

"Appears to be a little huffy, Smith. May be I *did* show more delight than was civil or prudent; but I never, in all my born days, James, felt so big and proud."

"Braddock's guns *have* a cheery, gladsome sound to a poor prisoner," said Smith. "But oh, they've been *so* long a coming."

"Never fear!" gaily answered Talbot; "they're here

now, and I don't see how I can be held down. Every roar—just listen to *that* music!—seems to lift me right out of my boots. I just think I see the grape and canister scattering those bewildered reddies; but, Smith, we'll have to sit around for a few hours, meek as Moses; or these poor fellows won't like it. I wonder if they'll evacuate. Gad, I'm afraid of it."

By this time every man left in the fort was out on the drill ground, or gathered in groups on the rampart, looking intently in the direction of the sounds, and speculating in low tones on the chances of the battle then in progress.

All were anxious, restless and excited, and these feelings increased as the hours wore on. The reports of the cannon could be distinctly heard, now singly, now in full chorus, and each sound, as it came, caused its thrill. Conversation sank to a whisper; positions were shifted; none could stay from the ramparts, and every eye was anxiously fixed on the woods for the first fateful news from the field.

About five o'clock the whole line of listeners was electrified by the sudden emergence of an Indian runner from the wood in front. Almost exhausted, panting, breathless, and covered with sweat, he gave one scalp halloo, and staggered his way immediately towards the crowd who had gone out to meet him and know the fate of the fort.

It was Nymwha himself, but almost spent with rapid running. His news came from him in jerks and spurts, ever and anon interrupted by a scalp halloo, and the glad tidings he brought were soon passed from mouth to mouth.

The change from anxiety and apprehension to that

of joy and exultation, was indeed magical. Every eye danced with delight. The soldiers shook hands with each other, and so crowded on the old Shawnee, asking a thousand questions, that the grim Chief was nearly suffocated. He was the hero of the hour.

His tale was soon told. Its burden was that Beaujeu had not been able to reach the ford, where, posted securely behind the thick trees on the river's margin and with Braddock's unsheltered army before him, he had hoped to drive them back; that, although the battle was in full progress when he left, there could be no doubt of the issue, as the English had been surrounded, and were shot down in great numbers; that the Indians had been hidden in ravines and behind trees, and that the Swannocks [English], instead of at once flying or rushing on the concealed foe, appeared completely bewildered, huddled together in the centre of a ring, and before the sun was down there wouldn't be a man of them alive. Beaujeu was killed, and a few Canadians and Indians, but almost all Braddock's officers had been picked off their horses, where they foolishly remained to be shot.

This was an awful shock for our poor captives. Their hearts sank within them. It was like thunder out of a clear sky. They were the Indians' prisoners, and, if this news were true, had nothing before them but death, torture, or captivity almost as bad as either.

At first Talbot scouted the story and flouted the story-teller; told Smith 'twas as "false as hell;" that Braddock *couldn't* be beaten; that the runner wouldn't have time to bring the news so soon. At length such was his violence that the soldiers began to look fero-

ciously at him, and would soon have laid rude hands on the peppery little Englishman, had not the officer in temporary charge of the fort threatened him with the guard house if he did not hold his peace.

The poor fellow, crushed to the earth, but still hoping against hope, wandered off to the Allegheny side of the fort, sat himself down on the bastion, almost shedding tears of chagrin and disappointment.

After a while he managed to get old Nymwha up to him, in order to question and cross-question him. Drawing himself up to his full height, which our readers will remember was not so *very* full, and confronting his captor and expected father with an angry and indignant look, he burst out on him:

"Nymwha, you hoary old sinner, you! Does your Great Spirit love lies?"

"Me no like that talk from my son. Little 'Two-scalps' must watch his tongue, or my squaws must switch him with hickories. Nymwha ever speaks truth, and is great chief and warrior. To-morrow he take 'Two-scalps' and make him his son before all the Shawanos tribe."

Talbot winced under this threat, and began fully to realize his forlorn and hopeless situation. He noted, too, a marked change in his once good-humored captor. His temper and amiable mood had plainly altered. Besides, Nymwha looked and talked so sincerely, that Talbot was forced to credit the tidings he brought.

"But, Nymwha, your story seems so wild, I can scarce believe it. Braddock had a splendid army and is a great General."

"Nymwha speak with a straight tongue. Braddock

very brave but much crazy. All the Indians laugh at him. Officers, too, crazy—lose their heads. Never try to find enemy. Shoot each other down. No get behind trees, but all crowd thick in road so Indians could better fire. Every redman have plenty horse and scalps. But me go to meet my braves."

Talbot now joined the throng on the ramparts. All were eager and joyful and on the *qui vive* for the next tidings. Meanwhile, every gun of the fort had been loaded up to the muzzle, ready to celebrate the victory.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VICTORS RETURN FROM THE BATTLE.

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair.—*Halleck.*

Had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must, perforce, have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied them.—*Richard the Second.*

JUST as the sun was going behind the western hills and casting its dying glories over the waters, a loud and constant firing was heard from the woods in front, accompanied by the scalp-halloo, and a succession of short, sharp yells and whoops and joyful shrieks, and the first Frenchmen emerged from the woods, driving before them a number of horses, laden down with booty and spoils.

The news, then, was true—not a peg left to hang a doubt on—and such a shouting and firing of guns and cannon went up from the fort as never had been heard before. The hills about were fairly full of the noisy tumult. It seemed, as Smith expressed it, “as if all hell had broken loose for a holiday.” (See *Appendix X.*)

Soon appeared a constant succession of whites and Indians, absolutely staggering under the weight of their booty. The latter were fantastically tricked out in

officers' chapeaus and gold-laced uniforms; flourishing swords in one hand, and strings of scalps in the other; silken sashes about their waists, and richly-embroidered baldricks and silver gorgets about their breasts.

Some had on cavalry boots, while others had their painted heads most grotesquely hidden under the huge grenadiers' caps. Here one party trailed in the dirt the flags and standards, while another dragged along the two brass six-pounders.

The victory was, then, complete—too great, almost, for belief. Everything was in their hands, and the joyful inmates of the fort rushed forth and mingled with the crazy throngs outside—catching hands and leaping like a set of Dancing Dervishes.

To fittingly close the long procession, came a little band of twelve British regulars, stripped entirely naked, their hands securely bound behind them, and with half their faces and bodies painted black, a sure sign of their being devoted to the stake and the prolonged cruelties of a savage torture.

It was a sad and most piteous spectacle—enough to have moved a heart of stone. How captured, none will ever know. If they surrendered to the Indians in hopes of quarter and the usages of civilized war, they must have had a rude awakening long ere they reached the fort.

As these miserable and dejected captives approached, their eyes cast down, their faces full of anxiety and apprehension, Talbot recognized Sergeant MacPherson at their head and could not restrain his tears and sobs. He abruptly turned and left the parapet. They were all his own unhappy countrymen, brought across the seas to grace an Indian triumph.

How would his eyes have streamed tears, and his breast have swelled with indignation, had he then known what he afterwards learned, that half the captives had been tomahawked on the way from the field; that the remnant were prisoners of the Indians, doomed to die a most horrid death by stake and torture.

Yet so, indeed, it was. They were soon swept past the fort down to the beach of the Allegheny, and conveyed across in canoes to a little island right opposite the fort. The horrid, damnable rites were to take place that very night. The fires were even then being lighted, and the stakes driven. Glutted with blood, the pitiless devils now demanded torture by fire.

Night now fell upon these maddening scenes of triumph, but neither did the silence or the darkness long endure. Poor Talbot and Smith, their hearts bowed down with grief and filled with the gloomiest apprehensions, retreated to the remotest angle of the fort—that nearest the junction of the two rivers.

Here they sorrowed and conversed together, wondering if they would be permitted to question the prisoners when brought in. They had picked up the general results of the battle, but Talbot, who had many friends in the army, hungered for more news, and had just told Smith that he was resolved to give up his parole and share the prison with the others. He would not accept any favors and would again risk his life to escape.

Their attention was now irresistibly drawn to the island opposite, where the flames were blazing higher and higher, and where they could not but note the

assemblage of Indians constantly growing larger and larger.

The huge fires, built on a bare space near the beach, cast a broad sweep of vivid light across the water and fort. The dark stretch of sombre woods behind them was brought out with wonderful clearness and distinctness, while the lines and circles of swarthy Indians, as they either walked in front or danced and howled around the flames, were thrown into strong relief.

The excitement on this island grew stronger and stronger each moment. The eyes of the two captives were fascinated and held spell-bound by the weirdness of the scene. The "scalp-dance," and the "victory dance," were first performed, with such intense vigor, such wild and savage screams, such leapings and grotesque contortions, as to excite the utmost wonder along the line of soldiers which thronged the river ramparts.

And now a brief and awful pause, and, amid a yelling and frantic crowd of painted demons brandishing their blood-red tomahawks, the little crowd of naked British regulars, Sergeant MacPherson at the head, are slowly led out and bound to stakes, in full view from the illumined bastions of the French fort.

"Good heavens!" cried Talbot, in the utmost anxiety; "why are the poor prisoners there and what *are* they going to do? What! Why, Smith, it surely cannot mean torture right in sight and hearing of the garrison! No! oh, no! They could not—*dare* not commit such an atrocity."

Talbot started up in alarm. Observing de Lignery standing not far off, he accosted him in French,

"May I ask, Captain, what is about to be done with your prisoners over there?"

The French Captain shrugged his shoulders, tried to look away off, but obliged to reply something, said curtly:

"Not *our* prisoners but the Indians'. I believe they are going to put them to death."

"Great heaven!" excitedly exclaimed the now thoroughly-aroused Talbot. "What! by torture? Your Commandant surely would not permit so inhuman, so horrible, so cowardly an act."

Another shrug and far-off look from the French Captain, as if he wished to avoid those earnest, indignant, questioning eyes.

"There sits le Capitaine Dumas, milord, in his quarters. He is now the Commandant. Go ask him."

"That will I," and running straight up to where Captain Dumas sat writing in his room, and hastily passing the single guard, he burst out in French:

"Will monsieur please inform me what mean the fires and your prisoners on that island?"

Dumas started, grew pale, shrugged his shoulders, French fashion, and finally said, as de Lignery did before him:

"The *Indians*' prisoners, milord. They intend to treat them, I very much fear, in their own manner. We are powerless to prevent—"

"What!" cried Talbot, his face and voice betraying his horror and indignation; "scalp and torture them? in sight, too, of this fort and the lilies of France? Surely Captain Dumas jests. I have found him brave, gentle and humane, and he cannot mean so cruel a

thing. He *dare* not so stain the French escutcheon and besmirch the victory his allies have somehow been allowed to win this day. Are those inhuman savages not yet glutted with blood?"

"I fear, milord, the Indians must carry out their customs," answered Dumas, with a shamed and cowed look. "We have already crossed them many times to-day. They are angry, excited and rebellious—have demanded the lives of their prisoners, and threaten to abandon us to-morrow if we do not allow them their sacrifices."

"And you have consented?" questioned Talbot, his eyes flashing indignation, yet trying to keep down his rising scorn and wrath.

"What *could* I do?" the Frenchman deprecatingly argued. "Captain Beaujeu *might* have influenced them, but, alas, he is killed, and my authority is not yet respected. Braddock has another large army just behind him, and I was forced to it to save this fort."

"Forced—to—it?" slowly hissed out Talbot, his slight form rising, and his face so aflame, as it were, with a righteous indignation, that Dumas fairly cowed before him, and appeared insignificant beside him.

"Forced to it! God in heaven! and you call yourself a gentleman of France? I tell you, degenerate Sir, you have done a base, and a wicked, and an inhuman thing—one that dishonors your flag and nation, and that disgraces *you* as a man and an officer. I solemnly protest against this horrible barbarism, in the name of God, my country, and humanity. I call on you to forbid *at once* this awful outrage. Far better save your honor than your fort—your manhood

than your garrison. An avenging God will surely punish such *cowardly* cruelty."

"How, insolent Sir!" hotly answered Dumas, now finding in Talbot's bold but imprudent words an excuse for a diversion; "do you, a prisoner and a civilian, mean to insult a French officer in his own quarters? —to—to—"

"I *do*, Sir," calmly interrupted Talbot; "if that *can* be done. I say again, 'tis a cowardly act. I'll not withdraw the word. I'd say it if you sent me to prison or death, or to the same slow torture you subject my poor countrymen. I am *more* than your equal in rank, and if you wish to resent the offence, there's my glove. I hold myself ready at any time and with any weapons;" and Talbot cast down his glove before the astounded Frenchman, and with scorn on his face and wrath in his eye, turned and left the cabin.

The young Hotspur expected immediate arrest. But no. Captain Dumas, whose subsequent career showed him a humane officer, felt at heart the English lord was right. He had no defence; was afraid of a scene; and knowing there were no witnesses, and that Nymwha had claimed and would remove his prisoner early next morning, was fain to tamely swallow the insult.

CHAPTER XIX.

HORRIBLE TORTURES OF PRISONERS.

Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me;
 The blood will follow where the knife is driven;
 The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
 And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain;
 But these are foreign to the soul; not mine
 The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
 They disobey me;—on the rack I scorn thee!

Young's Revenge.

Captivity

That comes with honor, is true liberty.—*Massinger.*

THE agonies of the poor prisoners had now commenced. Their doleful cries and groans were swept over the fort. Most of the French soldiers, to their credit be it said, withdrew from the sickening sight. One pitying glance from Talbot was enough, and sent him, his hands tightly pressed over his ears, to the bastion farthest removed from this horrible dance of death.

The prisoners were baited about their stakes like bears, by their merciless tormentors; obliged to run their weary rounds on hot embers; slashed with knives and tomahawks; live coals pressed against their roasting, quivering muscles; pine splinters, soaked in fat, thrust into their flesh and fired to crackle under the skin; red-hot gun-barrels drawn across their shrinking flesh; scalding whiskey poured down their parched and

burning throats, and blazing brands thrust into their mouths and ears.

Oh, it was horrible, most horrible!

Happy was the Indian who could wreak upon the wretched victim a pang or torture more exquisite or excruciating than the last; who could wring from him a more agonizing cry or more profound groan, and then to crown all this devilish ingenuity, as the sinking, dying sufferer lost his sensibility; when his nerves no longer shrank nor his flesh quivered; as his horrible screams diminished with the power to feel, then, tearing off his scalp, these inhuman monsters extorted one last dying groan, by flashing gunpowder or heaping coals on the throbbing, palpitating brain beneath.

And all this in full view of the frowning bastions of a French fort, whose flag was never more sullied than on that day.

Sergeant MacPherson, he whose sweet, powerful voice had—with his “Annie Laurie”—only the night before, entertained the whole British army, and sent their thoughts and affections trooping homewards to their loved ones, was reserved for the last. He was the only officer captured, and by a hellish refinement of savage cruelty, his soul was to be first tortured before his body, by being compelled to witness all the awful sufferings of his companions, and thus to enjoy a foretaste of his own doom.

It was almost a relief to him to have these incarnate fiends commence on his poor body, but not for long. Soon a piercing shriek was extorted from the unhappy sufferer, which set Talbot's nerves all on the quiver, and brought him once more to the ramparts. All his countrymen silent in death save poor MacPherson, who

stood with hands tied over his head, and strongly revealed against the fire-light.

Talbot had known the sweet singer well, and knew him now. He could stand it no longer. Rushing to the nearest sentry, he suddenly wrenched the musket from his hands, and before the frightened fellow could recover his senses, he took deliberate aim and fired, hoping thus to end the poor fellow's tortures.

It was well aimed, but, alas, the distance was too great. The ball missed its mark, but succeeded in wounding one of the sergeant's chief tormentors. There followed a momentary pause and stillness. The sergeant turned him towards the fort, and dropping on his knees, appealingly stretched forth his charred hands for another shot which might bring him surcease of misery.

He asked not in vain. Just then there sounded on the night air the sharp, clear crack of a rifle. The friendly bullet sped unerringly on its merciful mission. Sergeant MacPherson gave but one leap, and then lay stark in death, shot directly through the head.

But who was the mysterious shooter who had thus balked the savages of their prey? None could tell. Surely not Talbot, for he was now in the rough hands of the guard, being rudely and violently dragged to prison.

A great hush and wonder fell upon the garrison, and a terrible uproar and commotion commenced on the island. The infuriated Indians turned angry eyes, and made menacing gestures towards the fort, from which direction the two shots had come.

There was a running to and fro; whoops and

shrieks followed in quick and appalling succession. A crazy crowd of savages entered their canoes and made straight for the fort. Fearing an assault, Dumas ordered the drawbridge to be raised and secured. The maddened mob were now at the very gate, and demanded instant admission and prompt punishment on the insolent meddlers, one or two, who had first wounded a chief, and then cheated them of their revenge.

A parley was held. Dumas, who spoke Indian well, frankly explained the first shot, and that the offender was their prisoner and would be severely punished. Whence the second fatal shot proceeded, none inside the fort knew. *Must* have come from the outside. They would make every possible search for the guilty man.

This speech was received with scorn by the crafty and infuriated Lake Indians, who had already been deeply angered and disgusted at the division of the spoils of the late battle-field.

These now fairly howled in scornful derision. They were not fools to be so put off by old squaws' stories. They had examined the bodies and the wounds, and the bullets had plainly come from the fort; where else *could* they have come from? The culprit must be instantly given to them, or they would seek revenge and abandon the French.

This was stoutly and sternly refused as impossible, and so the angry and insulted Ottawas, after giving one discharge of their guns and a whoop of defiance, retired for the night, and actually marched off early the next morning, but not before killing and scalping

two unlucky Frenchmen whom they caught outside the fort stockades.*

Most of the other Indians, as was their custom after a big battle, dispersed to their homes a few days later.

* This fact was ascertained some time subsequently, by some friendly Indians, who went on a mission from Philadelphia to the Allegheny river savages, to try and detach them from the French interest.

CHAPTER XX.

JACK AND THE HALF-KING ON A TRAIL.

Oh ! could I see thee slumber,
As thou wast wont of yore ;
When the Indian in his birchen bark
Sped lightly from the shore :
When fiery eyes gleamed through the wood,
And thou wast often tinged with blood.
The tomahawk and arrow,
The wigwam and the deer,
Made up the redman's little world,
Unknown to smile or tear.
The spire, the turret, and the tree
Then mingled not their shades on thee.

Emerson's Ode to the Ohio.

THE trail on which Jack and the Half-King entered after finding Marie's glove, was an easy one to follow. It lay for miles through the forest, and along the narrow ledge between the hills and the Monongahela, and abundant evidence was given of the truth of the shrewd old Indian's assertion, that the Delaware captors were careless and regardless of pursuit.

The contrast between the roar and tumult of the battle field, with all its savage whoops and shrieks and vociferous clamor, and the hush and stillness of these peaceful woods, was most marked and wonderful.

Nothing now to be heard but the drone and

drowsy hum of insects, or the plaintive note of a wandering bird—the sluggish water on one side, and the silent, solemn, rock-ribbed hills on the other. The trees lifted aloft their leafy coronals far above them, and through these secluded cloisters and adown these woody aisles and colonnades, their foot-fall was soft and noiseless.

The two friends plodded along in silence, but with the stealth of panthers; and Jack, though outwardly calm and quiet, was deeply excited. The traces left by the enemy were so fresh, and the object of his search was so precious to him, that his countenance seemed fairly to shine with the fierceness of his wrath, while his eyes were actually aglow with passion, and pierced the dim vistas of the forest as if their very glance would annihilate.

The trail lay past "Four-Mile Run"—on which it will be remembered, the old Naturalist had for so long his sylvan camp—until it came to a small, brawling stream, now known by the euphonest title of "Soho Run," where the tracks diverged directly over the hills. Here the two scouts came to a sudden halt. They looked at each other significantly, when Jack thus broke silence:

"Well, Chief, the tale's told. Old King Shingiss escapes my vengeance this time. 'Tis that old thief and scalp-lifter, Captain Pipe of Shannopins, who must make the acquaintance of 'Black Rifle.' I've a heavy score against him already. He's the pitiless, murdering fiend, you know, whom I blame for the murder of my family. I've hunted him scores of times, but he's ever managed to get off somehow. Now that he's stolen

away Marie—Gods!—but come! Yaddy, come! let's hasten! why tarry?"

"Stay! my brother," answered the cool and crafty Half-King, "that way leads to sure and instant death. It crosses the broad and crowded trail leading from the battle field. Hark! d'ye hear that?" as the first heavy boom of the fort guns came roaring along the river hills. "The news of the battle has reached the fort, and the crazy and scalp laden victors are enjoying it."

"And where's the wonder?" bitterly exclaimed Jack. "They were fools else. Sure never did men, with or without brains, march with wide-staring eyes into such a clumsy, fatal trap. Why, the wolves or bears of these woods wouldn't so disgrace themselves, and the old Braddock, too; oh, *his* troops would show the American rangers how to fight Indians, and they *did* show us with a vengeance: shooting us down like pigeons: turning on their own brave leaders, and running like deer before the hounds. Where would that army be now, Yaddy, if my ranger scouts had not been so insolently sent back to their woods? Oh, it's sickening!"

"Braddock much heart, very little head—no more sense than a mud turtle," moodily answered the Half-King. "His soldiers wear too pretty clothes, make too much music and too many turns. Shawnees and Delawares, brave warriors, and Shingiss and Guyasutha and Killbuck and Pontiac wise and great chiefs. But, come! my brother forgets the 'Wood-thrush' pines in a Delaware cage. We must find canoe here and go in the dark. Water leaves no trail, and night shuts the eye of an enemy."

"Right again, Chief! Down to the river at once and hunt a canoe! 'Twill go hard with us but we'll stir up these yelping brethren of yours. *We're* not *half*-whipped yet, and when Pipe feels most secure and careless, we'll be right into his very camp. But let's stop awhile under yon clump of willows. 'Tis a trifle too early yet to venture out on the water."

And the two crouched down under the bushes at the mouth of the run, and talked earnestly together in low tones. As some disguise was absolutely necessary for Jack, he proceeded to make himself look as much like an Indian as possible. Borrowing some paints from his companion, he daubed and streaked his face in the most approved fashion. Then, thrusting his fur cap into his pouch and gathering up his hair, he tied it at the crown so as to resemble a scalp-lock, and made a few other changes, which so completely transformed him that, except in broad daylight and on very near inspection, he might readily pass for an Indian brave.

"There, Chief," when he had all finished, "don't I make as grim and ugly and vicious a looking chief as Nymwha or Black Hoof or any of yon red devils? 'Tis not the first time I've turned Indian, either. Did ye ever hear me give the war-whoop? I could make your scalp-lock stand right up—yes, drop clean off, unless it has very deep roots. Now, Yaddy, creep down along shore, and see if you can find a canoe."

In half an hour or so, and just as it was growing somewhat dark and indistinct, a canoe appeared around a point in the river, and came creeping up silently and cautiously, the Half-King dipping his paddle so noiselessly as scarce to make sound or ripple. When

it touched the beach, Jack just as quietly shoved out, took position and paddle, and when the mid-stream was reached, both sat down and the boat was allowed to float idly with the current.

It was now night. The big guns of the fort had by this time altogether ceased their roar, but as the canoe slowly neared the junction of the rivers, the clamor from the island opposite the fort commenced to make itself heard. Both scouts pricked up their ears and rose cautiously up on their feet.

"What's that, Chief?" whispered Jack. "'Pears to me I see a singular glow in the sky over the fort there. What does it mean? It can't be that your people have fired the brush to celebrate their easily-gotten victory. Well, no matter! I must do the reddys justice. They planned and yelled and fought well—couldn't have done better. Hang it, Chief, what d'ye make of it—the light and noise?"

The old Half-King was a picture to see just then. He stood firmly erect in the bow, his form looming up grandly in the gloom, his head bent forward in a listening attitude, his eyes gleaming into the thick darkness ahead, his nostrils in the air as it were. He was all alive, from moccasin to scalp-lock.

The canoe was just then opposite the log tool-house outside the fort, whose rough bastions and stockades appeared dim and indistinct in the distance beyond.

"It means *prisoners*," he slowly hissed out at last, as he quietly resumed his paddle. "The fires are all lighted and torture has commenced. Don't you hear the screams?"

"God in heaven! 'tis true—must be so!" fiercely

exclaimed Jack, in his excitement, and dashing his paddle into the water.

It was fortunate the rivers were just then well cleared of canoes. Most of the Indians who were not dancing or carousing in their own camps or villages, had already assembled on the island. A few quick, nervous strokes, and the prow of the canoe turned towards the Allegheny, and there stood, fully revealed to their startled gaze, the fires, the tortured prisoners, the circles of tormenting savages, and all the horrible "dance of death," such as we have already described it.

Even the old Indian was moved, while Jack was fairly beside himself with rage and excitement. He dropped his paddle and snatched up his long, black rifle, and was proceeding to cock and aim it, when the Half-King darted forward and violently caught his arm.

"What would my foolish brother do? Is he so young and strong, and yet tired of life? Does he too wish to be tied to yon stake, and roasted and tortured by fire?"

"Hands off, Chief!" hissed out Jack. "I'd put a hole through that big fiend who's hounding the rest on, if I died for it the next minute! Hands off, I tell ye! You're all devils alike—cruel, savage, pitiless!"

The old Chief's eyes fairly flashed fire and he would have immediately grappled his loved friend, but all at once he released Jack's arm, drew himself up with impressive dignity, and quietly said:

"Scarooyaddy is now old, and is well content to die with his young white brother, if he so wishes; but will the 'Wood-thrush' then sing more happily in Captain Pipe's wigwam? Will she not listen, listen, listen

for the footfall of the man she loves, and wait for his strong arms to—?”

“No more! and forgive me, Chief! I’m but a green boy to-night, and my head’s turned; but let’s hurry past this cursed island and get to the Delaware village!”

The torture fires, as already described, were built on a little semi-circular clearing near the beach of the island, and threw a broad but sharply-defined expanse of light across the Allegheny and the opposite fort. On the very edge of this bright reach of fire-light, but quite in shadow, and only a hundred yards or so out from the fort beach, rested the scouts’ canoe. Hence the wisdom of the prudent old Chief’s answer to this suggestion.

“It cannot be. The bright light would make us known to both those on the island and at the fort, while just beyond, canoes are constantly coming and going. We must stay here in the dark until all the canoes are over.”

“So be it, then, Chief; but back! back out, I say! Thank God I’m white, and can’t be made to look longer on such horrible sights or to have my ears filled with such dreadful groans and shrieks!” and Jack gave two or three powerful back-strokes with his paddle.

Almost before he knew it, the craft had glided right between a couple of canoes crowded with warriors, which had quietly come up unnoticed.

The position was perilous in the extreme. It was well our scouts had gotten deeper into shadow. Jack hurriedly turned his face and stooped as if hunting something in the bottom of the boat. The Half-King,

who had quickly taken in the whole danger, had to face it out.

Presuming the canoes were from King Shingiss' village on the Ohio, he called out in the Shawnee tongue:

"Hold there, Mohicans, or you'll run into us. If Shingiss' young men are come to see how Braddock's pale-faces meet death, why are they so wide out of the course?"

"Oh," came a voice back in rather broken Shawnese, "we've been in the battle and stayed to send our dead and wounded down by canoe and to take scalps. We, too, have just come down by water. Our girdles are laden down with the scalps of our enemies. How do the 'Long Knives' stand fire?"

"Not like true Indians. They are cowards all and howl like wolves. We are from Nymwha's village on the island. Our canoe takes in much water, and we go to find another at the forks yonder. If you would see the pale-faces dance and scream under torture you must hasten," and giving the canoe a stroke forward, that danger was past.

"'Twas a narrow escape, Yaddy," whispered Jack; "'tis safer, I think, to push boldly past the fort than risk these chance comers. You have no doubt but that Marie has been taken to Shannopins by Pipe?"

"No doubt. There's where Wau-ki-na lives."

"True, but what's Wau-ki-na to do with Marie?"

"The 'Bounding-Fawn' loves the 'Wood-thrush' very much, but as she can't spring to *her*, the old father brings the 'Wood-thrush' to Wau-ki-na."

"You're right, Chief. I didn't think of that. Let's

straight for Shannopins!" giving the canoe a push up the river.

The Indian no longer resisted. When they approached again the broad belt of light, MacPherson had been bound to his stake and his cruel torture had commenced. The same cry which had attracted Talbot to the ramparts also excited Jack. Looking once more towards the fire, he said:

"Look, Chief! What! that surely can't be my friend Sergeant MacPherson whom they have there! It is, as I live!—the sweetest singer and the truest man in Braddock's army."

Another doleful cry of agony just then came from the island.

"I tell you, Chief, I can't and won't delay an instant longer! I will balk those demons and save the sergeant, if I take his place the next minute;" and Jack snatched up his rifle.

Just then came Talbot's shot from the fort, wounding the Indian behind the sergeant. A moment's pause.

"Chief," said Jack, sadly and solemnly, "I've deserved this; yes, I've deserved it. I feel as if I'd been called a coward and been struck in the face. To be reminded of my duty by a cursed Frenchman and a foe at that. He's far more heart and courage than I have, and risks for an enemy what I dared not for a friend," and the ominous black rifle was raised quickly and fired with true aim.

"He's dead, and may God pardon the deed," as the sergeant fell at the shot. "I've saved MacPherson two good hours of agony and mutilation. Back! Chief, back! and make straight for the Monongahela!"

It was not long before their practised eyes noted that there was no pursuit—not even a suspicion. Never dreaming of a foe so near after the decisive victory of the day, and knowing that the first shot came from Duquesne, and the second from the same direction, the enraged savages naturally credited it with both.

When, therefore, the Indians were embarking in their canoes, Scarooyaddy rested on his paddle, while Jack reloaded, and then both, with quick and vigorous stroke, pushed boldly across the broad belt of light, actually joining in the line of canoes coming from the island, and as noisy and apparently as excited as any of them.

As they approached near the shore, and when in the shadow and out of range of the dying fires, by a dexterous turn of their paddles their canoe was made to shoot out of line and to proceed on up the Allegheny.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARIE AND WAU-KI-NA FOUND.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by
Because my feet find measure with its call:
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small:
The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows,
Expects me there when spring its bloom hath given;
And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven.—*Bryant.*

THEIR course was now quiet and cautious. They were environed by grave perils, and it needed cool heads, steady hands and brave hearts to steer clear of trouble, but all these our scouts possessed, and soon they came abreast, and then passed Shannopins town—a long, straggling village of Captain Pipe, the noted Delaware Chief, and situated just below what is now known as "Two-Mile Run."

Just above the head of the island on which two years before Washington and Gist were nearly frozen to death—now known as Wainwrights—the two quietly made a landing, and earnestly counselled together as to the next step.

It was now very late in the night and little hope of accomplishing much. The first thing to be done was to ascertain of a surety Marie's presence, and then manage an interview and, if possible, plan an escape.

As the two scouts—rifles and knives held in readi-

ness—cautiously and stealthily approached the village, they heard the tum-tum-tum of the rude Indian drum, and the wild chants of crazy revellers. This was to be expected on the night after so great a victory, and Scarooyaddy knew at once that almost the whole village would be celebrating the *scalp* and the *victory* dances.

The sounds and lights came from a thick grove of maples and sycamores—which trees here grew of great size and luxuriance—situate some distance off towards the hills.

It was therefore determined that the Half-King should boldly enter the village and try and discover Pipe's lodge, where it was supposed Marie would be found. Jack was to await his report at the foot of a huge buttonwood, which, with its whitened trunk and exposed roots, stood bending over the mouth of the run.

The wary old Indian advanced as rapidly as the dark would admit, and after passing a sort of little clearing found himself on the very edge of the village. It was as expected; the place appeared deserted—nothing but here and there a barking and yelping dog.

The Half-King strode along at an easy and indifferent gait until he saw a light coming from a log cabin about the middle of the straggling hamlet. This he judged to be Pipe's. Hearing female voices within, he slipped quietly around to the back of the lodge and unhesitatingly applied his eye to one of the chinks.

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up his swarthy visage, as he found his expectations confirmed. There, sure enough, were the objects of his search. Marie was reclining on a sort of low couch covered by a

panther's skin, while on another robe at her feet, her arms resting on Marie's lap, and her young, girlish face turned to that of her companion with a tender, wistful look in which sorrow and sympathy were mingled with love, sat Wau-ki-na.

It was a group to exact the warmest admiration for its grace and beauty, and would have interested even a less impressible person than the noble old chief. Marie's picturesque dress was rumpled and disordered from her late journeys. Her luxuriant hair, escaped from its fastenings, fell in heavy masses about her shoulders. Her face looked inexpressibly sad, while the unbidden tear stood in her eyes. She appeared jaded, fearful and restless. While her fingers were playing with the dark tresses of the affectionate young beauty at her feet, it was plain her mind was far, far away, and every now and then, as the bark of dog or sound of distant voice was heard, she would give a little start and look of eager expectancy, and then would appear sadder and more anxious than before.

Unhappily, the two were not alone. On a husk mat near the door sat, or rather reclined, two hideous, devilish-looking old hags of squaws, smoking their pipes of unsavory sumach, crooning and croaking and gossiping together; their wicked eyes, though now dull and heavy, were yet still sleepless and watchful.

Little hope of doing much this night, and yet the grim old chief stood still and patient, fixed as though cut in stone; his ears inclined to catch the faintest whisper from within, or the slightest noise indicative of danger from without. And now Marie in soft, saddened tones, resumed her conversation.

"Well, my dearest child, no use to sorrow longer for me. I know you grieve much more than you are glad that I am here, but it was your father's doing, and I now believe for *your* sake. I still have hope, although all *does* seem against it. If Edward only is safe, however, I feel he will not desert me."

"Me, too, Miss Marie, will not desert you," came in a low tone. "If your Edward come for you, me help you go—yes, me go with you. Wau-ki-na hate this place and these Indians, since she know you. Won't you take her with you?" and Wau-ki-na caught Marie's hands and looked with earnest pleading eyes into her face.

"Hush-h-h. That would be very wrong. 'Tis not *me* you should love most, nor Edward, but—"

"No use, my dear, good lady. Wau-ki-na go with you and Edward, if you no drive me back."

"Alas! Edward may be even now among the dead. 'Twas a fearful day, or," as an expression of sadness mixed with fear, flitted over her face, "he may not come at all."

"Well, then, Wau-ki-na be your Edward. She do all she know to make her friend happy—go in woods and on water with her; gather flowers, shoot and paint the beautiful birds, find the honey and wood apples—anyting—everyting, but leave you."

"I've no doubt you'd do all you could, pretty maiden," answered Marie, smiling sadly; "but when did you say the prisoner was to become Nymwha's son?"

"Morrow, and right over on yonder island. All go to see him. He very merry, handsome young brave—very, very kind to Wau-ki-na—like to stay with her

very much," a bright flush she knew not of mantling her young cheek.

"And do you like *him*, Wau-ki-na? He's but a stranger to you, and you can't understand all he says."

"Oh, yes," casting her eyes down, and speaking more gently, she knew not why. "Wau-ki-na understand very well. He teach her English and look so sweetly out of his two large eyes—eyes just like a fawn's, Miss Marie. Wau-ki-na like him very—quite much. He make very nice Indian chief, noting like"—with a disdainful, contemptuous glance which well became her brown face—"de rough and noisy Mohigans and Shawanos' young men. Wau-ki-na can't bear dem—won't speak to dem."

"Why, how you run on, Wau-ki-na, girl? Have a care that the handsome young Englishman don't steal away your heart."

"Oh, my dear lady," with a puzzled, frightened look, pressing Marie's hands tight between her own little ones, "he wouldn't do dat ting. He very good and kind to Wau-ki-na—say such pretty words and look so loving from his eyes. Oh, no! no! me not afraid. You must come with Wau-ki-na early to morrow and she show you place she always sit and sing and take swim bath—away up on the little run, where the laughing water come tumbling down and make music all the time. Won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go with you," Marie answered, the sad, weary, wistful look again upon her face, "but—"

Just at this moment an approaching tumult of sharp, angry whoops caught the Half-King's wary ear. He rightly thought it was the return of the party of

baffled and maddened Delawares who had gone down to the torture scene, and which was so unexpectedly ended by Jack's shot. He had heard and mainly understood the conversation of the two girls, and once even his stern, iron features relaxed into a grim kind of smile as Wau-ki-na's innocence was so plainly betrayed in confidential words; but he was a listener only so far as he might help his friend, and having obtained a clue which he thought of service, he now retreated as quickly and as quietly as he came. He passed unchallenged—unnoticed even, except by the Indian dogs, which occasionally barked at his heels. He found Jack chafing and fretting with impatience and just about to go in search of him.

"Well, Chief, back at last!—thought you'd never, never come. Out with it, man!—did you find her? Where is she? how does she look? and what does she say? quick! quick!"

The Half-King now rapidly and carefully related all he had seen and heard, and both agreed that they would watch the next morning for Marie up the run, judging rightly that after a day and night of such excitement the Delawares would sleep late.

So far all was in their favor. The presence of Wau-ki-na would trouble them somewhat, but they hoped to find some moment when the two would be separated, or, if this were not possible, then to make the young Indian maiden a confidante and even an accomplice.

The two now sought their canoe, concealed it carefully among the bushes at the mouth of the run, and then Scarooyaddy, who was perfectly familiar with the whole region, led the way to the hilltop and

pointed out a safe and secluded shelter for the night. Before sleep closed their eyes, the two scouts had arranged all the details of the escape.

After the terrible fatigues of the day, they slept on their couch of grass and leaves long and soundly, and it was not until the sun was high in the heavens that they ate their frugal meal of jerked venison and army bread, which they carried in their hunting pouches. Of course they dared neither shoot nor build a fire.

Instead of returning to the village bottom, the scouts made their way along the hill cone until they overlooked the valley through which the run took its course. Into it they descended, very warily and stealthily gliding from tree to tree. At last the noisy little stream was reached, and along its margin and beneath the dense covert of trees and bushes which lined it on either side, the Half-King led the way to the appointed trysting place, a full half-mile from the village.

The old Chief knew it well, and Wau-ki-na could not have selected a more picturesque or secluded retreat. At this point the noisy and rapid little stream—which then flowed full from recent rains—poured over quite a fall of rocks, its foaming and agitated waters being collected into a deep rocky basin at their foot. Over this deep pool the thick foliage of the trees overarched, while among them, and hanging in graceful festoons from their branches, twined luxuriant grape vines and creepers. The undergrowth of bush and vine and trailer was so dense and matted on both sides, that scarce did even the sun's rays ever penetrate.

CHAPTER XXII.

JACK MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Our life was changed! another love
In its lone woof began to twine;
But oh! the golden thread was wove
Between my sister's heart and mine.—*Willis.*

It was, then, this cool, and sequestered nook which Wau-ki-na called her own. Here she was accustomed to come and sit and muse; weave her flowers and grasses, and bead her leggings and moccasins. To this shaded basin, in company with other Delaware girls—but more frequently alone—did she retire to bathe in the fresh, limpid waters, or to sit on the mossy tree trunk, which, gradually undermined by the widening pool, lay stretched right alongside the murmuring cascade.

Jack surveyed the spot with undisguised admiration, and could not help but think more kindly and tenderly of the young girl who had so long been Marie's companion, and whom both so much esteemed. He now, with that natural desire every lover has to look attractive in his lady's eyes, carefully washed off all traces of paint, undid his hair, and made himself look as comely as possible. Taking position behind a dense covert of laurel and vines, he and the Indian then waited and waited, but with very different feelings.

Finally their patience was rewarded. In the distance could be seen the two girls, arm in arm, picking their way along the margin of the stream and engaged in an animated conversation, Wau-ki-na, however, being the chief talker. Soon the sad tones of Marie's gentle voice fell upon Jack's listening ear and thrilled along every tell-tale nerve of his body. Now a musical little ripple of a laugh was heard from Wau-ki-na's lips, as she pointed out, with expressive gesture, this or that point of interest.

The graceful, engaging little Indian maid never appeared to more advantage. She seemed desirous of doing all she could to banish Marie's sadness and make her feel at home. Her dark, brunette face was all smiles and dimples, and as her little moccasined feet stepped daintily from stone to stone, and as her broken but dulcet English was carried to Jack's attentive ears, he scarce knew which to admire most—Wau-ki-na, or her more matured but none the less beautiful companion.

At last the two were cozily seated, Wau-ki-na gracefully doing the honors. Jack, who stood above them breathless and agitated on the rocks which shut in the little pool, hesitated to reveal himself. He hoped that soon he would have opportunity of seeing Marie alone and of telling her his plan of escape. He could scarcely help being a listener—to say that he was an unwilling one would, perhaps, be going too far.

"And this," said Marie, "is your snug, sylvan retreat? Well, Wau-ki-na, you couldn't have picked a more lovely spot. 'Tis fit for the home of either wood-nymph or water-sprite. No wonder you are happy."

"Wau-ki-na happy once—no more so now if Marie go. She no like pretty much Indian life, and tink of many ting—my dear Marie, Mr. Talbot and Edward."

"Edward," quickly answered Marie, "and why do you think of him? You never saw him but twice."

"Seems to Wau-ki-na as if she had seen him many, many times. He like a dream to her. Make her tink of mother, long, long dead."

Jack should have retired just here or else made his presence known, but he could not—the conversation interested him too deeply.

"Oh, nonsense! child," replied Marie. "I have already told Edward that you had a look about you that strangely reminded *me* of *his* mother, but how he could remind *you* of *your* mother I can't understand."

"Me don't know—can't tell," pensively answered Wau-ki-na; "but when he is wid you, I feel as though he belonged to me."

"Why, Wau-ki-na, this is madness—folly! Don't talk any more that way. I've known Edward from a boy, and his mother and sisters. There was one dark-haired, dark-hued little girl, whom Edward loved very dearly; but she was murdered by cruel Indians with all the rest—not one left. He used to fairly dote on this dear, toddling little girl, whose body he never could find with the others. I remember as it were yesterday," Marie continued, tenderly, as if recalling the past to herself, "a child's hymn he taught her, and which this little girl used to sing after him so sweetly, and with such broken, child-like accents that it was a treat to listen to her. Do you know what a hymn is, Wau-ki-na?"

"You told Wau-ki-na dat it was a song of love to the Great Spirit."

"And would you like to hear a verse of this little hymn of Edward's sister, Lucy?"

"*Lucy, Lucy,*" softly repeated Wau-ki-na to herself, as if dreamily struggling to recall a name or thought about escaping from her; "Wau-ki-na has heard that word—seems like an old, old name."

"Oh, you heard Edward say it the other day, Wau-ki-na, when he was telling me of the murder of his mother and sisters."

"*Lucy, Lucy.* May be so, but long before dat, me tink. Will dear Marie sing Wau-ki-na the little Spirit song? She loves so much to hear her Marie sing."

"It went something like this," and Marie's eyes filled with tears as she commenced to sing, in broken accents:

"Dear Father, may a little child,
Humble and weak, approach Thy throne?"

"Why—why—Ma—Marie!" here broke in the greatly agitated Wau-ki-na, who, as soon as her companion had commenced to sing, sat breathless and trembling, a flush on her face and a strange bewildered look in her eyes; "Wau-ki-na know dat. Listen!" and she took up the tune, and sweetly sang these lines:

"Jesus, the Saviour, on us smiled,
Asked us to come—called us His own."

"My God, Wau-ki-na, what *can* this mean? Where heard you those lines and that tune? It cannot—you are not—why—"

At this moment a noise and rush was heard from

behind them, and Jack appeared before the two startled girls, and caught Wau-ki-na in his arms, crying out, "Why, Marie, *dear* Marie, don't you see? It's Lucy, my little sister Lucy; she whom I thought dead, but whose body I could never find. 'Tis as I ever suspected, Captain Pipe was the murderer of my mother. Oh, my dear, long-lost sister," and Jack's bosom heaved with sobs, while his eyes rained tears. Taking up again the frightened, trembling girl, who seemed bereft of all sense and motion, he held her off and gazed intently into her eyes: he then commenced lifting away from her temple the long black hair.

"Here, Marie; why here's the very scar. Don't you remember in Philadelphia when the hatchet flew off the handle and gave Lucy such a frightful wound? Here's the very place, Marie."

No answer. Marie, overcome by the double shock of his sudden presence, and the strange discovery which was not yet fully understood, had sunk down to the ground in a swoon.

"My God, what have I done? Fool that I was to come on them this clumsy, crazy way. Have I killed them both? Here, Chief! Chief! come quick!" and Jack caught the fallen Marie in his arms, while the Half-King, who had also descended and just then come round upon the scene, lifted some water in his hand and dashed it into her face.

Poor Wau-ki-na was gradually recovering from her shock. During this touching scene she had stood passive, trembling, speechless—carried away by the suddenness and import of the disclosure. Then she had burst out into hysterical sobs and tears, but now, when she saw Marie helpless in Jack's arms, she shyly

advanced, caught hold of her brother's arms, gently laid her burning cheek against his and said:

"Wau-ki-na no Indian at all; she Edward's little sister Lucy. She feel it here,"—placing her hand over her heart. "It's all true. Lucy old name—new name. Captain Pipe very bad Indian. Wau-ki-na now hate him—he kill my mother and sister." Then seating herself beside Marie, and leaning her friend's head against her own throbbing bosom, she murmured: "Me love my broder very, very much."

The whole scene, with its rapidly shifting events, beggars all description. Even the old stoic, Scarrooyaddy, was deeply moved. He actually turned away to hide his emotion, and had never a word to utter. Jack, overcome by the blow he had inflicted on Marie, was also, in his turn, bereft of speech, and could only gaze dumbly into Marie's face.

At length, as she gave sign of returning consciousness, the Half-King—as much from motives of delicacy as from a timely caution—went a few hundred yards down the valley, to see that all was safe and no prowlers about.

Marie soon opened her eyes; the color came and went in her cheeks; a long-drawn sigh escaped her; she looked first at Jack, then at Wau-ki-na; smiled, and closed her eyes again, murmuring:

"Thank God! Thank God!"

"Marie! dear Marie!" at length said Jack; "can you ever, ever forgive my cruel awkwardness? I forgot entirely that you could not have known my presence, but thought only of my long-lost little Lucy,"—twining his arm around the waist of his happy sister, and looking at her fondly and proudly.

"Easily, Edward, easily, for the great joy you bring with you," replied Marie, now sitting up and smiling from very gladness; "but oh, it was a terrible shock!—to find you living, then here, and then Wau-ki-na to be your own sister. Did I not tell you, Edward, how she often strangely reminded me of your mother? And to think, too, how the discovery was made—by a little infant's hymn. How marvellous is the power of association and the tenacity of memory. One can never forget. No wonder, my dear Wau-ki-na, the name of Lucy brought back the past to you. Oh, I'm too, too happy! If only my dear father had lived to know all this. There can be no doubt, can there, Edward?"

"Oh, not in the least! The only wonder is that we never discovered her before, but I never once thought of Lucy as among the living."

"And then," said Marie, "she's naturally so dark and her hair's so very black and the Indian language and costume and all; but Wau-ki-na, love, did you ever see Pipe have anything peculiar?—I mean anything which ever belonged to your dress?"

"Noting but dis pretty ting," eagerly answered Wau-ki-na, drawing from her bosom a locket containing some fine grey hair, and the initials "E. G." engraved beneath. "My fader—no, *not* fader,"—with indignation, and stamping her little foot imperiously—"but dat bad Indian, Captain Pipe, hang it here dis very day to wear."

"Give it me!" hastily exclaimed Jack. "Why, Wau—Lucy, I mean—'tis *our* dear mother's own hair, and these are her initials! Ellen Graham was her

maiden name," and he turned away to conceal his feelings.

It were useless to repeat the long, confidential conversation which followed. No further need for making a stranger of Wau-ki-na, and it was beautiful to see Jack sitting with Marie and Wau-ki-na—as we must still continue to call her—the latter's little nut-brown hand resting in Jack's, and her eyes every now and then shyly and timidly stealing up to his swart and bearded face, as if to make sure it was not all a fleeting dream. She was too full for words—could not yet realize the great change which had come to her—could scarcely comprehend it. Her eyes would now gladden, and now moisten with tears. Now she would clutch her brother's arm and nestle close up to his side, as if fearing to lose him, and anon she would gaze at him with a look of awe and fear.

But gradually all reserve wore away. They talked fully of the past and then of the present. And Marie related how, while sitting at her father's grave, the noise of the battle and the yells of the Indians grew louder and nearer, and that, finally becoming aware of the confusion at the ford, she was just preparing to go to the cabin for news, when she found herself suddenly surrounded by several Indians, led by Pipe. It was too late for outcry or escape. Pipe was quite pleasant with her; offered no violence, but said the battle had gone against the English; that Wau-ki-na was sad and restless, mourning for her, and that she must immediately mount her horse and accompany him. This she found herself compelled to do, and hoping the trail would be followed by Edward, she had thrown back her glove. Jack, in his turn, told how

shocked he was at finding her gone; how the Chief had found the glove, enabling them to trace her right into Pipe's lodge, and how the little waterfall, then foaming and dashing before them, happened to be the place for so happy a meet and *dénouement*. It was all considered a most delightful ending of all their troubles, and much was hoped for the future.

When Scarooyaddy returned, he was taken into council, and it was agreed that the escape should be attempted that very night, and by canoe, as being far easier for women, and as offering no trail for pursuers.

The details were now all carefully arranged, so that there might be neither error of omission nor commission. Jack and the Half-King were to lie concealed all day and to have the canoe—which fortunately happened to be amply large enough for the whole party—ready at early dark at the mouth of the run, which taking an abrupt turn past the village emptied into the Allegheny at some distance up. Talbot, if possible, was to be included in the escape, and Wau-ki-na was to go over as intended, and as if nothing had happened, to the opposite island and witness his adoption into Nymwha's tribe.

The young lord was to be quietly told all by Wau-ki-na, so that he could conduct himself accordingly, and then he was to get permission from Nymwha to take canoe and visit Wau-ki-na, or failing that, to be ready at the very point of the island to be picked up. The two girls were likewise to steal off about twilight, as if to take an evening walk, secreting, if possible, provisions for the journey.

"And now, Marie, and my sweet little Indian sister," said Jack rising, "the Chief and I must bid you a brief

farewell, and climb yonder hill again. Marie, keep you close in Pipe's lodge all day, and Lucy—oh that precious name again—you had better go straight to the island, and be very cautious in telling Talbot. Good-bye, and may God aid us all!"

So saying, Jack pressed Marie's hand and gave his sister a parting embrace, and then at once—preceded by the Half-King—strode rapidly away and was soon lost to sight.

The two girls stood for some little time still and motionless. It seemed to be all a pleasant dream, which had now commenced to vanish. Turning at last, Marie found Wau-ki-na, her eyes looking yearningly and her hands stretched imploringly towards the hill, as if pleading for a brother's protection. Giving her a warm and long kiss, the two girls, their arms entwined in a mutual embrace, turned back towards the Indian village.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NYMWHHA CLAIMS AND TAKES TALBOT.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

Henry the Sixth.

A good leg will fail; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good *heart*, Kate, is the sun and moon, or rather, the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly.—*Henry the Fifth.*

WE left the irrepressible Talbot in the fort guard house, and for the *third time*. His attempt on the life of poor MacPherson had, it is true, proved futile, but he enjoyed the satisfaction, before stretching him on his bear skin for the night, of knowing that another—some mysterious person—had taken up his unfinished work, and placed the sergeant beyond further torture from his merciless tormentors.

The gay young lord's reflections were none of the pleasantest. A prisoner of the Indians; about to be adopted into a savage tribe; Braddock's army scattered to the four winds; a hundred miles of pathless forest between him and the English settlements, and thousands more between him and *home*—all this gave cause for gloom, and tears almost unbidden came to his eyes as he thought of his forlorn and desolate situation and the sorrowful prospect before him.

"Blessed," says the immortal Sancho Panza, "be the man who first invented sleep," and balmy, blissful sleep gradually stole over the youthful prisoner, sealing the sorrow-laden eye, unlocking the thronging memory, bringing the "pine oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness," and proving, indeed, as rich a blessing to him as it has before and since, to myriads of other weary and perplexed mortals. It soon carried oblivion—better yet, bright and happy dreams. His fancy wandered to the lordly domains and palatial manor of his father, the old baron. He was again, after his many wanderings, surrounded with all he loved, and all who loved him. A brightness stole over his countenance; a sweet smile played about his mouth, and the names of Mother and Wau-ki-na became somehow ever blended in his disordered murmurings.

The day was quite advanced, when a rude knocking shook him out of his long slumbers. He awakened refreshed, hopeful, and almost gay again. So much had sleep, the enchanter, done for him. Captain de Lignery stood before him, flanked on the one side by an orderly with coffee and refreshments, and on the other by the grinning, good-humored phiz of Nymwha, the Shawnee Chief, coming to claim him for his son.

For a moment Talbot's heart sank again within him, but hopes of a speedy escape and the natural spirits of youth, caused him to brighten up immediately as he bade the Frenchman a *bon jour*, and extended his hand to Nymwha, who covered it with one of his huge paws and shook it almost to dislocation.

"Well, Father—for so, I suppose, I must begin to call you—how are the Madames Nymwha and all the

little he and she Nymwhas—as dirty and good-for-nothing as usual, I suppose?”

The old Indian's bony cave of a mouth opened wider and wider, and his portentous grin shot from ear to ear.

“Me no much understand pale-face speech, but all welly well. Me have no one, two, three squaw—jis one,” holding up a long, bony, and not very clean talon, and shaking his head and leering with his eye the while, in a very droll and comical manner.

“Just one—that's bad: so much loveliness wasted on one squaw, and when do you want me, Nymwha?”

Now—this vely morning. All two Indian towns waiting. Heap of Shawnees and Delawares come to see you. Make little ‘Two-scalps’ great big chief; not big *so*,” resting his paternal paw on Talbot's head as he read aright the incredulous smile in his eyes: “but big *so*,” beating his own broad and brawny breast with his clenched hand till it sounded something like a dilapidated base drum—“big heart, brave warrior, great chief and Medicine—”

“But, Nymwha, I don't *want* to be your son. I've as much father and mother and big wigwam across the great water, as I care for. Would you wish me to commit *bigamy*?” looking earnestly and somewhat fiercely into the chief's eyes.

“No understand *mitbigmy*—not Shawnee word. Listen! Nymwha had son—great warrior. His son killed—wigwam empty. Little ‘Two-scalps’ take him place; be a dear, good boy; he eat, shoot, take many scalp, marry Indian squaw, and have—”

“Yes, yes; thanks, I know; all very enticing, and 'tis devilish hard to give it up, but wouldn't much

paint and blankets and powder and two new guns be better than a little fellow like me, Nymwha? I'd rather go to my own home and live with my own father."

"What!" loudly answered the grim old Shawnee, in a disdainful manner, an incredulous look breaking out in spots over his impassive, parchment-like face; "go away from Chief's wigwam and the big woods, with plenty fish, and honey, and raccoon, and possum and bear—no work like squaw, but shoot, shoot, all day, and sleep, sleep all night, and—"

"Enough, Nymwha; you've won me, but suppose I run away?"

A look of utter wonder before the Chief answered,

"*Can't* go 'way from great Chief's wigwam. You too big fool if do so. If little 'Two-scalps' run off Nymwha catch him, cut him into little, little bits, and put him in pot with hominy," and Nymwha's face crinkled up into broad wrinkles of fun and merriment at the exquisite humor of the conceit.

"Don't think I'd do well as a broth, Nymwha—am positive I wouldn't mix kindly with corn. I might prove palatable but very indigestible to Mrs. N. and the children, but if I *have* to go, gentle Father, lead the way! I'm ready," and Talbot, his meal now finished, passed out towards the drawbridge, his stalwart papa just behind and looking down on him in the most absurdly bland and patronizing manner.

Just at this moment, Smith accompanied by Te-caugkretanego, a noble and dignified-looking chief, came up to bid him good-bye. The young man looked very, very sad, and the tears actually stood in his eyes as he pressed Talbot's hands in the most affectionate

manner. "Come! come! Jimmy, this will never do, my boy; we must keep up a brave heart, if for nothing else than to spite these cursed frog-eaters. Blamed if I wouldn't rather be Nymwha's than Dumas' captive; I would, by jove, and especially after last night's doings."

"I wouldn't care so much, Mr. Talbot," lugubriously answered Smith, "if we were only going together, for I've come to like and to—to depend on you so much. You've ever, somehow, such a light merry heart."

"Pooh, pooh, Jimmy! I'm far, far sadder than I look; but I'd rather die than show that just now to these conceited Frenchers. Besides, you know, James, I've one advantage over you; while you're going away from your sweetheart, I'm about to hunt mine up; and now, good-bye, old fellow, and take this to remember me by;" as Talbot secretly slipped into Smith's unwilling hand his fine compass—at that time quite a rarity. "Now, not one word, lad! you *must* take it; may we soon meet again;" and Talbot turned his back on his friend, who went to what afterwards proved a five years' captivity.

Many of the French soldiers, knowing what was about to happen, were standing around as if undesignedly. On their faces could easily be seen an expression of both respect and sympathy. Some of them even ventured to testify their appreciation of the act for which he was arrested, by coming up and pressing his hand.

While just upon the drawbridge, Talbot turned to de Lignery and said in French:

"Were it not for your Commandant, Captain, I

would be glad to say '*au revoir*.' I'm sure he'll not trouble himself to bid me farewell and I don't want him to. I've met many brave Frenchmen in this fort—I am constrained to believe Dumas himself is or was one, as I learn he took the gallant Beaujeu's place when he had fallen, and won, against great odds, the strangest battle and the most complete victory of modern times—but excuse me for saying, I've nothing now but contempt for him; he lacks *moral* courage, sir; and I not only brand him to you as having a heart of stone, but as having, also, a heart of hare. He's an arrant coward, sir; I've told *him* as much to his face and so may tell you to his back. I've flung down my glove before him, but my challenge still remains unaccepted."

"I must no longer listen to you, milord," expostulated de Lignery; "it would be ungentlemanly and disrespectful to my superior officer. You—"

"I tell you, Captain," eagerly interrupted Talbot, "he's base coin—has not the genuine ring about him. The indignities he allowed his painted savages to inflict on *me* are nothing—I can readily forgive them—but the fiendish and inhuman tortures he has permitted, under his own eyes and almost under the very shadow of King Louis' flag, on a lot of poor, defenceless, unfortunate prisoners of war, I can never—*God may* never—forgive. He did that yesterday which will make his nights hideous for a lifetime. I know not what Frenchman he was who made good my false shot, but whoever he is, he's a *man*, every inch of him, and God will bless him, and so, good-bye; and now, Nymwha, lead on!"

Talbot turned and raised his chapeau to the group

of French officers and soldiers who crowded the gateway, just as the mournful "dead march"—as played by the fort band accompanying the party sent out to bring in the body of Captain Beaujeu—could be heard in the distance. He walked rapidly down to the beach of the Allegheny, and was about stepping into Nymwha's four-paddle birch—his canoe of State—when a soft, sweet voice was heard from the bluff—of course in the French tongue:

"Why, milord Talbot, you're not going to leave me without just one little word of farewell, are you? This is not nice of you" (*ce n'est pas gentil*), and the *petite* and pretty Mademoiselle Fleury, with quite a bundle under her arm, bustled her way down to the shingle beach.

Talbot turned quickly and clasped her proffered hand. "Why, my dear mademoiselle, this is *too* kind of you. I *did* think of you but never supposed you would think of *me*, a poor prisoner, especially since the last time I saw you, I was guilty of very rude and saucy words, for which I most humbly ask pardon."

"Pooh, pooh, milord!" pouted out the little damsel, in the most liquid of French, a tear actually begemming each eye. "I pray you don't mention it—'twas nothing; and so you're going away among the cruel Indians, whom I so abhor and detest? Your shot last night, let me tell you, my friend, is the talk of the whole fort, and if my father and the garrison had *their* way, they would now be firing the big guns for you. You did a noble and merciful act, and the good God will surely reward it, and so we think all."

It was Talbot's turn now to show emotion. There

was a choking in his throat and a tremble in his voice, as he answered:

"Mademoiselle, this is as unexpected as it is grateful to me. You see, it quite unmans me. I go much more content since I know the respect and sympathy of even my country's foes are with me."

"Well, milord, I must not detain you. Old Nymwha," smiling archly through her tears "is getting up a terrible scowl on his face—thinks I want to steal away his son. Adieu! adieu! Keep up a brave, merry heart. You'll be free soon; we'll buy you off, I *know* we will; or if not, I'll see you often, as we'll be neighbors, won't we? And here, take this," thrusting the bundle into his reluctant hands and answering his inquiring eyes with an—

"Oh, never fear! It's nothing—only a few trifles—nick-nacks and ladies' whimsies. They may come in use some time, and once more adieu! adieu!" and the tender-hearted little lady again pressed his hand and walked quickly away, never venturing to look behind.

Talbot stepped mechanically into the canoe, and sat himself pensively on one of the hickory thwarts. Nymwha gave a powerful shove, the paddlers commenced their monotonous chant, and the light birch darted up the Allegheny.

It was some little time before Talbot, overcome by his feelings and busy with sorrowful thoughts, observed the course now unexpectedly taken.

"Why, Nymwha, how's this? I thought your village was on an island several miles down the Ohio, while here we go up the Allegheny."

The proud and happy old Indian, having now

Talbot, whom he really liked exceedingly, all safe to himself, seemed to smile all over as he said:

"Little 'Two-scalps' tink true, but Nymwha great, rich chief. He have three villages; one, two on the broad O-hee-yo—one on the Alle-ghen-we. Big fight now done. My young men go next sun far up the Alle-ghen-we. You go, too. Kill much bear, deer, and buffalo. Nymwha's lodge never empty. Fire always burn; the meat and hominy always cook."

"But how far up is this village of yours, Nymwha?"

"Oh, welly near—close by—you see. Captain Pipe and Mohican people want to see my new son. We go to island right over river from Shannopins."

"Shannopins!" excitedly exclaimed Talbot, brightening up amazingly. "Why that's where Wau-ki-na said she lived."

"Yes, Captain Pipe and Wau-ki-na, the 'Bounding Fawn,' both with Nymwha's people—want welly much to see little 'Two-scalps' made into son."

"The deuce you say! Why didn't you tell me that before?" eagerly starting forward and reaching for an oar. "I'm tired sitting, Nymwha; let *me* take a paddle."

"No! no! You'll turn over canoe. See how it go this-a-way, that-a-way; this-a-way, that-a-way—tipsy-topsy. You do nothing till you made into Indian. You look welly glad. *I* glad, too—all over feel good."

Talbot was fain to take his seat again. In truth, his whole appearance now had changed. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes, aglow; a look of glad and eager expectation rested on his handsome face.

It may as well be stated here that Wau-ki-na had

taken a deep hold on the young man's mind—far deeper than he himself had any clear idea. He had never stopped to analyze his feelings for the Indian girl, but it was surely no passing whim or idle fancy. Talbot himself may have thought so, but these matters very frequently get beyond one's control, and what is oftentime deemed a transient caprice or a pleasant pastime, turns out to be a deep-rooted heart-passion—an important part of a man's welfare—yes, of his very life, inwrought with every fibre of his being.

Talbot now bethought him of Miss Fleury's bundle, and on opening it up and searching down into its depths, his eyes softened again at the memory of her delicate attention and thoughtfulness.

Here was a package of tea, coffee, and salt—there a case of needle and cushion of pins. Now he came on tiny bundles of spices and now upon thread, and buttons, and tape, and scissors—and, of course, a looking-glass. There was a little of everything in this *omnium gatherum*, and much that would be of great use to him. None but a lady—and none, perhaps, so well as a French lady—would have had the tact to make such a selection.

As he quietly and carefully tied up the bundle again, the unuttered thought crossed his mind—strange, passing strange, that away out in this lone wilderness, where he had expected to see nothing but savage beasts or still more savage Indians, his heart had been stirred to its very depths, and that, too, by two women, whom he had known but a few days and of whose very existence even a week ago he had not the slightest knowledge.

Yet, so it is in life. A wiser and further-seeing

intelligence than anything human, happily guides and provides all. When a mortal thinks he is but drifting, he is being directed; nearest a haven, when nothing but storm and wild wave are visible. His strength is weakness, his life death. When he feels safest, he is most in danger; happiest, on the very edge of some big sorrow; most wretched, in the very presence of the breaking clouds and the rainbow of hope and promise. Our "sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught," and life, humanly considered, is one grand antithesis.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LORD TALBOT MADE A SHAWNEE CHIEF.

Who is that graceful female here,
With yon red hunters of the deer?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
For civil halls designed;
Yet with the stately savage walks,
As she were of his kind.—*Pinckney.*

THE island—now known as “Herr’s Island”—on which stood Nymwha’s summer village or rather camp, was soon in full sight, and as the canoe rapidly approached, Talbot could distinctly see the low bluffs lined with Indians and, further on, several canoes crowded with Delawares crossing over from Shan-nopins.

And now the prow grates upon the sandy beach. Many from the bank—chiefly, however, lads and girls, moved by curiosity to see their new young chief—crowded down upon the canoe.

Talbot was the target of hundreds of critical eyes. He bore the scrutiny with as much indifference as possible. The smiles and jokes of the curious girls and squaws near by, however, were much harder to endure; but as he stepped from the boat upon the shingle with a *quid-times-Cæsarem-vehis* sort of expression on his fresh and handsome face, he quietly ignored the crowd around, while his eye boldly swept the long line of Indians on the bank above.

Nymwha, with an air of great importance, now

led the way to the bluff. Here he and Talbot were received with grave dignity, by other Shawnee chiefs and warriors. The young Englishman glanced around with eager curiosity. Right behind the grassy mead on which was collected the promiscuous crowd of Shawnees and Delawares, stood the dense and luxuriant forest, which was well cleared of underbrush.

The rude bark houses and tents were scattered here and there among the beeches, maples, and sycamores, while just on the edge of the woods stood the "Council House," constructed of rough logs. The views from the bank up and down the Allegheny, and over the plains and hills on the thither side of the river, were beautiful and extensive.

Just here Talbot's roving eye beheld Wau-ki-na, the object of his anxious search, standing alone and leaning against the trunk of a young birch. She looked—compared with others of her sex around—very, very winning. His face lighted up in a wonderful way. His whole manner changed. He gave a nod and made a graceful gesture of recognition, but could not fail to observe, however, that, blended with the look of pleasure and sympathy on her face, there was a *new* expression in her eyes. Her person seemed to have acquired an added dignity, while her speaking countenance fairly beamed with a mysterious something on it which he never had seen before. Not knowing the great change which had come to her, he wondered while he admired.

Nymwha having stepped into the Council House to make preparations, Talbot tripped lightly to the young beauty's side, took her hand and said earnestly: "Well, Wau-ki-na, you once invited me—here I am.

We'll be nearer neighbors than I thought. You don't appear so glad as I am. Has anything happened? Is there—"

Wau-ki-na touched his arm lightly and said earnestly, but in low tones: "You mustn't speak pretty much to Wau-ki-na now—mustn't even look at her—Mohicans not like it. Do just as Nymwha say. Look glad and make tink you want to be Indian chief. We all go away in canoe this night."

"Go *where*, Wau-ki-na? and who the deuce is *all*? What mystery's this?"

"Why,"—sinking her voice yet lower and speaking very hurriedly—"Edw—Captain Jack and Scarrooyaddy and Marie all over on the other side. Canoe at mouth of run little above Shannopins. You ask Nymwha"—and here a little blush mounted up into her face—"let you come see Wau-ki-na this evening;—Edward say for me to tell you this;—if he no let you come, go alone to de very edge of this island"—nodding towards the point meant—"and we gather you up; but *must* come some way."

Talbot stood breathless and excited.

"Well, if this isn't the strangest!—you seem in your senses, Kina, but if so, how come *you* to go along? Is Jack going to steal you away from your father? That's not clever in him. Do you really mean what you say, Wau-ki-na?"

"Yes! yes!"—stamping her little foot impatiently—"don't you see the true in my two eyes? Wau-ki-na no longer my name. I am Lucy, and Captain Jack is my dear broder,"—drawing herself up with pardonable pride and dignity.

"Whew!" exclaimed Talbot, with a very much

puzzled look, and then a soft whistle; "the little girl's clean daft—mad as a March hare. Jack's sister! What next? Who, or what's done this, my poor Wau-ki-na?"

"Am *no* man's *poor Wau-ki-na*, I tell you for true, but Edward's Lucy. If you no believe,"—a frown on her face and a taunt in her tones—"you stay here and be Nymwha's dear son. Here he come. Remember!" and Wau-ki-na held up a warning finger and glided rapidly away.

Talbot stood as if stunned—scarcely knew *what* to think, but could not help trusting Wau-ki-na, she looked so earnest and sincere. Just then Nymwha touched him on the shoulder. He turned and saw some young warriors of both tribes scowling ominously at him, evidently sore displeased at his protracted interview with the "Bounding Fawn." His resolve was made to put full faith in her and do as she said; but Jack's sister—that staggered him.

"All ready now. Little 'Two-scalps' must take off his first hair,"—removing Talbot's curling wig, and exciting first the wonder and then the loud merriment of the on-looking crowd. "Now my son take off his clothes and put on 'breech-clout.'"

"What!" angrily exclaimed Talbot; "wouldn't do that for the King of England! What do you take me for, you copper-colored omadhown?"

"Nymwha's son must do jus as Nymwha say," grimly replied the old Indian, and with a certain ugly look in his fishy eyes; and Talbot, remembering Wau-ki-na's advice, thought so too, and quietly suffered himself to be disrobed.

Nymwha then ran his hand over Talbot's cropped

hair, shook his head, and said mournfully: "Hair too short to pull out. Can't make any scalp-lock. Every hair ought to be out but little, little bit here. Nymwha so sorry; but"—brightening up a little—"must wait short while till it long enough to catch."

"Well, *I'm* plaguy sorry, too, gentle Father; but here's my finger and toe nails, or my back teeth, if they'd be any accommodation to you."

"Now my young men will put on the war paint." And this the young men aforesaid proceeded to do, with much more alacrity and enthusiasm than Talbot thought the occasion warranted; but he uttered never a word, and busily put in the time while they were making a striped zebra of him, with ghastly smiles and heavy internal swearing.

Nymwha waited till it was all completely done; turned Talbot around admiringly; walked about him several times with squinting, critical eyes, just as a connoisseur would inspect a statue, and grunted out:

"That's vely good—all fort paint. Nymwha's son feel much better, eh?"—with a horrible leer and grin.

"Ye-s-s, *much* better, thank you, Father—nearly dead, I'm much obliged to you. If there's any paint left, Nymwha, wouldn't it be well to close up my eyes, nose and mouth, and glue all my hair together?"

"No, no! you too greedy—paint cost many skins."

Nymwha then threw over Talbot's neck a broad belt of wampum, and huge brass bands about his hands and legs, and then led him out before the crowd and gave the *alarm-halloo*, at which the whole village came running out and stood around. Nymwha then took Talbot by the hand and proceeded to make a tedious speech.

The modest young lord was in perfect agony. He squirmed around and dropped his eyes, taking a somewhat *Venus-de-Medicis* pose, and then—as he heard some twittering among the young people—glared around fiercely at the crowd; then smiled a sickly smile, and finally threw himself into a statuesque position and mentally wished his *real* father could see him just then. He was rapidly forced to the conclusion that if *they* could all stand it, *he* could; but worse yet was to come.

Nymwha now called up three young squaws, two of whom took Talbot by either hand and led the way down to the river with great solemnity. When they had gone out to where the water was about two or three feet deep—Talbot all this time as red as a lobster with shame and indignation—he turned towards the bluff and saw it lined with spectators. He then gazed as blandly as he could upon his fair tormentors, who looked as if they meant business. He had determined to change his tactics and make a virtue out of necessity.

“If there is no impropriety in the interrogatory, young ladies, I would ask what you intend to do with me—if I’m to be murdered, I’d like the selection of my mode of death and place of burial.”

The squaws laughed, made signs that he was to wash off the paint, and commenced noisily chattering away like so many magpies.

“Ladies,” smilingly replied Talbot, who ever since he had time to reflect on Wau-ki-na’s message and his near prospect of escape, was fast resuming his natural gaiety and friskiness of spirits,—“Ladies, I respect the natural taciturnity of your sex, and will have

to appeal to my father. You may speak Shawnee grammatically and even eloquently, but I'm blest if it isn't all Greek to me. Here, Nymwha!" turning around and shouting up to him, "what does this mean, and what am I to do?"

"You stand still—they no hurt you! Wash all the white blood out of you. When you come out, all over Indian."

"Oh! Thank you, Nymwha, but—"

At that moment his feet were pushed from under him and down he plunged under water, and came up dripping and spluttering and rubbing his eyes. Resolving to take the joke—which he began now thoroughly to appreciate in all its magnitude—he said pleasantly:

"Excuse me, ladies, for disappearing so abruptly—fact is, I had an appointment down below which I was obliged to keep. What next on the programme?"

Signs were made that he must rub off the paint, which he at once proceeded to do, swiftly and enthusiastically, the squaws digging their knuckles into his face, back and shoulders. Then, seizing him by the arms, down he went again and again, much to the merriment of the multitude, who shouted and clapped their hands for joy, Nymwha dislocating his jaw in his loud guffaws, which seemed to come away up from his moccasins. He was always a hearty laugh, was Nymwha.

This ducking was repeated several times, until the paint was all off, when Nymwha descended to the water's edge and received him dripping and gasping from the laughing squaws, saying "White blood all gone—you every bit Shawnee now. How you like it?"

"Like what, the blood or the washing?" spluttered

out Talbot, soon as he could draw a free breath. "If the latter, I may frankly, and I hope without offence, say, I never enjoyed anything so much in all my born days. By jove! was sorry when the bell rang to come out. 'Twas *perfectly splendid*."

"You did look much better, my son, with much paint—by-by we put on more."

"Did I? Well now, *I* thought I looked very much like my conception of the devil; but Nymwha, as one of your own old poets has well remarked, 'Nil disputandum de gustibus.'"

The more grandly and unintelligibly Talbot talked, the better the jocular old chief liked it. He was manifestly as proud of him as a hen is of one chicken, and Talbot humored him whenever he could.

He was now led up to the Council House again, and there were his Indian clothes for him. They put on him a pair of leggings decked off with beads and feathers; then a pair of dainty little moccasins—an offering from Wau-ki-na's own hands; then a sort of fringed hunting tunic, ornamented with hair and porcupine quills, and fastened in front with bear's teeth, and then a sort of soft cap of skins.

It must be confessed Talbot looked much better in this full Indian suit than in the torn, shabby and dilapidated clothes he had lately cast off. He himself felt so, for he had been greatly ashamed of the old ones, they were so scuffed and frayed and rent.

Now they painted afresh his face and neck; seated him on a bear's skin with pipe and kinnekenick; tomahawk, spunk, steel and rifle, and when all was done, Talbot made as neat and handsome a chief as ever led savages to a grand scalp-lifting.

CHAPTER XXV.

TALBOT MAKES A GRAND SENSATION.

But when he pleased to show't, his speech,

In loftiness of *sound*, was rich :

A Babylonish dialect

Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages :

"Twas English cut on Greek and Latin.

Butler's Hudibras.

They fool me to the top of my bent.—*Hamlet.*

Now flocked all the chief Indians into the Council House. For some time a profound silence reigned—every one smoking as if his very life depended on it. At length Nymwha arose with great dignity and addressed Talbot in Shawnee, telling him he was now his son and a Shawnee chief, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; that by the ceremony in the water every drop of white blood was washed from his veins; that he was admitted into the great and warlike tribe of Shawanos and was adopted into a powerful family, in room of a great "brave," and concluded thus:

"My dear son, you have nothing more to fear. We are now under the same duty to love, support and defend you that we are to love and defend one another; therefore, you are now and from this forward to consider yourself as one of our people;" and, according to a strong old Indian law and custom, thoroughly tested and proved in innumerable instances in American history, they would have faithfully and constantly kept their word. (See *Appendix Y.*)

As this speech was addressed to him, Talbot could surely do no less, though not one word of it did he understand, than rise and make a profound bow. This he did at the conclusion of each speech that followed. In fact, his new clothes set him off so well, and he looked and acted so like a young "blood" of an aristocratic Indian chiefly family, that old Nymwha was perfectly delighted. He seemed to laugh at every feature, almost at every pore, and the good-natured old sinner shuffled around as if he wished to shake hands with himself at every step. His constant, effervescing happiness gave evidence of a perfectly healthy liver, ever in good working condition.

The speeches all over, the hilarious and ridiculous old gusher *chassèd* over to where Talbot was sitting, quietly "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and giving him a hearty thump on the back—intended to be appreciative and encouraging—said he must say something to his new kin and friends.

"What! in Shawnee, Nymwha?" plaintively responded Talbot to the thwack, although he felt at that instant more like throttling his venerable and playful papa for the painful shock he had just given him. "Shawnee is a far nobler tongue than Latin or Greek, but I don't yet feel quite so fluent in it that I could extemporize a poem like an *improvisatore*."

"No! no! in English. It good language for great big words—better than Shawnee or Mohican. All Indians want to hear you make big speech in English—I no mind what you say, and Shawnee no understand."

"Well, Father, if you say *yea*, I must not say *nay*. So here goes for a war speech; but if I'm overcome

by my emotion, don't fail to have a stretcher with relays of *our* young men to carry me to my royal couch."

"Yes, dat's jus it — big round words. Listen! chiefs and warriors, Nymwha's son speaks!"

Talbot now rose up slowly and with great solemnity advanced a few steps, and then glanced deliberately around the expectant circle. He seemed to gather inspiration from the wondering and admiring face of Wau-ki-na, whom he just then saw peeping in at the door.

Waving his hand majestically, he commenced:

"Romans, countrymen and lovers!—Big Ingun me! Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may the better understand! Quousque tandem, O Catilina! abutêre patientiâ nostrâ! Carpe diem, for the tempus is fugiting and forte dux fefellat in gutture. Now is the winter-r-r-r of our discontent made gel-l-l-lorious summer by the sun of York, and as one of our greatest and most eloquent poets has most exquisitely said, 'make hay while the sun shines,' and 'time cuts down all, both great and small.' " Then, quietly and impressively, "Nymwha, do the chiefs seem greatly touched?"

"Me no understan 'touched,' but they struck—a heap: you too still—no jump roun' nuff—more tunder!"

"Ah, that's it, eh? I think I'll fetch the chiefs now," said Talbot, and giving a sudden and tragical start, which made even Nymwha jump, he hissed out, "Ah-h-h, an' if *thou'll* mouth, *I'll* rant as well as thou. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! Slave! I've set my life upon a cast and I'll stand the hazard of the die!"

Then, going up to Nymwha, and taking from him a blanket and a long hunting knife, he looked round on the circle of glittering eyes and parchment faces, and said in the most hollow and sepulchral tones possible: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now! You all do know this mantle," holding it up. "Look! in *this* place ran Cassius' dagger through. See what a rent the envious Casca made! Through *this* the well-beloved Brutus stabbed, and as he plucked his cursed steel away"—giving a vicious lunge at the blanket with the knife—"mar-r-k how the blood of Cæsar followed it."

Nymwha, surprised and delighted at the treasure he had in his new son, gazed from one to the other of his warriors, as much as to say, "Did you ever?"—but the greatest triumph was to come. Talbot now ran nimbly across the floor, seized on Nymwha's tomahawk, and first feeling its keen edge and looking as ferocious as he could, he gave a quick bound and striking a stage attitude, held the weapon in mid air, glanced at it fiercely and commenced:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me!—the handle towards my breast? Come! let me clutch thee! I have thee *not*, and yet I *see* thee *still*! Ah-h-h, Erin go bragh! Hip-hip-hurrah!" ending by casting the tomahawk deep into one of the logs.

This finished the whole business. Talbot had hurled his hatchet at Nymwha's foes, and was now ready to take scalps. He was evidently one of them. The entire circle of hideous-looking spectres was both delighted and surprised, but Nymwha most of all. A big bowl and spoon were then given Talbot for the feast which was to follow, and the show was over.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TALBOT AND WAU-KI-NA EXPLAIN.

A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love.—*Byron.*

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

Richard the Third.

TALBOT'S very dramatic speech to the Shawnee chiefs put him in such "high feather" that, on emerging from the Council House, he essayed a regular but rather meek and feeble war-whoop, which was about as near the genuine thing as the jerky and conceited efforts of a young cockrel are to the sonorous and pompous notes of a venerable old grandfather of a rooster.

The feast of "fat things" followed, and the youthful Talbot, with his bowl and spoon, presented himself before the range of kettles in which were boiling venison and bear's meat, with very much the same aspect and attitude now so well known as "Oliver asking for more."

He had very little "stomach for the fray" which ensued, but his make-believe was worthy of all admiration. The girls and squaws eyed him askance and bent upon him looks of such evident admiration, that only the thick coating of vermilion paint sufficed to conceal the tell-tale blood which mounted to his face.

The feast was closely followed by war-dances and songs, accompanied by the enrapturing tum-tum-tum of a stump drum, and the gay and inspiring melodies caused by rattling pebbles in a dry hollow gourd.

Then followed a dance, in which the young "braves" stood in one rank and the girls in another, about a rod apart. All sang and danced together, advancing towards each other; stooping until their heads were nearly touching and then retreating and advancing again, intermingling brief remarks in a low voice with their notes, and wooing each other in a rhythmical sort of a way.

This courting dance—probably the origin of our popular "Virginia Reel,"—was much more absorbing to the performers than to on-lookers; and Talbot, finding an early opportunity, quietly withdrew from the crowd, and slowly sauntered off in the direction in which he had watched Wau-ki-na disappear in the forest an hour before.

As his moccasined foot pressed the tender grass and mosses of the fragrant woods, and the sounds of barbaric revelry died away in the distance, the enamored young Englishman's face brightened; his step became more springy and elastic, and his eye glanced inquiringly through the trees and under the coverts, if perchance he could discover Wau-ki-na and gather from her the solution of the late mystery and what he had to hope from the future.

It was now late in the afternoon. The Delawares had all returned to Shannopins; and Talbot, as he approached the extreme end of the island, seeing nowhere traces of Wau-ki-na, began to fear that she too had deserted him. His heart sank within him; his eyes

lost their lustre, and he keenly felt the pangs of an utter solitude and desertion.

And now he turns toward the Delaware village and on the beach below him beholds a birch canoe. Going still further towards the island's head, he is suddenly arrested by the sight of Wau-ki-na, in an attitude, too, so full of grace and picturesqueness that his senses are completely bewitched, and under so sweet a thrall, that he can do naught but gaze.

Just at the very point of the island, where the bright, clear waters of the Allegheny were divided into two swift, sparkling currents, stood a gigantic sycamore its huge roots washed bare by the corroding, encroaching waters; the massive trunk, with all its weight of multitudinous branches and canopy of luxuriant foliage, inclined over the mottled surface of the dancing waters.

On one of these great, arching roots, her head leaning wearily against the tree's smooth bark, sat the young and artless girl; her hair—black as midnight—fell in massy luxuriance over her shoulders and far down her back. Her face wore a grave, pensive, and yet anxious expression, and her eyes had in them a far-off, dreamy look, as if the discovery of her new relationship had brought with it a tide of strange and serious thoughts, which she could not yet fully fathom.

She had, too, unlatched and taken off her moccasins, and while her hands clasped in a tight embrace the locket containing her dead mother's hair, her little tawny feet plashed idly in the water, breaking it into refreshing and musical wimples.

The spell for Talbot was but momentary. With a "Halloo! Wau-ki-na! Oh, but I'm glad to see your

sweet face again!" he leaped down beside the startled girl, and took her hand in his.

This—a charming flush suffusing her cheek the while—she quietly withdrew, and then gazing earnestly and critically at her painted companion, her whole face finally dimpled and crimped with pleasure; her eyes lighted up with merriment and a musical little laugh rippled from her lips.

Talbot stood astonished and abashed. At last he said, half poutingly:

"Why, girl, this is strange behavior! I'm in the full toggery of a young Indian 'blood,' and yet you laugh right in my very face. It becomes you, lassie, I must confess, but I don't like it."

"Me no like it, too!" she laughed out, as lifting her nimble feet from the water, she sprang up, leaped to his side, and, with a charming *naïveté*, took his hand and soberly led him to the water's margin, just where the sun was shining on it.

"Now, look in there, sir, if please; you make a vely fine little chief. Paint much good for Indian 'brave,' but vely bad for 'pale-face.' You no look pretty—no at all. Eyes talk, but face not. Me know not now what heart tinks."

This was touching Talbot in a tender point. An ardent swain don't exactly like to be laughed at just when he thinks he's making a decided sensation. With a half angry look, he whimpered:

"Well, Wau-ki-na, the colors *are* somewhat frequent and laid on a trifle too loud, and I know I look like the devil; but I didn't think *you'd* be the first to make sport of your new Indian b-b-brother. Don't my new

clothes fit well? Ain't they of the latest Shawnee cut and fashion?"

"Yes, yes!" the mischief and archness fading out of her eyes and speedily relapsing into seriousness. "My new brother do vely well; but come! You sit right there! Wau-ki-na tink vely much all day and have someting to say."

Talbot had nothing to do but obey the imperious little beauty, and with a half-abashed, half-amused look, awaited her words.

"I no longer Indian Wau-ki-na, but Edward's sister Lucy. Edward is Captain Jack. You know he. He know you, and want to take you with him. Everyting ready. I now go way in canoe. When dark come, Nymwha—he vely good Indian—let you come see me,—so my brudder say for me to tell you. If he no let you, come to dat big tree and we paddle for you; and oh! be sure, or we must leave you!" and her face clouded.

"I understand, and *now* believe, Kina. I suppose I must wait for the whole story from Jack, but the more I study it, the less strange it now appears; and *I've* been thinking, too, to-day. I'm glad and I'm sorry to know you're Lucy."

"Why you sorry! eh? Edward vely brave, good, white chief—great name, many friends. I love him; Marie love him; everybody love him. Why sorry?" and her look was earnest and searching.

"Oh, Kina,"—trying to escape her frank, straightforward look and digging up the sand with his foot. "I've—you—I was learning to love you *so* much as an Indian chief's daughter, and I thought you lo—liked me, too, some, and now I fear, while Jack finds

a dear sister, that I lose Wau-ki-na, a very, very—dear—friend.”

There it was—quick as the lightning’s flash—nature’s revelation to both. There was the bold, arrogant and self-confident young lord, who thought he had been but toying with a pretty Indian girl, now sitting abashed in her presence; his cheeks hot; his eyes cast down; his moccasined foot nervously scratching up the sand. And there stood the artless, innocent, unthinking girl—the perfect child of nature—a startled look in her face, a bright flush on her cheeks, and an unwonted trouble in her eyes.

A silence ensued, as eloquent as it was embarrassing. In that brief minute, a strange and wondrous change—human yet divine—had come over both; and when at last Talbot shyly looked up at Wau-ki-na, he saw her standing now pale and trembling, all the light gone from her eyes, which were cast down upon the sand. Finally she murmured, very softly:

“Me tink I better go now. Me do so; Marie watch for me. Will her friend bring Wau-ki-na’s canoe here?” and while the young Englishman hurried off to do her bidding, she stooped down with a much older expression on her face—for the first time in her life, perhaps, breathing forth a sigh—and deftly put on her moccasins.

When Talbot returned, he looked more assured and confident, and as he handed the blushing girl into her birch and extended to her the paddle, he took first her outstretched little hand in his, and said:

“Wau-ki-na, before you leave me here all alone, won’t you tell me whether you care for me? In finding

the brother, will you forget the lover? You *must* say! I may not meet you to-night!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" with a frightened look; "you *must* come! Wau-ki-na cannot go without you. Edward very dear to me, but—" dropping her eyes—"I—he—*you—are—too*," and her hand trembled in his as he drew her towards him and sealed the sacred compact then formed with a long, warm kiss and embrace.

Writing of the heart-passages between two young and ardent lovers is such dull and graceless work to all outsiders—so very far beneath the reality—that we are naturally silent as to what followed; but Wau-ki-na was not allowed to go so soon as expected, and when the birch *was* shoved off into the stream, *she* looked gay and happy, and *he* looked fond and foolish, and stood talking and waving her until she reached the other shore, and with many a look behind and gesture of fond meaning, disappeared over the bank.

Talbot now gave a long, low whistle, muttering to himself as he turned toward his Indian home:

"Well, here's a rum go! Who'd ha' thought it? My lord Talbot, scion of a noble house which dates from Billy the Conqueror, mad in love with an Indian maid, or at best, with the pretty sister of an American scout, and, gad, glad enough to be accepted, too! What would Lady Grace and my haughty, gouty old father say to that? Oh, but isn't she a little woodland fairy, though! and so plaguy positive, and with such odd, cunning little ways, too! I'm sure bewitched! Heigh-o! wonder what'll come of it!"

He hadn't gone far before he met Nymwha out in search of him. The amiable old Chief scrutinized

him searchingly, with an inquiring leer on his ugly phiz, and said:

"Nymwha saw the birch of the 'Bounding Fawn' just now. She very good Delaware girl, beautiful as the wild honeysuckle. Make pretty squaw for little 'Two-scalps.' What you talk about? eh?"

"Oh," gravely answered Talbot, "we were discussing the best way of Christianizing the red man and teaching him to worship God."

"Oh, yes, me know," wisely put in Nymwha. "God the name the Indian traders say all the time. The more fire-water, the more God and more *dam*, eh? You like to go to Shannopins and see Wau-ki-na?"

"Indeed would I, venerable old saddle-bags—this very night, too!"

"Ah, but you sure no run away? You come back again?" looking at the young man keenly and searchingly.

Talbot gravely took Nymwha's huge paw between his own, pressed it feelingly, looked solemnly into the old Chief's eyes and said:

"Nymwha, your island home is very good, and Wau-ki-na is like the wild-rose of the woods for sweetness. I like them both, but," trying his game of mystifying the old Chief by big words, "if a benignant Providence and the nocturnal darkness favor me to-night, I will see you and your island in Halifax before I agitate my pedals here again."

Nymwha essaying to gather meaning from the serious manner of his companion rather than from his words, owlshly nodded his foolish old head, saying:

"Yes, me tink so, too—pretty much. The 'Bound-

ing Fawn' very young and sweet—make good chief's squaw. There's a canoe. You go over bym by, and call Wau-ki-na out of Delaware lodge—so," and he imitated the low, chirping note of the cricket.

The two now entered the noisy camp, Talbot sitting meekly down near the Chief's family kettle, and every now and then grinning amiably at mother Nymwha, whose face looked like a used-up old drumhead, and making mouths at the divers juvenile Nymwhas, of various ages and sexes, who were tumbling about on the grass like a knot of sportive earth-worms.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JACK AND PIPE MEET IN CONFLICT.

I prythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!—*Hamlet.*

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before.—*Othello.*

NIGHT now came over the scene, and watching his time and quietly dropping out of the fire-light, the impatient young nobleman, his heart beating like a small tilt hammer, made his way to the beach, found the canoe, and silently pushed out into the current.

Following Wau-ki-na's oft-repeated instructions, the canoe was headed up stream till it passed the end of the upper island. A landing on the other side was then effected, and with commendable caution Talbot crept down the edge of the wood and shore shadow line, and approached the place where was said to be the run's mouth.

Just as he was crossing a little reach of moonlit strand in order to gain a thick bunchy copse of bushes and undergrowth, a stalwart Indian figure stepped out from behind the tree he had just passed, while a pair of strong arms stretched forth and seized him by the throat, shaking and worrying him much as a terrier would a rat.

While the half-suffocated Talbot was slipping his hand down for his knife, there was hissed out in his face, in right good English and between the different shakes:

"There! take that, and that, and that, you little—trifling—skulking—painted—varmint, you! I hate mightily to take life if't can be helped, but squeezing your wizend won't do—fear I'll have to knife *you*."

"Why—Jack! Jack!" gasped out Talbot. "Confound—your—cur—sed clumsiness, you'll choke me to death! *I'm* no redskin! Hands-off, or I'll knife *you*!"

Jack loosened his hold at once and grasped his hand.

"Why, Talbot lad, delighted to see you once more; excuse me—'twas a fool trick in me. I *ought* to have known *you*, but altogether forgot your paint and Indian dress, and was looking for you, too, from the other side of the run. Am right heartily glad I didn't stick or club you as you passed."

"The pleasure's mutual, Captain, I do assure you," replied Talbot, half angrily. "They say two soothsayers couldn't meet in the streets of Rome without laughing in each other's face, and, by Jove, I think *we* might do the same. You're as much Indian as I am! But where's the Half-King, and—and—Wau-ki-na?"

"My sister *Lucy* you mean, Talbot. She has told you the strange discovery. 'Tis all true, every word of it. I'll give you the whole story some time, but *now* crouch down. The old Chief's on the watch-out on the other side of the run, and we expect Marie and Lucy every minute. From what I hear, you've had a rough time at the fort and among the reddys.

You've got a story to tell, too. Blamed if you don't look plaguy chipper and saucy in your Shawnee toggery. You made a devilish narrow escape just now, though," and the scout gave out his low, peculiar laugh, and then fell into a long confidential conversation with Talbot, drawing from him all that had happened since their parting, both in and out of the fort. When Talbot was feelingly relating the dreadful tortures of poor MacPherson and how the attempt was made to end his sufferings, Jack suddenly grasped his hand and gave it a most hearty shake, saying:

"And so, Talbot, *you* are the unknown who sped that bold bullet and taught me my duty, are you? I might have guessed it. It does you much honor, lad, but you were too far off. I'm proud I was so near as to—"

"What!" joyfully broke in Talbot, equally surprised in *his* turn. "Then you, Jack, must have been the mysterious rifleman who made good my false aim. But where could you have been? I, too, was sure it was a French shot from the fort. Would you mind giving me your hand again, Jack?"

"Not a mite, my lord, although it *does* look sort of odd and unfeeling-like for us to be congratulating each other on our joint attempt on the life of such a noble comrade as poor Mac; but I think I know what Indian torture is and the best gift I could ask of God, were I tied like the poor sergeant to a torture stake, would be a bullet in the heart from some friendly rifle. My lord Talbot, I like your heart and pluck and am glad you go with us."

The two now—their partnership in a merciful

deed having drawn them closer together and increased their mutual respect—discussed, in low tones, the late events, as well as the plan of escape decided on by the scout and the Half-King.

At last a signal whistle from the Chief warned them of an approach, and soon Marie and Wauki-na were led down to the mouth of the run by Scarooyaddy, and quietly passed into the canoe in waiting under the overhanging bushes.

But little was said. It was a moment of great suspense. Talbot managed, by a tender pressure of the hand and a few whispered words, to assure Wauki-na of his presence. He was then introduced to Marie de Bonneville by Jack, and a place assigned him.

All was now ready for the start and Jack was just about to whistle in the Half-King, when a crackling and rustling of the bushes and smothered exclamations were distinctly heard on the village side of the run.

"My God, Talbot, the Chief's attacked! Whatever's to be done? Listen! Listen!"

The sounds of a terrific struggle were now plainly audible, and then the Half-King's voice, not one tone louder than necessary to be heard, saying in English:

"Shove off, my brother, and keep out in the stream! I'm beset by only three Delawares—one of whom I take to be Pipe. I can hold them till you get fairly off and then I'll yield me prisoner. Never mind *me*, I'll get—"

Here the voice suddenly ceased, as if a hand had been clasped over the mouth, and the sounds of the struggle were again heard.

"Talbot, my dear fellow!" excitedly whispered Jack, "I leave these precious ones to you; I know you'll defend them with your life. Keep well out in the river, and when a half mile up, rest on your paddles. Lucy, can you give the cry of a loon?"

"I can," replied the frightened girl, "but, dear brother, would you leave us—Marie and me—now? Won't you, too, come into the canoe and let Scaroo—"

"What! Lucy, and leave my old friend to fight at such odds, and with Pipe, too, our mother's murderer and your captor? 'Tis not my sister's heart but her fears that advise this—couldn't do it. I'd go back to fight Pipe if he'd a score instead of only two at his back. Take paddle, Lucy, and when you get to where I told you, rest awhile, and every now and then give the loon's cry, and if we whip the devils, we'll soon know where you are. If we don't, why—God help you all! Talbot knows our plans and you must trust to him. And now good-bye, dearest Marie and Lucy, the Chief must be sore pressed."

With this, Jack gave the canoe a powerful shove, which shot it far out into the current, and then with a low, sharp shout of encouragement, leaped across the run and hurriedly made his way to his friend.

"Hold up, Chief!" they distinctly heard him say. "Use your rifle butt till I'm with ye, and then close in, but be sure to leave Pipe to me!"

After a brief pause—"Now! now! hug him close! Grapple him tight, Chief, while I take Pipe! Ah-h-h! got you at last, you double—cursed—murderer—and kidnapper! I've—hunted—you—long. Either—you—or—I—have got to die this clinch!"

The two girls—entwined in a mutual embrace—sat pale and breathless in the bow, while Talbot stood, paddle in hand, intently listening to every sound and change of the desperate fray going on so near them. Now would be heard the cracking of twigs, smothered groans and curses, angry exclamations, and even the loud pantings of the combatants, as they writhed and twisted in this terrible struggle to the death.

And now the paddle was dipped and the canoe proceeded slowly up stream. They had scarce gone a hundred yards before was heard an attempt at a war-whoop — hoarse — broken — feeble — and finally ending in a muffled, spasmodic gurgling and gasping, as though the throat from which it issued was being pressed tighter and tighter.

It was an encouraging sign, a cry of distress on the part of the Delawares, as if they were being worsted and called to the village for help. Then all was silent for them.

The point where Talbot had left his canoe was now reached. The paddles were stilled and the three listened anxiously and most intently for the next sounds. When about a quarter of an hour was thus passed, Wau-ki-na—for so we most like to call her—raised the clear, tremulous, and very peculiar cry of the loon. It was so natural that even Talbot looked around to see whence it issued.

It was unnecessary to repeat it. Immediately after, answer was heard from the shore, and Talbot dashed in his paddle and would have made straight for the sound, but Wau-ki-na—fully posted in all Indian stratagems—was too wary, and restrained him

until she could again raise the cry, which was again answered and from a much nearer point.

"Edward, is that you?" Wau-ki-na at last ventured to say in low but clear tones.

"Yes! yes! the Half-King and me—all safe too! Make haste—not a moment to lose!"

"Thank God for that!" now for the first time spoke Marie—joy and deep feeling expressed in every tone, and soon the prow grated on the beach, and the two scouts rapidly and silently took their places and the paddles.

"Stay!" exclaimed Jack. "The Half-King and I had arranged some devices to throw the Delawares and Shawnees off our trail and make them think we had escaped down the Allegheny and thence up the Monongahela by way of Braddock's route, but we've no time for that now. None of them but what will believe, at any rate, that we have gone down instead of up the river. We must risk it, at all events. *One* thing however, we *must* do. Talbot, where did you leave your canoe? Was it a large one?"

"It was, and you see its dim shadow on the beach there."

"Good!" said Jack. "Now, Lucy and Marie, each give me some trifling article of dress—so! Come! Yaddy, let's turn over that canoe, and send it adrift down the river."

The two then drew out and upset Talbot's canoe, let a small shawl from Marie and a gay ribbon from Wau-ki-na depend, in what would be a very natural sort of way, from the thwarts of the boat, while Jack thrust an old pouch under a sort of seat in the bow,

so it would not fall out, and down the canoe was borne by the swift current.

"Rather a clumsy fetch, Yaddy, isn't it, with which to fool an Indian? but 'tis the best we can do just now. It *may* serve. And now, girls, we must work hard all night and get a long, long start, in case of pursuit. Yaddy and I'll take the paddles—off we go."

And the paddles were dipped in a slow, long, regular stroke, which had no intermission for hours. They had scarce fallen regularly to work before thus Marie:

"But, Edward, you haven't told us of that dreadful struggle, the noise and various changes of which were borne to our ears. Are you at all hurt?"

"Not a scratch, Marie—not a single scratch! At one time, while busy with Pipe, I got a blow and a bear's hug from the third Indian, which made me see stars and stopped my breath, but I managed, by a powerful effort, to throw him off, and give him a kick which doubled him up like a jack-knife. But *Yaddy* has some beauty streaks about his throat which will last him a long time instead of wampum or paint, and will make him as hoarse as a bull-frog for a month to come.

"Why when I got up to him the Chief had just clinched with a gigantic old Delaware, whose muscles stood out like a trained boxer's. He was almost too much for our old Indian and had him so tight about the windpipe that Yaddy was making some very odd noises and was casting up his eyes like a dying dolphin. By-the-by, how did you get out of that

scrape, Yaddy? I was too hard pressed, myself, to see."

"Scarooyaddy pretty old, but strong like the oak," grimly and hoarsely croaked out the old Chief. "He got one arm loose and work his knife around so, until big Delaware much glad to let go; then I have him. I let him lie and go for little one. He give me very much trouble. He twist and squirm and jump 'roun', but my white brother help me, and Scarooyaddy," patting his girdle, "have two more locks under his skirt."

"But Captain Pipe, Edward, what happened him?" anxiously inquired Wau-ki-na, unable to lose interest in one who, although he had murdered mother and sister, yet still, after an Indian's nature, had for so many years been a father to her.

"Well, Lucy, I failed to kill him, as he did our mother and Emma, but I think we are avenged. He made a sudden jump across the run and crawled away, escaping in the dark, but better for him had he died then and there. He bears wounds which will I think worry and torture him to the grave. 'Twas a tough struggle—the sharpest, I think, I ever had. The cruel old ruffian fought long and desperately. No blow, or cut, or hug he got from me was begrudged, I can tell you. If he informs the Delawares of this combat, they'll have to find him, be sure of that. But enough of him!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ESCAPE UP THE ALLEGHENY.

O when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome,
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holily shines,
I laugh at the love and pride of man;
At the Sophist schools, and the learned clan:
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet.

R. W. Emerson.

THE moon was now abroad, casting its silver sheen over the bright waters of the Allegheny, and bringing into view the bold and heavily-wooded hills which border both sides of this most beautiful and picturesque stream. The light canoe, impelled by the practised paddles of men whose nerves were like steel and who knew not fatigue, danced over the water "like a thing of life." Island after island, rapid after rapid were passed.

As mile upon mile sped rapidly behind them, increasing their distance from enemies and lessening the danger of successful pursuit, the spirits of the whole party arose in proportion, and a free and full conversation was indulged in.

Jack told them his plans. He had avoided the Braddock route because he supposed it would be beset with outlying parties of pursuers and spoil-

gatherers, and had chosen what was then everywhere known as the "Kittanning trail," because it afforded a safer and easier route of escape, and because it led more directly to his own home, which was at Aughwick, where afterwards Fort Shirley was built and where now the town of Shirleysburg stands.

The "Kittanning trail" was then the broad and beaten path—used for foot and horse by Indians and traders—between the West and the Susquehanna. Commencing at what is now called Kittanning, Pa., and where was at that time a large Delaware village under the chieftainship of the celebrated and redoubtable Captain Jacobs—it bore south-eastwardly, the descent on the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains being through a gorge, the mouth of which is about five miles west of Holidaysburg at what is well-known to this day as Kittanning Point.

Thence this Indian path diverged into what are now called Scotch, Canoe, Hartsog, and Woodcock valleys, and thence across Broad Top Mountain into Aughwick, and after into Tuscarora and Sherman's valleys.

Jack's design was to stop about five miles short of the Delaware village at Kittanning—from which point bloody and devastating excursions against the frontier settlements were so frequent as soon after to lead to its destruction and the death of Jacobs—and making a detour, to come into the Indian trail somewhere near the present Armstrong and Indiana county line.

Such was the fear and danger from pursuit and recapture, that it was considered better to risk cautious travel in the woods by day than to lie by for the

night. Marie and Wau-ki-na were, therefore, urged—in view of the fatiguing march before them—to take as much rest as possible, and Talbot busied himself with great deftness and delicate attention in fitting up for them in the bow of the boat a temporary couch on which to recline.

All was now still on board the frail craft, and nothing was heard around but the steady and regular dip of the two paddles, the occasional splash of a fish in the water, the cry of loon or distant howl of wolf, and the hoot of owl or note of whippoorwill.

Such were the weird witcheries of this strange night ride; so impressive were the stillness, the loneliness, the various notes and sounds so peculiar to the hour, that it was long before the two maidens—completely exhausted as they must have been—were visited by the slumber so much required.

At last it came, softly and quietly, dropping like the gentle dew from heaven, causing Wau-ki-na's lips to move in the empty babblings of dreams, and bringing to Marie—who had lately so much suffered and endured—the priceless blessing of total oblivion.

Not a man of them there, as he watched those two helpless, innocent maidens, who did not feel better, stronger, more resolute, from their presence. To Jack, especially—who had spent so many long years of lonely vigils and trappings in the gratification of a fierce, devouring passion—his new-found first-love and Lucy had a wonderfully softening influence. The unbidden tear would now and then follow his frequent glances back, and his heart was filled with tender and long-forgotten emotions. Even Scaroooyaddy's paddle

dipped noiselessly, for fear the slumbers might be stirred by a splash.

And so, without pause or intermission, until the first gray of dawn. Nothing to disturb but just once, when close to the mouth of the Kiskiminitas, the noisy dash of paddle and the sound of voices gave notice of the approach down stream of Indians. The canoe was quietly turned toward the deep hill-shadows along shore; the scouts crouched down to a level with the thwarts; perfect stillness was maintained, and the Delaware party—probably from Kittanning on a visit to the fort to sell pelts and venison and to bring back ammunition—had passed on their boisterous course.

Marie and Wau-ki-na were at last awakened by the grating of the boat on the sandy beach of a snug little cove, completely overarched with foliage. They started, marvelled for a moment at their surroundings and their company, gave forth a long sigh of relief, and arose smiling and almost gay at their escape. So far, well.

Talbot glanced shyly at Wau-ki-na, tipped her a pleasant "good morning," and thought he never saw the blushing and nut-brown little damsel look so divinely.

Jack was as happy as a—yes, as *the* lord beside him; his face had lost all its sternness, and a pleasant smile played around his handsome mouth.

Scarooyaddy, even, forgot all his grimness, and his iron jaws opened and closed like a steel-trap. He smiled and even grinned all over his face, and insisted several times that it was a "wely good mornin'."

Oh, woman! woman! What would—

But our readers can supply what ought to be said here, and can follow, at pleasure, the varied lines of reflections which the *strange* word suggests.

“Well, gentlemen, all,” said Marie, “you’ve given us a very quiet ride, and—” looking on both green sides of the cozy, peaceful little inlet and at the overhanging canopy of verdure—“what a delightful change from last night’s horrors. Wau-ki-na, we must have slept long. Where are we now; and what next, Edward?”

“Well, Marie, next for you and Lucy *ought* to be horses, but as none of us are proud, and as neither of you is a mincing, die-away city damsel, guess you’ll have to trudge along on foot,—sorry, but *must* get on.”

“Oh, Brudder,” broke in Wau-ki-na, “we go the best and quickest on our own feet. Marie and Wau—Lucy I mean—walk, walk all day through woods—way past Alaquippa’s place. ’Fraid this new little chief, though,” pointing smilingly to Talbot, “not go wely well. Moccasins too thin.”

“Who—*me*? Wau-ki-na! What put that odd notion into your funny noddle? Why, the old chief there’ll lag behind *me*; mother and father Nymwha’ll be *my* whip and spur. Why, since I’ve been on this wilderness tramp, I’ve developed about sixty-five distinct new muscles, and if my moccasins ain’t good, who made them, eh?”

Wau-ki-na blushed, looked shyly at Edward, cast down her eyes in some confusion, and commenced getting out the provisions which she and Marie had brought from Shannopins.

This abashment on the part of his sister, did not pass unnoticed by Jack. He looked grave, then troubled, but said nothing.

After a hearty meal and much pleasant conversation, the party rose to their feet and prepared for the long journey before them. The canoe was run still further up the little cove; all traces of their presence were carefully removed or concealed, and with light steps they sprang from stone to stone, following the run a considerable distance, and then mounted the bank, and commenced their journey, the wary old chief—to whom the whole region was familiar—in front, then Talbot, Wau-ki-na, Marie and last, Jack—all in Indian file.

Their course—guided by the mosses on the north side of the thick trees and with no beaten path—was, in the hill places, somewhat difficult, but the Half-King, a life-long denizen of the woods, had an Indian's wonderful and unerring sagacity in picking out the easiest directions and the more open woods, and the progress was, on the whole, not only rapid, but pleasant.

The two girls never flagged or flinched—in fact, their spirits rose with every mile that brought them nearer the back settlements and that left longer distance to pursuit. Their moccasined feet plodded deftly through the intricacies of the forest way, and had a springiness and airiness of step which betokened long familiarity with wilderness tramps. Talbot kept close behind the Chief—at once bothering and amusing him with questions and conceits; sometimes talking too loud for prudence, and, irrepressible as ever, keeping

up a running or rather walking conversation with Wau-ki-na behind him.

Jack could not help but observe the growing pleasure Talbot and his sister took in each other's society. He made Marie keep close behind her, but for reasons—prudential and sentimental—obvious to our readers, was not exactly prepared to change places with the now gay young lord.

And it was a marvel, too, to see the old Scaroooyaddy. He seemed like some dusky spirit piloting a party over Acheron. Erect, silent, solemn, unerring, never hesitating, turning neither to right nor left, he glided rather than walked in front. Planting his feet in the same line—one directly before the other—after the universal Indian fashion, and stepping lightly but firmly just where his foot would make the least noise and leave the least impression, he went, true as the needle and stealthy as the panther.

His roving, restless eye seemed to pierce both long distances ahead and wide circuits around; not the slightest object or movement escaped his notice—a bird's hop on a bough, the rustle of a squirrel in the tree top, even almost the fall of a leaf, would still him instantly in his track.

Occasionally, too, he would stop and seat himself near some pleasant little grassy glade; at the foot of some noble old oak or beech, or by the side of some prattling, babbling stream or noisy waterfall. He said nothing, but it was plainly meant for the girls behind, and when they expressed pleasure at any view or forest charm or beauty, which he thus craftily brought to their notice, he would show it in his weather-beaten

old face by a milder look in the eye or by softer lines about the mouth.

Once, he actually turned from the path to pluck a wild-flower which was flaunting its gay colors and wasting its sweetness all unnoticed in a little dell by a brook side, and suddenly turning, handed it with a grim smile to Wau-ki-na.

"Why, do but watch the old fighting chief!" whispered Jack to Marie, "he's actually turning courtier; a flower's about as much in his line as a diamond pin."

"Barbarian as he is, *I've* always found him a brave and gallant gentleman," answered Marie, feelingly; "he's one of nature's noblemen, titled by God, and putting to shame many who bear the name but know not the meaning of *noble*."

"Ah, Marie, if you'd known him as I've known him these long, long years past—as true as steel, wise as serpent, brave as lion, and yet, at times, tender as a woman; why, Marie, I actually love that dear old fellow, and I believe he loves me too."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STRANGE BUT HAPPY MEET.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.—*Bryant.*

It was now high noon, and Scarooyaddy came to a pause just at the bottom of a deep glen and by the side of a moss-covered, pine-crowned cliff, and at the foot of a musical little waterfall, which tumbled its leaping and sparkling waters pell-mell, hurry-scurry, into a cool, rocky basin.

"Just the very place for lunch," cried Talbot, in great glee. "Here, Wau-ki-na, what's your bill of fare?" looking into the sack—"jerked venison, corn dodgers, army bread, cold hominy, and for dessert, oh, yes, here it is—hominy, bread, corn cake, and venison, with some of that nice 'Adam's ale' for a *bonne bouche*. 'Tis good enough for a king—or at least for a Half-King; eh! Jack!"

The party were evidently becoming well-acquainted, and after a hearty meal, at which hunger gave the chief relish, and a long two-hours' rest and much conversation, the march was bravely resumed in the same order

as before, nothing occurring to obstruct a constant progress.

It was a sultry July afternoon. The walking had for some time become a settled and monotonous trudge; all conversation had nearly died away, when, finally, about six of the evening and just on the long rise of a hill, Jack said:

"Halloo! Yaddy; where are we, and where do we stop to-night? The ladies are getting jaded and weary and I think I see Talbot limping."

Talbot stiffened up in an instant.

"Me limping? Why, Jack, you must be blind-tired. 'Twas the Half-King you saw. I'm as springy as a foot ball. If 'tweren't for these rough woods, I'd just like to run you a five-mile race, even weights. I'd show you what our turfmen call 'staying powers,' but I would like the course, if convenient, on a down grade."

"They *would* be 'staying powers,' indeed," laughed Jack. "But it's high time, tired or not, for us all to rest for the night. Where is it to be, Chief?"

"Over the hill there—'Kittanning path' near by. Beautiful woods half-hour from here."

"Well, push on! Old Ironsides. Bear up cheerily, Marie and Lucy, 'tis but a little while longer."

Now the hill top is reached, and the Indian, as was ever his wont, cast a scrutinizing glance on all sides and far in the front. He evidently saw at once some suspicious object. He gave a slight start and gazed long and intently at something which had attracted his quick eye on the other side of the valley below them, and just in the direction they were going.

“How now, Chief? What d’ye see?” said Jack, pushing hastily to the front.

“Look!”

Following the direction of the Half-King’s finger, Jack soon saw two clouds of blue smoke lazily rising from above the trees of a grove about half a mile off—the very place the Indian was trying to reach for the night.

“What d’ye make of it, Yaddy? Indians?”

“Delawares from Kittanning; but”—shaking his head—“almost too much smoke; they must fear nothing. Right on the big trail, too.”

“Well, *we’ve* not much to fear, either, I take it. We’ll stay *here* to-night.”

“Good!” grunted the Indian. “My brother stay here, and when the dark come, Scarooyaddy go see.”

“Then I ‘go see,’ too,” said Jack; and so finally it was arranged, and shortly after, leaving the two maidens in care of Talbot, and strictly charging him on no account to move from a sheltered spot hard by a rocky ledge on the eastern slope of the hill, Jack and the Indian quickly disappeared in the valley.

They were soon mounting the opposite hill, and just as the twilight was deepening into night, they cautiously approached the woods, above which they had seen the smoke.

And now, as the brow of the hill was reached, two bright fires suddenly appeared in near view, and around them and among the trees a number of figures were seen standing or moving about.

Jack suddenly clutched the old Indian tight by the arm.

“Good heavens, Chief! you’re mad wrong for once!

Those fellows are *white*—all over, and every man of them! Who can they be? and, eh! what, Chief!” as a log just thrown on the fire threw up a burst of bright flame; “scalp me alive, if they ain’t in the dress of my own brave hunters! And look! man, look! Why, if there isn’t Lieutenant Hogg, and Sergeant Imbrie, and Archy MacAllister, and Sandy MacLaughlin, and little Pat McGuire! Why, curses on our stupid heads, Yaddy, they’re *all my own boys!*—my true and tried Forest Rangers!” and Jack at once gave a loud and joyous hurrah which made the woods ring again, and started the whole troop, first to their feet and then to their rifles.

Then catching the Chief by the arm, and rapidly drawing him forward, Jack ran right up to the crowd, shouting: “Hurrah! my boys, here we are again!—Jack, your own leader, and the Half-King! I could almost cry for joy!”

And then such a glad shout rose up from Jack’s Rangers as would have done your ears good to hear. They crowded about him, seized on his two hands, and almost fairly lifted their beloved leader from the ground.

And then the Half-King—well known to the whole of them—came in for *his* share of attentions, and amid laughs and shouts and questions, and “Why Caps,” both sides commenced to realize the fortunate meet.

“And what, Hogg and Mercer, in God’s name!” cried Jack, when he could recover breath and get rid of their attentions, “are the ‘Rangers’ doing here, away out on the ‘Kittanning trail?’”

“We might ask the same thing of you, Jack!” quickly answered sturdy Dr. Hugh Mercer—afterwards

one of the best generals in our Revolutionary war. "You're about as wide out of your reckoning as *we* are! If you desert your company to fight on your own hook, why, *we* must somehow keep in practice, too. To see the Delaware Jacobs coming from Kittanning, wouldn't have stunned us a whit; but to see *you*—hang it, Captain, it's kind o' knocked us! Has old Braddock taken that place, too?"

"Braddock?" indignantly answered Jack. "I tell you, boys, he's the hardest hit and worst whipped old humbug you ever saw—his whole army completely cut up, and what's left of them racing through the woods and over the hills as if the devil himself were after them. Oh, don't speak to me about *him*!" bitterly continued Jack; "it makes me grind my teeth and gnaw my lips to even think of the vain, pig-headed blunderer!"

"And when did the battle come off?" inquired Hogg. "We never heard a word of it."

"Don't well see how you could. It only happened two days since. I'm even now coming from it, but in a rather roundabout way; but this I must say, lads, and the country will bear me out in it, that had Braddock accepted the 'Rangers' as his scouts, instead of insulting us and rejecting our services, this disgraceful defeat and rout could never have happened; but sit down, men, and I'll tell you all about the scrimmage."

And round about their trusted leader, the whole company of eighty as brave and skilful riflemen rangers as the country could then produce, grouped themselves on the grass. They were chiefly of Scotch-Irish stock, most of them young, hardy, and reckless frontiersmen, who had, with that desperate love for adventure which

characterized our border population at that time, been prompted to leave the older settlements of York, Cumberland and Lancaster counties, and stray over into the lovely valleys and hunting grounds of the Juniata.

"Captain Jack's Rangers" were known all along the Allegheny mountains, as far south even as the Potomac, and had been for years—but were still more to be in the future—of incalculable aid in keeping the jealous, marauding Indian tribes, which hung upon the skirts of civilization, in check; in repressing incursions; punishing savage robbers and murderers; recovering stolen property, etc.

The conflict between them and the ever-hostile Indian bands was constant and irrepressible; and they were even now out on an expedition to destroy Jacob's Delaware town at Kittanning, when so opportunely met by their leader and advised of Braddock's defeat and retreat. It was left to Colonel Armstrong to renew the expedition and carry out its objects, the very next year.

Jack hurriedly, and with great animation, ran over the stirring events which had happened since he took service with Braddock at Fort Cumberland; modestly recounted the chief incidents of the last few days' scouting, and ended with:

"But, lads, I've not told ye all; the strangest news is to come. Yaddy and I have a great secret for you, which will astound you more than our unlooked-for presence. We're not alone, and I'll soon beg leave to introduce to my gallant free-hunters, young lord Talbot, of England, and two ladies—one *my own sister*, many years ago stolen and adopted by Captain Pipe, and the other a—a very dear friend of my youth.

Ah! no wonder you stare. I scarce need ask of you a hearty welcome and backwoods hospitality for them."

The rough but warm-hearted Rangers stood about almost incredulous, and Jack had now to acquaint them with as much of his story as he wished them to know, when Mercer broke in:

"And where did you say, Captain, your lady company were?"

"But a short half mile from here. The Chief and I'll have them here in a jiffy."

"Not a bit of it!" hastily put in Lieutenant Hogg. "Come, men! take rifle at once, and let us make a guard of honor for our Captain's sister and friends! and Mooney, make ready two of the pack-horses; quick! quick! and scurry after!"

A great hubbub now ensued. A sister of their Captain found—that strange, moody, reckless and mysterious man who never was heard to speak of family or relatives. It was an unheard of word and thought among them, and all was joy, excitement and curiosity; and soon the proud and happy Scarrooyaddy, followed by every single man of the company, except enough to guard the camp, quickly led the way down the hill, across the bottom, and then up the other side to where Talbot and the others—wondering at their long absence—anxiously awaited in the dark the return of their guides and protectors.

The quick ear of Wau-ki-na—sharpened by many years of Indian life and customs—first caught afar off the approaching sounds—the muttered voices, the breaking of twigs and branches, etc. She could not comprehend, and catching Talbot's arm, hurriedly called his attention.

"What can it be, Kina? Could your brother be captured, and can these be Indians?"

"No, no, me tink not—Indians no go that way—too much noise—can't be bears, nor panthers, either—may be a pack of hungry wolves. That would be bad. Oh, my new brudder's lost!"

"Well, whatever it be, girl, you and Miss Marie had better slip around the rock there, and hide yourselves as much as possible. I'll do all I can to defend you from danger."

It would be foolish to say Talbot was calm and undismayed. He was not; but had that dread which comes over every one, no matter how brave, who knows a danger approaching, of which he can measure neither the kind nor extent. But whatever else were of the little lord's failings, want of pluck was not one of them. He was as brave as Julius Cæsar, and now seized his knife and cocked his rifle; advanced a few steps to the brow of the hill, and waited all alone and quietly.

The noise now ceased, and then another rustling, and a shadowy figure could just be dimly seen a little way down the hill.

"Stop!" exclaimed Talbot, in a firm but low voice; "whoever, or whatever you are, or I shoot!" and he presented his rifle. "Not a step further, or you're a dead man, if you *are* a man! Can that be you, Jack?"

"That's me, *Jack*," cheerily spoke out Jack, glad to find Talbot of so much spirit. "I fell into the rear, and just thought that maybe we would frighten you with so much noise."

"Well, Jack, I must say it was devilish unkind and thoughtless of you to come on us in that way. A

moment more and I might have done a deed the memory of which a whole lifetime couldn't wipe out."

"Where are Marie and Wau-ki-na?" answered Jack.

"Around the rocks there," said Talbot, petulantly; "but they must have better tempers than I have if they can relish your little joke."

"Forgive me, Talbot; 'twas thoughtless in me, but I'm much upset myself, and thought only of the pleasure in store for you all. Besides, my boys got ahead of me."

"Why, Jack, art crazy, man? What mean ye by your 'boys?' Are you pushing still further your sorry jest?"

"Why, Talbot, and Lucy, and Marie"—for these last two, hearing his voice, had now come up—"my whole company of hunters is right here, and with food and horses for all three, and nothing more now to fear." And the proud and happy scout shook Talbot warmly by the hand till his fingers ached; gave Lucy a tender embrace, and seemed about, in his joy and excitement, to do the same with Marie, but exchanged it just at the last moment, for a tender and most affectionate pressure of the hand.

"And now come on, my brave lads, and bring up your horses! here are Lucy, my sister; Miss de Bonneville, and Lord Talbot of England, who just now had a bead drawn on your Captain and was near making an unpleasant corpse of him. You'll find him a devilish clever fellow, and a very tight little Shawnee Chief, who'd fight his own shadow, although he *has* washed off his war-paint."

The Rangers now clustered about, while the of-

ficers and leading men came forward and exchanged greetings with the ladies, looking with the greatest interest at Wau-ki-na, who conducted herself throughout with a charming grace and dignity.

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK AND MARIE BY THE RAPIDS.

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say,
I love you.—*Henry the Fifth.*

MOUNTED on the horses, Scarooyaddy at Wau-ki-na's bridle piloting the way, and a guard of Rangers on either side, the little procession soon reached the grove and the bright, cheery fires. By this light the three had to undergo a closer inspection, which, however, seemed to make such a favorable impression, that the whole camp was in a state of exuberant joy and hilarity.

While some prepared a bountiful frontier supper, others arranged pillions for the morrow's journey, and others still cut pine branches for a bower, and collected leaves and robes for a fitting couch for the lovely guests. The whole camp seemed richer for their presence, and they were the recipients of all kinds of most respectful attentions.

Jack couldn't help but show his gladness at the happy turn matters had taken. He stole occasional glances at Marie, so full of joy and regard that she could scarcely misinterpret them. The evening was passed by the men in jokes, and songs, and stories,

the occasional peals of laughter filling the sombre old forest with the strange sounds.

Jack's party, to which some of his more intimate acquaintance were added, beguiled the time with pleasant conversation and in going over the events of the past few days, now brought to such a favorable termination. Talbot, as often as he could secure her undivided attention, devoted himself to Wau-ki-na and seemed to outshine Jack in his beaming looks of content.

The news of Braddock's defeat caused an immediate abandonment of the expedition against Kittanning. It would have been too risky to have pressed it with such a small force. Jack now resumed command of his Rangers, and gave out the word for an early start on the morrow back to the settlements. The hut of fragrant pine boughs, and the couch of robes for the two females, had long been ready, and such were the wearing fatigues of the day, that soon after retirement, they fell into a long, unbroken slumber.

It was bright day when Jack awoke. His men were busy about the fires in preparations for a hunter's breakfast of game, and with his mind unwontedly filled with pleasant thoughts, the Ranger-scout sauntered through the fragrant woods, and soon came to the edge of a wild and sombre glen, adown which danced in wild glee or in mad tumult a great rush of waters.

At the foot of this boisterous and foam-covered rapid, and sitting pensively on a tree trunk close by the margin of the whirling eddies, he was astonished to see Marie. With a start of pleased surprise, but

with an air that had yet somewhat of embarrassment in it, he hastened to accost her.

"Why, Marie, you're an early bird! Still ever finding out the romantic spots. You're as true a child of the woods as myself."

Marie had turned quickly at his voice, a rosy blush, she knew not wherefore, mounting her cheek, and her sad eye kindling with pleasure.

"'Tis part of my life, I suppose, Edward," she gave answer. "My dear father was such a very high priest of nature, that I could not pass so many years with him in the woods without sharing largely in his devout spirit. I was just watching the peaceful gambols of those two fox-squirrels, and thinking how delightful it would be when I, like them, could live undisturbed by the rude alarms and terrible shocks which have so tried me of late. Is Lucy yet astir?"

"Not yet, poor child. She must be very, very weary. 'Tis of her I would now talk to you, Marie. I've been wishing for some time to ask your opinion of her."

"How *could* you ask, Edward? You must already know. She has so much of your mother's good, gentle, woman's spirit, that all these years of Indian life and companionship, have left her as sweet, as pure, and as winsome a creature as I ever knew. Don't fear Lucy; she'll always be a pride and delight to you. I think I know her thoroughly. You must have seen how, even before I dreamed of her birth and relationship, I, and poor father, too, always had an unaccountable affection for her."

"Marie, I'm heartily glad to hear you say this—so

glad, you don't know. I love her dearly already. It would be unspeakably sad to know that her wilderness life, and her many years with those marauding Delawares, had spoiled or contaminated her. Another thing disquiets me. I've been watching closely, and fear she's taken a great liking to the young English lord. Have you ever noticed—"

"To speak frankly, Edward, I have, but it will wear off with his absence, which must now be very near. Of course, he, looking on her all along as but a pretty, graceful, and winning Indian beauty, does not think of her *seriously*."

"No; and what's more, by jove, he *shall* not," flashed out Jack, angrily. "If I thought *that*, I would forbid another word between them. I'm too proud an American to seek any such mesalliance. You must warn her however, Marie, *at once*. Better from you than me. I'll keep close eye on him, too, and see that he treats her just as a mere chance acquaintance. A manner and style of words which might not be amiss while she was thought Pipe's daughter, wouldn't answer at all now that she's Jack's sister. He must part from her at Aughwick."

"And so, alas, must I. Perhaps he—"

"You! Marie? Why, wha—what mean you? You know your dying father solemnly charged me to see you safe to Philadelphia, and do you think I'd prove recreant to the trust? What have I done to make you think so harshly of me?"

"Nothing, nothing; I do assure you," with a half-frightened look at the possible turn which she had so unconsciously precipitated; "but I—you—Philadelphia is so *very* far from your home at Aughwick, and 'twould

be better for me to go with Talbot, since so good an opportunity offers—wouldn't it?" looking down, her face covered with blushes.

There it was again. The time had evidently come for Jack to speak, but he couldn't, but stood trembling before her—this strong, brave, stalwart man—a choking in his throat and the beads of perspiration on his bare brow. At length, controlling himself by a strong effort, he approached gently and said tenderly, but decidedly:

"No, it *wouldn't*, Marie. *No one* shall accompany you but just myself and Wau-ki-na, whom I shall take to the city to educate. And now, Marie, I had not intended to speak of this just here, and now, but it is, perhaps, better. You know me as a plain, blunt, earnest man, of few words and fewer pretences. You *have* known me from boyhood, and my feelings then towards you. You know the cruel misunderstanding that drove me from your presence—the roving, restless and unhappy life I've since led—the singular manner in which I found you again, and now, so help me God! nothing shall separate us more but the utterance of your own lips. Speak, Marie, and say if this lifelong love of mine, of late so wonderfully renewed and strengthened, shall be in vain?"

"I cannot speak only to say, Edward," Marie falteringly replied, looking up at him, pale, but smiling through her tears, "that I *do* know you and trust you and *love you*," her voice sinking to a gentle whisper as she extended her hand to meet his.

"Thanks! thanks! dear Marie," joyfully exclaimed Jack, imprinting a most fervent kiss on her lips, and drawing her blushing face to his bosom. "I've waited

long, long weary years for this, but I'm to be blest at last. You've made me, in truth, a happy, happy man, and now no more about leaving and all such nonsense;" and the two sat down together on the tree, and went over the past and forecast the future, and there is no knowing how deep they would have gone into the day, had not Wau-ki-na, fresh as a dew-drop and radiant as the morning, come tripping down upon them, joyfully exclaiming:

"Oh, you *so* naughty brother. I find you at last, and you, dear Marie, *you* naughty, too"—shaking her finger at her. "Edward's men all eat breakfast and don't know where you be. Why you no wake Wau-ki-na?"

Then noticing the embarrassed manner of each, she peered saucily into his, and then into her face, laughingly saying, "What you do here, and what you say? you bofe look so funny!"

"Oh, Lucy," laughed Jack in a constrained, awkward sort of manner, "Marie and I were just listening to that water-music, and watching the antics of those squirrels."

"What squirrels?" looking around. "I no see any squirrels."

"Why, they were racing along that sapling a moment since, weren't they, Marie?" It was nearly a full hour before, but lovers "take no note of time except from its loss."

"Oh, I know de whole trute," said Wau-ki-na, suddenly springing to her brother's lap, putting her arms around his neck, and nestling her nut-brown face against his brawny breast. "You tink little Indian girl know noting, but she very cute" (the artless yet art-

ful little minx had "been *there*" before them). "You look wise and solemn as great owls, and *now* tell each other what *I* know, and Mr. Talbot know, and everybody know,—you love Marie and Marie love you, and I—love bofe together," taking a hand of each, and laughing and crying at the same time. "Oh! we'll be so happy."

"Well, Lucy, you sly little fox, you've about guessed it. And now since we're all happy together, let's to breakfast, for I'm almost ashamed to confess it, I'm as hungry as a wolf."

As Jack strolled into camp, striving to look as indifferent and unconcerned as possible, he soon found from the sly glances and laughs and side-talks of his men, that they were no more blinded than was Lucy, and were almost as glad, too.

The meal finished, the march back along the Kittanning path was speedily taken up, the Rangers forming a sort of escort about the two horses on which the girls were seated, and as proud of and as attentive to them as if they were regular "daughters of the regiment."

Nothing occurred to hinder a rapid march. Whatever Indian parties were out, gave wide berth to so large and formidable a company. The next day the mountains were crossed, and finally Aughwick, a new settlement, where Colonel Croghan and a number of friendly Indians resided, was reached.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TALBOT AND JACK HAVE A TALK.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

Romeo and Juliet.

THE morning after his arrival, Jack was sitting at the door of a rude log cabin of this frontier hamlet, watching the clumsy antics of a tame bear belonging to some of the Indian boys, when Talbot, looking far better in his Shawnee than in his civilized suit, approached him, but with a manner of some embarrassment.

"Well, Captain, so far on our way back to civilization; and then, ho! for dear old England again."

"Why, Talbot, have you tired of our wild woods and rude frontier life so soon, that you would thus take 'French leave' of us. It's rough, but it's exciting."

"No, no; but now that our English army has been so badly defeated, I have somewhat lost my interest in the country, but not in its people, Jack, I do assure you. And what do *you* intend to do now?"

"A question more easily asked than answered, Talbot. Since Braddock's defeat, this exposed frontier post must be at once abandoned. I am on my road,

with my hunters and the settlers, to Harris' Ferry, there to consult with the Paxton Rangers, and see what the government at Philadelphia are going to do at this crisis, for I take it as a matter of course, Dunbar's shackeldy mob of an army is by this time fleeing like the wind back to Fort Cumberland, and the whole range of frontier valleys will soon be alive with those cursed, scalping thieves of redskins. We start to-morrow, early. *You* will probably go on to-day?"

"By no means. I stay with your Rangers, and with Wau—Lucy, I mean."

"Yes, her Indian name had better be dropped now, as will soon your acquaintance with her. She—well, indeed, all of us—will ever remind you of a strange, although I hope not an unpleasant, episode in your roving life."

"Why, Jack, it is of your sister I would like to speak with you a moment."

"And what can Lord Talbot have to say about my sister," said Jack, unconsciously, perhaps, assuming a stern and haughty air, which threw the Englishman into a state of nervous embarrassment.

"Why, *this*, Captain, that I have taken a desperate liking to her, and I think she—that is to say I hope—"

"She's taken the same to you; is that it?"

"Why, yes, I—she—"

"And you haven't *dared* to tell her this," flashed Jack, an ominous frown on his brow and a dangerous light gathering in his eye.

"Why, yes, Jack, I did, and also, that—"

"What! after or before you knew she was my sister?"

"After. It was that very discovery that made me hasten it," said Talbot, bristling up in his turn.

"Why, Talbot," said Jack, rising and sternly confronting the little lord, who seemed to grow smaller as the scout rose to his full proportions, "by heavens, this is unpardonable—'tis almost an insult. You should have known, sir, whatever may have been your humors as regards Indian girls, that one so near to me is not to be trifled with."

"Trifled with, Jack!—why, man, I'm in dead earnest; never was more serious in my life. If to love a pure, sweet, lovely girl with all one's heart and soul, and with the most respectful and honorable intentions of marriage is an insult, why, then, it does not come from *me*, but from the *fact*."

"Pshaw! Talbot," answered Jack, but evidently with a more softened manner, "I didn't think you could be such a goose. If you're in earnest, as you say, more's the pity."

"Why, Jack, this language is rude and contemptuous. From any other I could not and *would not* endure it. Do you mean to intimate that my rank and family are not good en—"

"Yes, yes, I know. They're far *too* good in the estimation of your relatives and countrymen—not a whit too good in *my* opinion. Look here, my lad, let's talk sense! Briefly and finally, I, as an American, am too proud and have too much self-respect to ally me or mine to a foreigner of rank, and least of all to an Englishman, where the feeling of *caste* is as strong as among the Indian Brahmins, and where a

man is not so much esteemed for what he is himself, as for who was his great-great-great-grandfather."

"Yes, but Jack, *my* family are not of that kind, and will surely welcome the object of my choice. Lucy is my choice, and—"

"Yes; well, we won't risk it," rather sneered Jack. "Love for *you* might make your family tolerant of *her*. 'Twould be a notable exception if it *did*, but English society would turn their backs on a simple American girl, without dower or pedigree—and she too raised among Indians. No! no! Talbot, don't mention the matter again! 'Tis offensive. What you call your *love* is but a passing whim, born of the occasion and the singular circumstances which have thrown you two together."

"Jack, you're hard on me," answered Talbot, with much feeling, greatly hurt rather than angry. "Be more just. *You* love Miss de Bonneville, and intend very shortly to marry her. (Here Jack winced.) Is it strange that I should wish to do the same with Lucy? You wouldn't compliment your *own* judgment and Miss de Bonneville's merits at the expense of *my* taste and the charms of your own sister, would you?"

"Well, Talbot, that's well put—rather a neat turn on me—what the Philadelphia lawyers used to call when I was there, the *argumentum ad hominem*," laughed out Jack, now completely disarmed. "I'll tell you how we'll leave the matter. *You* think you love Lucy. *I* am sure it is a passing whim, which will vanish when you come among the stately English beauties of your own rank and station, if it do not even before. Now, I'll question Lucy at once: if I find she sincerely returns your affection you may, if

you please, accompany us as far as Philadelphia, where I intend putting her in good hands for at least two years to be educated and accomplished. You pledge me your word that, until you leave the country, you will act towards her only as a friend, and not as the ardent and devoted lover. At the end of two years, if your love stands the test of time, and your family give their *full* consent to the marriage, Lucy is free to take or reject you, as she may then feel inclined. What say you?"

"That your terms are hard—very hard, but I acknowledge your right to impose conditions. Say *one* year, and I accept them."

"Not a month less. I am proud to know Lucy is a pure, sweet, good girl, singularly uncontaminated by her life and associations; but you know how and among whom she has passed her days, and it will require *full* that time," said Jack, with a peculiar incredulous smile showing itself for a moment on his lips, "to fit her for the exalted position she's to occupy. What do you decide?"

"That I must accept, but will keep her company until my departure. Should my family refuse their consent, by jove! I'll return and live in America, and cut my own way. I swear—"

"'Swear not at all,' one good book says, and another, 'lovers' vows are false as dicers' oaths,'" laughingly replied Jack, as he sauntered off to a little sugar grove where his men were encamped.

That same evening Jack had a long and confidential conversation with Marie, in which—among *other* matters—they fully discussed the affair between Talbot and Lucy. Marie finally disappeared in the cabin,

and sent the unthinking girl out to her brother. She seemed—scarce knowing why—somewhat shy and flustered before a peculiar grave look in his face, but tripped lightly up to his side, took his hand between both of hers, and said:

“Edward, I’m *so* glad you be Lucy’s brother. I never leave you—not any more. I learn to talk English very fast—seems as if I knew it all before, and”—here a slight hesitation—“and, Mr. Talbot take much trouble to teach me.”

“He does, does he, Lucy? Well,” looking steadily into her face and dark eyes, “and what do you think of him?”

“Him? oh, he talk so fast, and some words I ’fraid very bad.”

“Pshaw! little simpleton, what do you think of him—as a *man*, I mean?”

“A man? Why he very nice, pretty little man—not so broad and strong like you, Edward, and his hair too stiff, and not long and curly like my own brother’s; but he have soft eyes, just like a fawn’s, and very, *very* sweet smile.”

Nonsense, thought Jack. What use in questioning her artlessness. She’s innocent as a child, as indeed, a child she is.

“Lucy, you’ve seen a good deal of Talbot lately. Before he and you knew I was your brother did he ever say anything to you improper?”

Lucy looked at him with wondering, questioning eyes. “I don’t know that word, Edward. What does it say?”

“I mean did he ever say anything to make your

cheeks blush—anything he ought not to have said to a young innocent maiden?”

“Oh, yes, Edward;” showing him then how charmingly her cheeks *could* blush. “He told me I was the prettiest and sauciest little witch he ever saw, and that I had a very funny little nose, and a dear, weeny-teeny foot, and that some fine day he would like to make me his little Indian wife.”

“What more, Lucy?”

“More? not much till that day on the island when I told him you was my dear brother, then he said if I loved him he *would* make me his little wife. He would, ‘by Jove,’ dey were his very words. Who can Jove be, Edward? some dear friend? I ‘spect.”

“And then what did *you* say?” laughed Jack in spite of himself, his regard for Talbot’s prudence and sincerity evidently increasing.

“Let’s see; I most forget, Edward—so long ago—but I’m *sure* I told him I loved him, and, I tink, Jove, too.”

“You did, you queer little riddle. And when was all this?—before—”

“Yes, before you told Marie—on that log, you know, you were so long time busy watching squirrels—that you loved *her*, and she told you if so you did, why then she loved you.”

“Nonsense! Lucy. I don’t believe you’re near as artless as you look, and why didn’t you tell me all this before?”

“Why, Edward, *you* never told Lucy that you loved Marie. I had to find it with my own two eyes. First thing I see—down on that same tree, you know

—you take her face, and draw it towards you, and then—”

“Oh, silence, you little blather, I’m in too awkward a fix myself to make much out of you. But now let me ask you *seriously*; do you think you really care enough for Talbot to be willing to be his wife? Have you ever thought of that?”

“Y-e-e-s, Edward, I tink I have, but”—her eyes appearing brim full of mischief—“he just little, *little* bit too short. Why he no taller than me; no higher than the fringe on your hunting-shirt.”

“Oh, run away into the cabin, Lucy, I can’t make any thing out of you, but first let me warn you to be very stiff and proud—so—before Talbot, while we are going to the big city.”

“I will, Edward,” very demurely. “I be *very* proud. When he say he go away over the big water, I look so”—putting on a pensive and pouty expression, “and when he take my hand and kiss and hurt it—just as I saw you kiss and hurt poor Marie’s to-day—I look so,” and the little mischief drew herself up haughtily, frowned severely, and looked as stern as possible, until Jack had to burst into a hearty laugh, as he turned away.

Wau-ki-na tripped back towards the cabin with a conscious look of triumph on her face, as much as to say, “Didn’t I get through that well?” and just as she was entering the door, she turned and gave her brother this parting shot, “Oh, I behave myself very much—you don’t know. I not so wise as Marie, but then I’m *so* young and little Indian maid, but I watch you two all the time. Then I learn so fast, and do just right.”

Early next morning they were on their march to John Harris' Ferry (now Harrisburg), which they reached without incident of note. Here they found all in a state of excitement. The news of Braddock's disaster had but just reached them, and the Paxton Rangers were out with their Colonel, the Rev. Mr. Elder—the "fighting parson," as he was called; for many years pastor of the Scotch-Irish churches at Paxton and Derry—dressed in his cocked hat, and with rifle on shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A MARRIAGE IN THE WOODS.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication.—*Bryant.*

THE welcome accorded by the Paxton Rangers to Capt. Jack's scouts, and especially to the ladies in their company, was most warm and cordial. As yet they had only heard a flying rumor of Braddock's disgraceful defeat—but Jack, who had been actually in the thickest of the fight, and who had afterwards witnessed on Smoky Island the inhuman tortures of the prisoners, was enabled to give full details.

Those brave but rude and unlettered frontiersmen hung on his every word, and when the full extent of the disaster was known, there was an anxious discussion of its probable results. All agreed that the whole border—unprotected as it was—would necessarily be exposed to the fell sweep of French-Indian incursions.

The brave and greatly beloved Rev. Col. Elder—with his small cocked hat and his long rifle swung on shoulder—counselled a general banding along the Susquehanna for mutual protection, and made vouch

for the fighting qualities of the Scotch-Irish boys of Paxton, Derry, Hanover and Donegal.

Capt. Lazarus Stewart, a daring partizan of unusual influence in those days—he who a few years afterwards led the cruel attack on the Conestoga Indians, and subsequently the slaughter of the survivors placed in the Lancaster jail for protection—backed up his pastor, and advised the erection of block houses and a general muster of the fighting men of the frontier.

And there, too, was John Harris, the son of the brave Esther Say, the subsequent founder of Harrisburg, and at that time proprietor of "John Harris' Ferry," a point of such importance in those years, and so widely known abroad, that letters in Ireland, Scotland, and Germany, were directed "care of John Harris, Harris' Ferry, North America." He was then about thirty years old and one of the most active and indomitable spirits and the most extensive Indian trader on the whole frontier. His hospitable mansion, which was surrounded with stockades and had therewith connected a long row of sheds for the storing of skins and furs, was generously thrown open with all its good cheer and bounty to both companies.

And there, too, were Geo. Fisher, the founder of Middletown, and Marcus Hulings, who dwelt on Duncan's Island, and Matthew Smith and James Gibson, and other notable worthies of that daring, restless, "wild-turkey breed" of men, who, almost beyond the reach of the laws of the province, were a law unto themselves.

The next day was to witness a ceremony of great interest to our readers. Jack had scarcely come in

contact with his old friend, the Rev. Col. Elder, before he made him a confidant of the whole history of his acquaintance with Marie de Bonneville; his reunion with her after so many years of absence; his escape and betrothal and his intended journey to Philadelphia.

On account of the unsettled state of affairs, Marie's unprotected situation, the long journey before them, the presence of an old friend to officiate, and other cogent, conducing circumstances, it was the parson's prompt counsel that the marriage between them should be celebrated at once. This was Jack's own opinion; and, after a long and persuasive conversation with the object of his regard, he at length won her blushing consent that, under the circumstances, it was the most fitting thing to do.

And so it was resolved, and the news soon spread among the members of both companies. As Jack's party were to start on horseback early on the morrow for Philadelphia, that very night was agreed upon for the solemn rite, and a dense grove of large sugar-maples which skirted the Susquehanna near "the ferry," selected as the most appropriate place.

As evening drew near, all was made ready for the ceremony. The Rangers composing the two companies took a wonderful interest in the occasion. They had gathered in groups during the afternoon and discussed the great change about to happen to the dashing, reckless, and withal mysterious "Wild Hunter of the Juniata." They told each other all they could gather of his history; his early love and disappointment; the murder of his family; the captivity of his beautiful sister, and his strange reunion with both

sister and his first and only love. Each had trigg'd himself up somewhat in honor of the occasion, while a number of curious invited visitors, male and female, from Derry, Hanover and Donegal, hastened to lend their presence at the ceremony. Wau-ki-na was in a wonderful state of excitement all day. Now she was all smiles and laughter and merriment; and now all tears and sobs; would now coyly accept the honeyed words and blandishments of Talbot, and anon—with all a betrothed woman's caprice—would pout and tease and scold him. Her preparation of the bride's dress was a very easy thing. Those were old-fashioned times, when but little attention was paid outside of the largest cities to exterior personal adornment. Marie sensibly preferred standing up in her half-Indian dress, which, however, with its ornamented moccasins, buskins and bright-hued skirt, was unusually picturesque and becoming.

Indeed she had no other. All that she possessed of the dresses and decorations at that time fashionable in the city, had been left in Frazier's cabin hard by the late bloody battle-field. She needed little, indeed, to make her attractive. Wau-ki-na had taken great pains to arrange and decorate with a few flowers her friend's luxuriant hair, and when, all being ready—supported on the one side by the proud and happy Captain of the scouts, and on the other by his gentle and modest sister clad in her Indian costume—she passed with grave face but firm tread under the shadow of the trees, there was a universal feeling of admiration among the rough but gallant hunters assembled there. They talked in low tones to each other of her grace, her beauty and her dignity.

All was now prepared. Two great fires had been kindled on a gentle acclivity right on the margin of the broad river, and as their bright flames leaped into the air, illumining the deep shades of the solemn old maple grove, casting broad reaches of light athwart the Susquehanna, and bringing out into bold relief the two companies of Rangers, every man of them leaning on his trusty rifle, the whole scene was impressive and picturesque in the extreme.

When Jack and Marie, flanked by Talbot and Wau-ki-na, had taken position between the two fires, which were about fifty yards apart, the Rev. Col. Elder appeared before them, and, with the simple yet solemn service of the Presbyterian faith, made the "twain one flesh." The whole ceremony closed with a fervent and impressive prayer, the sturdy Presbyterian Rangers bowing their heads in devout attention, and then, clustering about the beaming and happy couple, they made the forest ring with three hearty cheers for the bravest and most reckless scout of the border.

A plentiful feast of game and fish was the next thing in order, followed by a dance on the green sward, and then by games, rifle shooting, and what not; and when Jack and his blushing bride rose from the green to go towards John Harris' hospitable cabin, they were escorted by the parson and a company of Rangers on either side, and afterwards serenaded with some of the wild, ringing songs then in fashion along the border.

Of all the jocund, buoyant spirits present on this auspicious occasion, sure the happiest and merriest was Talbot. He seemed to live for the present, and

was during the whole evening just in his element. No foot tripped so lightly in the dance; no voice was so joyous and jubilant, and no laugh was so ringing and infectious as just this happy little lord's. The rough, stalwart border-rangers had taken a wonderful fancy to the dapper little Indian chief, and it must be confessed that not only did his Shawnee decorations become him, but also that he *knew* that they did, and he would not now have exchanged them for the finest silk and velvet.

Wau-ki-na, upon whom he was ever a close attendant, stood or sat shyly and contentedly at his side, evidently greatly pleased at his exuberant flow of spirits; "his quips, and cranks and wanton wiles," and at the many attentions paid him by the Rangers. Talbot had managed during the evening to find frequent occasion for little side talks and bursts of tenderness, and when the two were about to part at the cabin, he quietly drew her aside and whispered:

"And now, Wau-ki-na, I *do* hope you will think seriously of your brother's marriage, and prevail on him to follow it up by a second one when we come to Philadelphia."

"Oh, no! no!" mischievously broke in Wau-ki-na, wilfully bent on misunderstanding him. "That would be bad. He no marry two times. Marie make him a very good wife. He want no other. Edward no Indian chief to want one, two, three squaw, that—"

"Oh, pshaw! Wau-ki-na, that won't do! You know well that I mean *our* marriage. You've promised me to become my own little wife, and—"

"But Edward say," demurely responded the little

maiden, "you make fun of poor Wau-ki-na, and that you go away and forget her; and that your father great white chief, and too high to have American daughter. I 'fraid so, too, and—"

"All stuff—confounded twaddle and nonsense, Wau-ki-na! If *he* thinks so, *you* mustn't. I vow to you—but what's the use of saying more than a thousand times, how deeply and truly I love you."

"Yes, yes," eagerly exclaimed the innocent girl. "Say it yet more. Wau-ki-na never tired. It make music in her ear."

"Well, I *do* say it again; and if your brother *will* be so unjust to me, why not let me show my honesty by an instant marriage?"

"No! no! that cannot be! I too proud"—drawing herself up and throwing back her head—"and my brother too proud. He tell me all, and I must go to school and learn English, and dress like city girl, and you wait only one, two year, and *then*, if you love Wau-ki-na, she—she—"

"Well, what? you little witch!"

"Witch! witch? Edward say that a bad word. You mustn't—"

"Well, maybe *this* is bad, too"—suddenly seizing her earnest-looking face between his hands, and imprinting a burning kiss upon her pouting lips. "If it *is*, I'm devilish wicked, and what's more, as unrepentant as the Old Boy."

"There! take dat for dat!" answered the imperious beauty, smiting him lightly on the cheek with her hand, and running towards the cabin. "Edward say—"

"Oh, bother Edward! while he *says*, I *do*! Good-night! I'll see you bright and early to-morrow!" and the young roysterer turned to join the Rangers, who seemed bent on making a night of it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

As You Like It.

EARLY the next morning Talbot, the Half-King, Wau-ki-na, Jack and his wife, were mounted on horses, kindly provided by John Harris, and started on their long journey to Philadelphia. That evening, after a pleasant day's ride, they reached Lancaster, and found the bad news had preceded them, and the little town in great commotion. Knots of excited citizens stood on the corners discussing the late battle, and Jack and Scarooyaddy were eagerly surrounded and forced to tell a score of times the story of the defeat and rout. Had the good burghers known the full extent of the disaster, and that even then Dunbar's army was in marvellously rapid retreat for Will's Creek and Fort Cumberland, excitement would have grown almost to panic.

Off again in the morning, and making rapid progress to the big city. All along the route every one was discussing the great battle, and Jack had often to repeat his story to eager questioners. No incident of note happened, and on the evening of the third day,

our party entered the city and put up at the Royal George Inn.

The news of the arrival of the famous Captain Jack and Half-King was soon noised abroad, and the house was rapidly crowded. By this time the disaster was pretty well known throughout the city. It created intense excitement and dismay, the more so since no adverse tidings had been expected by any one. Governor Morris, on his return that very day from Carlisle, where he had personally examined some of Braddock's fugitive wagoners, had been insulted on the public street for giving out that Braddock and his fine army of British regulars had been defeated. Many of the citizens had even raised subscriptions for general bonfires for the victory which was sure to crown their arms. The direful news, therefore, came upon the Quaker City like "a clap of thunder from a clear sky."

Our party had not been long in their quarters before Dr. Franklin, then postmaster-general, and a philosopher and public man of great influence, hearing of their arrival, and knowing well both Jack and the Half-King, called upon them, and insisted upon taking Jack, his wife, and sister, to his own modest mansion, where all were made most heartily welcome. Jack was very thoroughly questioned by the Doctor, and all he knew about the battle gleaned from him.

Next day the Pennsylvania Assembly met, and both Jack and the Half-King were publicly thanked for the gallant part they had taken in the late struggle, and a choice piece of proprietary land on the Juniata was donated by the Governor and Council to the former.

Meantime a suitable and fashionable dress of the

day was procured for Wau-ki-na, by which—although she could not look more attractive than she had in her modest and becoming Delaware attire—so changed was her appearance, and such an air of grace and dignity given her, that even Talbot, when he saw her, gave forth a long whistle of surprise and admiration. She scarcely seemed the same Indian girl whom he had loved and courted.

By Franklin's aid, also, a very pleasant and retired boarding school for young ladies was found, and Wau-ki-na was comfortably ensconced in her new home and immediately commenced her studies.

Talbot, who had speedily doffed his Shawnee dress, had decked himself out in a complete modish suit of the day—and the gentlemen's fashions of those days were *very* odd and peculiar—including wig, velvet small clothes, silken hose and silver-buckled shoes; and on his first formal visit to Wau-ki-na, afforded as great a surprise to her as she had to him.

As soon as the lady principal of the school had left the room, Wau-ki-na, who had for many minutes been carefully and blushing scrutinizing the young lord from his buckles up to the crown of his curled wig, and with an amusing mixture of curiosity and embarrassment, hastily rose, tripped over the floor, gave out a musical yet provoking little laugh, and said:

"You not the little Shawnee Chief I knew in the woods, and *I* not the Delaware maiden you say—oh, how so many times—you love so hard. I tink,"—extending her dainty wee hand—"we better be introduced again, don't you?"

"That's a happy thought, Wau-ki-na," said Talbot,

taking her hand and offering her a kiss, about which there was a slight quarrel, ending in a sad bungle. "And if I had the time, I'd like to make love to you all over again; but, alas, I haven't, but sail to-morrow from the Delaware direct for England."

"What?"—growing pale of a sudden—"Edward did not—oh, no—you mustn't do—"

"Yes, Wau-ki-na; would like to stay, but I know the Captain; have taken my passage; am watched as if I was a woman-stealer when I come to see you, and besides, your countrymen are getting so deucedly disagreeable and decidedly personal in their remarks about British regulars and British courage and British arrogance; but I'll be back soon to claim you. *Be sure of that!* and now I have a few parting words for you. But come! let's sit on yon sofa;" and taking her unresisting hand, he led her to a seat, and for some time the two chatted and murmured and whispered those tender little nothings which have weight and meaning only to those interested.

The reappearance of the lady of the house, with that well-known look of surprise and disapproval on the face so intimately known in ladies' boarding schools when the fair inmates receive visits from *cousins*, put a *finale* to the interview.

The next day Jack, accompanied by Marie and Wau-ki-na, proceeded to the Delaware to take leave of Talbot. There lay the huge ship which was to carry him home, her bowsprit almost touching the line of low wooden stores which lined the wharf.

Climbing up her steep sides, they were welcomed by Talbot, his hands outstretched and his eyes beaming with pleasure. "Well, Jack, this is *too* kind of

you!—more than I expected; though I must say, I longed for it; and you, too, ladies, I'm glad you cast a thought on a poor devil of a foreigner about to make a lonely and tedious voyage. I only wish you were all going along."

These last words were addressed to the whole party, but his eyes rested affectionately on Wau-ki-na, who stood timid and downcast behind her brother.

"Why, of course, Talbot," warmly answered Jack, "we couldn't think of allowing an old and pleasant companion—one for whom we all have a warm regard—to leave America without bidding him a hearty 'God speed;' but you'll be back again, you know, in the course of time, eh?" a peculiar smile lighting up his swarthy countenance.

"Of course I will," vehemently protested Talbot, adding: "Excuse me, ladies, but would you promenade the deck a minute while I have a word with this incorrigible man," and linking his arm in Jack's, he said earnestly: "Jack, still unfair and suspicious of me. Why do you doubt the depth and sincerity of my love for Lucy? I, doubtless, have appeared light and trifling to you—maybe it's my nature, but I hope I'm a true man and have eyes to discern, sense to appreciate, and heart to love a true woman. Confound it, man, it chafes me!"

"Not a word more, my lord," said Jack, feelingly. "I *must* say that you have behaved truly and honorably towards Lucy, even when you supposed her no other than a simple Indian girl, and I thank you for it and am not the man to forget it. I'm sure you have a strong liking for her, as well as she for you; but, excuse me, I have known so many of these pass-

ing fancies—the creatures of occasion and romantic association—that I don't put much faith in them."

"But, Jack—"

"One word more," quickly replied the scout, "and let's end the subject. I cannot brook any trifling in this affair. Let the matter rest as I arranged it. Should your affection for my sister outlive the prejudices and the attractions of your proud English society, and should you, after two years' absence and with the full consent of your relatives, return to claim Lucy, then let it be between you and her; I'm content. There, now, say no more, but let's join the rest."

After an hour's promenade about the vessel—wonderful novelty to Wau-ki-na—the signal was given to loose ship, and our party went ashore, watching the vessel with interest as she moved out into, and then dropped down the stream, and waving handkerchiefs so long as Talbot could be seen. They then slowly turned away, something very like a tear glistening on Wau-ki-na's jetty lashes.

Jack did not stay long in the city. It was as distasteful to him as to Marie. They were both *en rapport* as regards the location of a home and longed for the wilderness again. The happy couple traversed the streets, making together sundry purchases of clothing, furniture, and utensils necessary to set up the plain and simple housekeeping of those days, and arranged to have them immediately sent out on pack-horses.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JACK'S HOME ON THE JUNIATA.

The stag hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor;
And urged in dreams the forest race
From Teviotstone to Eskdale moor.

Scott.—Lay of the Last Minstrel.

ALL necessities bought, the two again mounted horse, and travelled by easy rides back to Harris' Ferry. Having "ample verge and room enough" wherein to choose to his own fancy, Jack was not long in selecting a site for his farm and humble dwelling.

It was on the margin of the "blue Juniata," not far from where it *debouches* into the Susquehanna, and near what was then called Juneauta, but now Duncan's Island, on the latter river. A rich and grassy bottom was here flanked on the one side by a noble forest of beech, maple, oak and elm, and bordered on the other by a noisy, rapid-running little stream of clear, sparkling water, which tumbled down through a sombre ravine in a series of rapids, ending in a cascade of some ten or twelve feet high. The whole country around, though broken and rugged, was yet exceedingly picturesque. Sherman's Creek was near by, while the Kittatinny Mountains could be distinctly seen to the south, and the Tuscarora Mountains to the northwest.

Here, then, Jack and Marie resolved to build their home. It was a very paradise for a hunter. The woods and mountains were full of deer, bear and panther, and all the streams abounded in fish. While not too far from the confines of civilization, there were but very few adventurous spirits who lived higher up the stream. A number of friendly Indians frequented the country, and had a town on the island at the Juniata's mouth.

Jack, assisted by some of his Rangers, was for some time kept busy building his rude but comfortable log cabin, which he finished and furnished with a care and taste unusual with frontier habitations. He then devoted himself to clearing and embellishing the grounds, and soon there grew up in that lone, wild spot, a neat, cozy, and heartsome home, where Jack and Marie lived contented and happy.

For many months they dwelt in peace, undisturbed by the incursions of hostile Indians, and occasionally visited by the old Half-King, who was always made most heartily welcome and who lingered about the cabin for days at a time, making his frequent hunting excursions, and keeping the table of his old friend and companion abundantly supplied with the finest of game. He would then grow restless and quietly disappear for weeks, absent on some lone scout, or on some accredited mission to the Indians west and north; or sometimes he went in company with the farfamed Indian interpreter and ambassador, Conrade Weiser.

At length troublous times came. Savage slaughters and inhumanities grew fearfully near. Then Jack put himself at the head of his gallant Rangers, and scoured the valleys like a storm, from the Juniata even down

to the Potomac; sorely smiting the savage foe, and beating him back in every direction, until his very name became a talisman of protection to the frontier, and equally so carried dread and dismay to the pitiless marauders.

Twice was Jack compelled—so near and threatening did Indian incursions become—to remove his wife to Lancaster. But then came quieter times. When the hardy frontiersmen had learned the necessity of banding together and acting and fighting in concert, forts were built as rallying points along the exposed border.

Two years had now passed since what was generally known throughout the country as “the great battle.” The Indian troubles still continued, but had been transferred more to the north or south of the locality where Captain Jack had pitched his lot, yet such had already been the effect of the frequent and desolating savage onslaughts, that whereas in the summer of ’55 there were, west of the Susquehanna, full three thousand fighting men, there were *now* left only about one hundred of the more tenacious and reckless of them, who, despite the constant menace and harassment from small roving bands of Indians, and the terrible suspense ever hanging over them like a Damocles’ sword, still clung to their chosen homes.

On a pleasant evening of July ’57, just after an early supper, Jack and Marie sat together on the rustic stoup of “The Hermitage”—as they were sportively but not altogether inappropriately accustomed to call their isolated home. Our old friend Scarrooyaddy had been on a two weeks’ visit to them, and he and Jack had been out since early morning on one of their

grand hunts. Two gaunt, shaggy stag hounds, of great size and power—which had been mysteriously left at Jack's door by a passing Indian trader over a year before, by order from Philadelphia as he said—lay tired and snoring in front of the house.

"Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath and speed."

Jack took to these splendid dogs at once—no such staunch, tireless hunters in the whole country. They would follow with unflagging zeal and attack with wonderful courage any kind of game, and both Jack and his wife credited them to Talbot, but never could find out anything for certain as to the giver.

The old Chief was even now walking gravely around the cabin, his face ever and anon breaking into grim smiles and grins, a merry, laughing child of some fourteen months perched on his back, one chubby little hand about the Indian's neck, and the other holding fast to the pendant scalp-lock. It was Jack and Marie's darling boy, and proud enough they were of him.

Lucy, too, had finished her schooling, and had gladdened their home by her gentle presence for a full month. She was now nearly eighteen and had grown into ripe womanhood, but was so changed in her appearance from the time we knew her last, that she would be scarcely recognisable. With, of course, the same black and luxuriant hair, earnest brilliant eyes, and rich, brunette complexion, her person had grown somewhat taller and more rounded. To the grace and ease of manner which were native to her, there had been added a dignity, a certain womanly charm and a matured beauty, which, even in the great city,

had attracted notice and compelled admiration. Her simplicity, artlessness, and sweet, winning ways had continued with her—nay, had increased with her growth, and she had gathered many friends and admirers and was generally esteemed a beautiful and charming little woman. Both Jack and Marie were very proud of her.

On *this* evening she was neatly and tastefully attired, and half an hour before had taken a ramble alone in the direction of the little waterfall in the glen before alluded to, but with a manner so pensive and distraught, that Marie could scarcely help observing it.

“Do you know, husband,” she remarked with an air of anxiety, “that I’m getting concerned about Lucy. She does not appear herself. I have noted her growing melancholy. She sighs more than is natural for one of her age; likes to wander by herself; seems to be absent-minded, as if something were on her heart. I fear it’s that old affair with Talbot, and that her feeling for him was far deeper than either she or we thought.”

“*I* have watched her, too, Marie,” answered Jack, scoffingly, “and am *sure* it’s that. You have given all the standard symptoms. What did I tell you and her? That Talbot was a trifler, and had but a mere passing whim for Lucy; and that as soon as he was out of sight and among his relatives and old associations, he’d forget her entirely. The scoundrel! never even to have written or sent any message whatever. I knew,” he added bitterly, “his ‘deep love,’ as he called it, wouldn’t last longer than one of his wigs, but I *did* think he would have been *man* enough to write and

tell us so, frankly. I tell you, Marie, he's a fraud, and if I could get at his impudent lordship, I'd teach him a lesson he wouldn't forget in a hurry."

"Did you ever speak to Lucy on the subject?" continued Marie, after a reflective pause.

"Well, no—not formally. You know at first we used to quiz her somewhat about him in our letters, but after the months passed and no word from him, *I* felt hurt and *she* felt hurt, and so his name was dropped entirely, and it's best not to revive it and for us to appear as if we had entirely forgotten him, nor noted anything amiss with her. 'Tis one of those cases where time alone can bring healing."

"But still, Edward, I feel keenly for the dear girl and think I'll take some early occasion to question her. I've already made attempts that way, but Lucy has at times such a haughty way about her and such a peculiar repelling reserve, that I liked not to venture further. But *do* look at the old Chief, husband! He'll surely drop that child!"

Scarooyaddy had just seated the boy on the top of his shaved pate, and the little fellow was testifying his huge delight by loud crows and laughs.

"Oh," laughed Jack, "trust the Chief for that! He's raised a big family of papooses, and I'm delighted that the lonely old man can take such a grandfatherly interest in child of mine. Why, Marie, he just *dotes* on little Eddy and I do believe comes here more to play and romp with *him* than to see *us*; but look, wife, who can those two horsemen be turning up our road? Blamed if they ain't coming here! Uncommonly genteel-looking persons, too. Who *can* they be? The

one in front is surely not Parson Elder—he's too gray for him," and Jack rose up and advanced to the steps.

Sure enough, the horses now approached on a brisk trot and stopped before the door, the two hounds—disturbed from dreams of the chase—starting forward with an angry snarl, which was soon changed to joyful leaps and mad gambols as they jumped towards the saddle of the first horseman.

"Down! Chester! and you, Hector, down!—down! I say. Is that the rude way you receive strangers? For shame!" sternly shouted Jack; but the dogs would *not* down but continued in a wonderful state of joy and excitement, when the elder of the gentlemen taking off his three-cornered hat, uncovering a very full, curling wig, and bowing very courteously, said:

"Don't blame the dogs, my dear sir. They have good reason to remember me, as they are of the best blood from my own kennel. I believe I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Edward Percy?"

"That's my *real* name, sir," spoke Jack in great surprise; "but not the one I'm known by on this frontier. Will you alight, sir?"

"Thank you, yes. 'Twould have been better, perhaps, for this young man here," waving his hand to his companion, who now advanced to the fore, "to have presented me, rather than for me to introduce myself. He claims both you and your wife as friends."

"Why, Jack! don't you know an old acquaintance? *There's* friendship for you, with a vengeance! You once had a desperate close grip of my throat, and the night after, *I* had a bead drawn on you and was near sending you to the 'happy hunting grounds.' I think we *ought* to know each other."

"Why, eh! What?" said Jack hesitatingly and gazing earnestly at the young man; "it can't be, and yet it *is*, by Jehoshaphat. Here! Marie! Chief! Lucy! here's the little Shawnee chief back again! You've bravely redeemed yourself, young man, and I think *ever* so much of you again."

Marie and the old Chief now hurried up and shook Talbot warmly by the hand. The latter, overjoyed to see his old associates again, leaped from his horse, exclaiming:

"But what a stupid I am. Let me make known to you my own father, Lord Talbot of Westley Manor, Sussex, who has come all the way from England to see your wild country and to make the acquaintance of those to whom both he and his son are so much indebted."

The old baron was hospitably welcomed by all and gracefully bowed his acknowledgments. When he too had alighted, Talbot, meanwhile looking eagerly around, anxiously enquired:

"But, Jack! I don't see Wau-ki-na. We heard in the city she was with you. She's well, I hope, and here, is she not?"

"Lucy's here and well. One word with you aside, my lord."

The two moved to the further end of the porch, Marie, meanwhile, bestowing every attention on the old Englishman, when thus Jack very gravely:

"Talbot, I believe it's my duty to tell you—"

"Now, *what!* Jack?" hastily interrupted Talbot, his countenance growing suddenly pale, and with his questioning eyes fixed on the scout's face. "You don't mean to tell me that Wau-ki-na has forgotten

me, or that she, she—loves another! *Don't* say that! Jack, please don't!" pleadingly.

"No, not quite so bad as that, my lord," answered the Ranger, smilingly; "although you well deserve that fate after so long silence and neglect. But now that you *are* back, I ought to know upon what footing you renew your acquaintance with Lucy."

"Why, as her betrothed lover, of course! What do you take me for, Captain? I come to wed her, if she still loves me as I do her."

"And your father?" continued Jack.

"Oh, the governor's all right; has given his free consent—so have they all at home. Gad, they *had* to—I'd have 'cut' the whole connection, else. By jove, I'd have—I'd have—disinherited and expatriated them. They're all anxious now to see and welcome your sister. Now tell me, Jack, that's a good boy, where is Wau-ki-na and does she love me yet?"

"You'll have to ask *her* that, Talbot," laughed Jack. "You'll find her sitting, I think, at the foot of yonder waterfall whose noise you hear in the distance."

"Where? where? By George, you don't say so!" and without staying to hear more, off the impatient lover shot like an arrow.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TALBOT MEETS WAU-KI-NA AGAIN.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvania home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face.
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path at morn I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

Campbell.—Gertrude of Wyoming.

HE soon came in sight of the little cascade, and then his quick lover's eye discovered Wau-ki-na, sitting pensively on a tree trunk at its foot. The book she had in hand had fallen to her lap, and the lovely girl was dreamily watching the bright waters as they leaped into the rocky basin at her feet. Their noise had entirely prevented her hearing approaching footsteps.

Talbot paused at a little distance to regard her, and study how he should make himself known. Indeed, so altered and so greatly improved was her appearance, that his heart leaped into his throat, and to stop its tumultuous throbbing, he leaned for a moment against a smooth beech.

He was fairly enraptured with the beautiful girl, who, it must be confessed, was, with her distracted

air and graceful *négligé* attitude, looking her very best.

At last he managed to approach and murmur, "Wau-ki-na! Here I am, according to troth."

The frightened girl sprang to her feet with a sharp, quick cry, and gazed at him with a startled, bewildered look; her face grew rosy red, and then pale; her eyes closed, a shudder came over her frame, and she would have sunk to the ground, had not Talbot sprang towards her and caught her in his arms, covering her face with kisses, and at the same time exclaiming:

"Why, Wau-ki-na, my own, 'tis I!—Talbot, your betrothed lover, who has come back to claim you."

Wau-ki-na speedily recovered, and with blushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, quickly disengaged herself from her lover's arms, and drawing herself up haughtily, but with downcast eyes, she said:

"Excuse me, Lord Talbot, but I am constrained to say, that it was taking an unfair advantage of a weak woman to come upon her in that abrupt way. One would think that before presuming on the familiarity of an old acquaintance, you would have, at least, first attempted to explain your long silence."

It was Talbot's turn now to be astonished. His eyes widened and the puzzled look and attitude of wonder which he assumed were almost ludicrous. At last he gave a long whistle, and then said in a bewildered sort of way:

"Bless me, Wau-ki-na! why you talk English as well as—yes, a plaguy sight better than *I* do. Why! why! I'm fairly stunned at your looks and language! And proud—I declare, you're as haughty as a coun-

tess, and a vast deal prettier than any countess *I* ever saw. Why, you're no more Pipe's Indian daughter than I'm Nymwha's Indian son. I see it! Hang me if I won't have to court you all over again—that's plain!"

This odd speech, taken with the young lord's ludicrous and puzzled attitude, and his allusion to the old Indian names, completely broke down Wau-ki-na's haughty reserve; her whole face changed on the instant; her bright eyes sparkled and twinkled with the old merriment, and she gave out a ringing peel of rich laughter. She positively could not help it. At last she said:

"Well, sir, no matter how much *I* am changed, I see *you* are the same odd character I always knew you. Where in the world did you come from? and what are you doing here?"

It was amusing to watch Talbot's shy, puzzled glances. He could not get over his surprise, pleasing as it was. He left her a mere girl; he now found her a woman, with many added charms. She used to speak in simple, broken English; she *now* talked as correctly and as glibly as he did himself, with just every now and then a peculiar accent and pronunciation, which only made her words more attractive. Besides, he saw that her quick woman's wit was giving her the advantage, as witnessed by her last questions, and for another time in their acquaintance he stood abashed before her. He was by no means so sure of his ground as before.

"Why, Wau-ki-na, what an absurd and ridiculous question! If *you* have forgotten, *I* have not! I

repeat, I come to claim *you*! I've seen your brother, and my father now awaits you at the cabin."

"Your father!" faltered out Wau-ki-na, all the maiden shyness and timidity returning, as her imagination quickly conjured up a stern, haughty English nobleman, looking at her with cold, critical eyes. "Good heavens! what shall we do? Come! sit down by me, and explain all this mystery! Why have you never written? 'Twas cruel and unfeeling of you to treat me so!"

"Why, bless you, Wau-ki-na, I've been nearly 'round the world since I saw you! I *did* write, too, twice; first, as soon as the ship reached London, and again when I sent the hounds over; and—"

"Ah, it was *you*, then, to whom we are indebted for those magnificent dogs? I always thought as much!" and her confidence in her lover was evidently fast coming back.

"Yes, I'd scarcely reached home before I wanted to let Jack know I was grateful to him, and to all of you. The dogs, and a letter of instructions to a countryman in Philadelphia how to forward them, came all right, I find; but the letter I wrote you, and then the one to your brother, it seems never reached either. When I got home, there was a terrible bother and hubbub, I assure you. They had somehow heard that I had left the army and was taken captive, and had given me up for lost. But when, afterwards, I related my adventures, and told them all about my acquaintance with you, then my love for you and betrothal, it created a vastly bigger commotion than my return. But I was firm, obstinate, and—"

"Stay!" interrupted Wau-ki-na, with flushed face

and haughty mien; "if your parents think me not good enough or high enough born to mate with you, I release you right here, and on the very instant, of all imprudent engagements!"

"*Will* you?" quickly put in Talbot; "but I'll not release *you*, Miss Wau-ki-na Pipe! As the poet Milton, or Dryden, or some other antique jingler says, 'you're mine till death doth us part!' It is Wau-ki-na against the world! and so I told them. Why, what do you think, Kina? they had actually arranged to match me with a prim, cold-blooded, oldest daughter of a seedy Scotch nobleman—a certain Lady Ruthven—a woman whom I always detested, who looked as if she had a glass eye, and who said *aye*, *aye* for *yes*, and *na*, *na* for *no*, and *kye* for *cow*, and so on. Do you think I'd marry a woman whose thin lips were as cold and colorless as an oyster's, and not red and pouty like yours, and who even couldn't talk good English?"

"*I* didn't talk *very* good English myself, sir, as *you* knew me all along!" rippled out Wau-ki-na, who certainly just then, with her melting eye, lip as red and ripe as a cherry, and plump, well-rounded form, must have presented a strong contrast to her high-born rival.

"Ah, true! I forgot that!" said Talbot, greatly embarrassed, not so much at his own blundering as at his being caught in it; "but—but—" brightening up as a happy thought took him, "you speak *very* good English *now*! Why, Kina, by jove! you talk like a book! and then you are an angel compared with that vinegary and angular Scotch lassie!"

"Oh, *that* makes your logic good," laughed the merry girl. "Go on, young Mr. Nymwha!"

"Nymwha's good, my rose bud! Wonder what's become of the absurd, bombastical old gusher? Well, we talked you over and over at our house, until your name was as familiar to the whole large household as it used to be in Shannopinstown. But I was in dead earnest—I always told you I was—and finally Lady Grace and my father came to the same sensible conclusion that Jack did—to let time heal the 'American *delusion*,' as they called it—think of it, Kina, 'delusion'—and so it was agreed that after spending a long time in foreign travel, and I not to correspond with you, time would test both our affections; and so it did, and I came back just as infatuated as ever, and so—and so—to make a long story short, my father concluded to come over with me and save me from a rapid decline. You see, my girl, that I'm but the shadow of my former self—merely 'an eagle's talon in the waist'—but come! here's for another kiss of those tempting lips, and then let's go and meet my governor."

"Oh, indeed, sir, I cannot! What if he didn't like me?"

"Now, just as if that were possible!"—looking saucily into her bright eyes.

"But he's proud, and stern, and severe."

"Am I so?—that is, when I haven't on my Shawnee rig and paint? Why, he's the best and kindest father ever was and thinks that I—scapegrace as I am—am just a model of a son. Na, na! nane o' your auld, dour, Lang Syne Scotch lassies for *me*!" And so they lingered by the water side and chatted on for a while

longer recalling the past, enjoying the present, and forecasting the future.

We would not, if we could, put down on cold paper the many little nothings that passed on either side. They were, doubtless, very sweet and pleasant, but our readers will have to imagine them. Experienced ones will have no difficulty in doing so.

One thing was plain: as they at last—hand-in-hand, like two happy children—slowly sauntered towards the cabin, the *entente cordiale* was fully re-established between them. When Wau-ki-na at first caught sight of the strange elderly gentleman on the porch, she faltered, grew pale, and fairly trembled; but Talbot reassured her, and was so conspicuously proud and happy, that she made her approach with grace and dignity. When the steps were reached, Talbot took her hand and presented her to his father, saying:

“Here, Father, is the young Indian girl you have heard so much about. I’m glad to find her, after so long a separation, as true to me as I am to her, and I beg at once to assure you, and all here, that having seen her and talked with her again, I esteem and love her more than ever.”

This frank, open speech of Talbot, as if anxious to show his trust and pride and affection in the lady of his choice, put the whole company at once at their ease. The old baron—evidently agreeably surprised and delighted at Wau-ki-na’s lady-like appearance and manners—came forward, took the hand of the blushing girl in the warmest and most gracious manner, bowed down and saluted her affectionately on the cheek, and said some pleasant, fatherly words.

A merry, happy time they had that evening; Tal-

bot, Jr., taking a most lively interest in the "little Captain Jack," as he called the heir of the cabin. He thought it the strangest, funniest thing in the world for such a silent, mysterious, old leather-stockings as Jack to have a real walking, talking baby in his home. By this interest, the young Englishman rose rapidly in Marie's esteem. She said that very night to her husband, after all had retired, that Talbot was an odd stick, but, on the whole, a very sensible fellow, who took no airs on himself, and she was sure he would make Lucy a most excellent and affectionate husband.

For two weeks, the Englishmen, father and son, were Jack's guests. They were immediately made completely at home, and showed such an earnest desire to know the country, its customs, people, native sports, etc., that all who came in contact with them were delighted. For days together they would—Jack, the old Chief, and the two tireless hounds in the van—roam over the wild mountains, sequestered valleys and noble forests of the Juniata, hunting the elk, deer and bear. Then they would have night hunting and fishing, and again would mingle in the rude backwoods sports of the Paxton Rangers, and once even rode with them as far as Shamokin (now Sunbury) to repel a threatened foray of Indians.

But pleasant times must all have an end, and the Talbots, delighted as they were with this novel frontier life and their exciting hunting adventures, were obliged to hurry back to England, and so the marriage between Wau-ki-na and Talbot took place immediately in a very quiet way at Paxton, and in the humble log cabin of the Rev. Colonel Elder, who officiated.

We would like above all things to describe this marriage, and to narrate the appearance and behavior of the little couple, and record some of the lovers' quarrels and odd conversations which occurred between them, but we must reluctantly draw our tale to a close. The young Englishman seemed to become more hopelessly in love every day. He was actually nearly daft, and the exuberance of his spirits threw him into all kinds of strange pranks, merry tricks and funny conceits. He was a perpetual astonishment to the whole circle, and when, after the ceremony was performed and the grave parson Elder offered to kiss the blushing bride, Talbot offered his own merry face instead and gave him a hearty buss and embrace, finishing up by some wonderful dancing and magnificent gifts to all, he was voted a general favorite and a regular magazine of oddity and merriment.

Marie clung to Lucy for hours before parting time came. It seemed as if she could not possibly let her go and to such a great distance, too, with thousands of miles of water between them; but the horses dashed up to the minister's door with a sort of lumbering, travelling chariot which had been procured from Lancaster, and amid tears and kisses and hearty good-byes, Lucy was off on her road to Philadelphia.

The bridal party did not rest long in the city, but took passage in a sailing ship, and in due course of time arrived in England, and proceeded as fast as post horses could convey them to Westley Manor, in Sussex, the beautiful country seat of the Talbots.

Here they found the whole family most anxiously awaiting their coming. The young Lady Talbot was received by all with due respect and attention. It was

only, however, after some little acquaintance with Lucy; with her beauty, modesty, amiability and winning ways, that Lady Grace and her other relatives could not avoid giving her their *hearts*. Lucy Percy was naturally such a graceful and sensible little body, that she soon filled with great ease and credit the station among the surrounding gentry to which she had been called, and young Talbot forced all to confess that, in going over to the far wilds of America for his beautiful and charming wife, he had done just the most sensible thing of his life.

Jack and his wife lived very many happy years in their pleasant home on the Juniata. The "olive plants" increased about their bountiful table, and "Captain Jack, the scout" found the greatest delight of his life in teaching his troop of bold-spirited boys the wood-craft and sports which had occupied so many of his own younger years. From their mother, they learned to love the woods for the sake of the flowers, the ferns, the mosses, and other wondrous creations which taught them to "look from nature up to nature's God;" from her, also, how to draw, paint, and preserve the birds and animals they killed; while from the aged Half-King, whose visits were longer and more frequent as advancing years required more rest, they learned to trap, to fish, to take long rambles, and to endure patiently all the trials of life.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FORTUNES OF OLD FORT DUQUESNE.

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave:
That mid the forests where they roam'd,
There rings no hunter shout,
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

WE could not fittingly conclude without some brief mention of the subsequent fortunes of the old French fort which gives our tale its name.

Of course the disastrous battle of Braddock's Field settled for the time the dominion of all the vast territory between the Allegheny and the Mississippi—but more, it left naked and defenceless the whole western half of the provinces of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

We have already stated that the ignominious and totally unnecessary retreat of Colonel Dunbar's reserve army, was far more deplorable and immediately calamitous in its effects, than the defeat of Braddock's army itself. Had "Dunbar the Tardy," in compliance with the earnest petitions of the whole border and the Pennsylvania Assembly, possessed the courage to make a firm stand even at Fort Cumberland, he would have afforded a nucleus and rallying-point for both Pennsylvania and Virginia provinces; but when, deaf to all

urgent entreaty, and in direct opposition to the dictates of the commonest prudence and manliness, he destroyed his stores and ammunition and marched his demoralized and panic-stricken mob back to Philadelphia, all was given up as lost.

The whole back country was thereby left naked and unprotected, and its inhabitants, finding themselves deserted, with no money or leaders or organization, became also panic-stricken, and left houses and stock and growing crops, and moved back to and even beyond the Susquehanna.

Our provincial Quaker Assembly, instead of taking prompt, decisive and energetic action at this eventful crisis, sat supine and lethargic under the petitions and the tidings of flight and burnings and slaughters which poured into Philadelphia from every direction. A miserable quarrel had sprung up between the Assembly and the Lieutenant-Governor Morris and Penn's Council, about the raising of money and troops, and it was only after a long season of most untimely inaction, and after a vast amount of ruin and slaughters and savage barbarities had been committed, that any efficient measures were taken to drive back the marauding bands of Delaware and Shawnee Indians, who had made the whole border a howling and desolate waste.

But to return to the fort itself. Its dead commandant Beaujeu was immediately succeeded by Dumas—the officer whom readers will remember as having led the French-Indian attack at Braddock's Field after the early fall of the gallant Beaujeu. Some time in '57 M. de Lignery relieved Dumas in his command,

and reinforcements to the amount of four hundred men were furnished from Canada.

It was some time before the remaining French and their Delaware and Shawnee allies discovered the woful state of panic and demoralization which followed the great battle; but when small, adventurous parties of scouts and robbers brought back news how their mere presence even put whole communities to flight, and how houses, crops, cattle, and the entire settlements were deserted, both French and Indians entered upon their horrid work with alacrity and with a keen relish for blood and slaughter.

Many of the friendly Indians living along both sides of the Allegheny Mountains, became at first discouraged, then defiant, and then hostile, joining with the western bands to burn, murder and destroy, until the whole country from New York down deep into Virginia became one vast theatre for the most wanton destruction and inhuman barbarities.

Our old friend Scarooyaddy made many ineffectual attempts to arouse our provincial Assembly to a sense of the imminent danger. He pleaded, reasoned, scolded and denounced in turn, but all in vain. He then visited the friendly Indians west to secure their alliance and aid in beating back the bands which, under Shingiss, Guyasutha, Killbuck, Blackhoof and other Indian chieftains of prowess and renown, were devastating the border. This failed. He then visited the Six Nations in New York to secure *their* assistance. Even these powerful tribes—*secretly*, if not openly in league with the western hostile bands—were found sullen and indifferent, and gave nothing but empty promises.

The only redeeming feature in that whole period

was the successful expedition which Colonel John Armstrong made September '56, against Kittanning, at that time occupied by Delaware Indians, headed by the brave but cruel Captain Jacobs, and the point and direction from which most of the forays against the Susquehanna border were made. The village was attacked in the night, a number of houses burned and Indians killed, including Jacobs and some of his wives, and a great many white captives set free.

In fine, these were sad and humiliating days for England, both at home and abroad. Everything British was at the very lowest ebb. There was nothing but defeat, disgrace, and despair; and so, indeed, it continued until the great man after whom Pittsburgh was named seized the helm of State. His nerve and decision and ability soon put a new complexion on matters.

Among his very first resolves was to make a second attempt to take Fort Duquesne, and to recover to the English crown the vast domain given up to the French at Braddock's Field; and to this end he ordered the immediate collection, in Eastern Pennsylvania, of a large force, under a brave and skilful general.

The army of the Scotch General John Forbes—the "iron-headed," as he was called—was nearly six thousand strong, composed of about thirteen hundred Highlanders, and the rest chiefly Virginia and Pennsylvania troops. At Raystown (now Bedford) he halted, and sent forward Colonel Bouquet with two thousand men, to occupy the Loyal Hanna.

The detachment by Bouquet of eight hundred men under Major Grant; the advance, and empty bravado of that officer under the very walls of Fort Duquesne;

the subsequent sally of the French and Indians from the fort, by which Grant's army was flanked on both sides of the hill which now bears his name and situate right in the centre of Pittsburgh, and his force only saved from utter annihilation by a stand made by the Provincial troops, are all well-known matters of history and we need not dwell on them. It is sad, however, to be compelled to relate that de Lignery was cowardly enough to deliver five of the prisoners taken at that rout to be burned at the stake, and that the remainder were tomahawked in cold blood on the *parade ground of the fort*.

The triumph at Grant's Hill almost brought the French to ruin, for, as after the battle of Braddock's Field, so now, the lake Indians, believing the English army completely defeated, deserted for their distant homes. A most timely visit, just at this time, of the Moravian Missionary, C. Frederick Post, to the Delaware and Shawnee chiefs between Duquesne and Beaver, completed the demoralization of the French. These two tribes were found very sick of the war and most anxious to return to their allegiance, so that when Forbes' army—after innumerable difficulties and disheartening delays—drew near, de Lignery, after firing the buildings, destroying the stores, and all possible of the works, ended by blowing up the magazine, and embarking in boats, some down the Ohio and others up the Allegheny. On the 24th of November, 1758, Forbes' army had encamped at Turtle Creek, his provisions, forage, etc., so nearly exhausted, that even from that advanced point, a retreat was seriously advised by a council of war.

The sick and emaciated but stout-hearted old

General—who was carried on a litter all the way from and back to Philadelphia, where he shortly after died—would not hear of it, but swore he would sleep in the fort the next night. That very evening a great smoke, in the direction of the fort, was reported, and at midnight the whole camp was startled by the dull, heavy sound of some great explosion.

It was the magazine of the old fort; and encouraged by these signs, the army pressed on, the Provincials, in their fringed hunting-shirts, leading the way; next came the Royal Americans, their drums beating a lively march, followed by the old iron-headed General, his wasted form reclining in a litter; and last of all came the Highlanders, in a long and picturesque line, in their kilts and plaids—the “petticoat warriors,” as the Indians called them.

As they all approached the fort, they passed along a race-path, on either side of which a horrid sight presented itself. A long row of naked stakes were planted, on each of which was impaled the head of a Highlander, killed at Grant's defeat, while beneath was suspended his kilt and accoutrements. Disgusted and provoked at the scene, it is said the Americans quickened pace and hastened on; but not so the Highlanders. One who was present thus relates the exciting scene that followed:

“The first intimation given by the Scots of their discovery of the insulted remains of their butchered brothers was a subdued, threatening murmur, like the angry buzzing of a swarm of bees. Rapidly swelling in violence, it increased to a fierce, continuous, low shriek of rage and grief, that none who listened to

would willingly hear again. In this moment, officers as well as men seemed to have abandoned every sentiment but of quick and bloody vengeance, and, inspired by a common fury, cast all discipline to the winds. Their muskets were dashed upon the ground, and, bursting from the ranks, the infuriated Gael, with brandished claymore, rushed madly on with hope to find an enemy on whom to accomplish retribution. Startled at the sound of swiftly tramping feet, the amazed Provincials looked round to see the headlong torrent sweep by, burthening the air with imprecations, and foaming 'like mad boars engaged in battle.' "

Too late. The fort was in flames, and the last boat of the flying Frenchmen was disappearing in the evening mist that hung around Smoky Island. In place of old Fort Duquesne—the scene of so many exploits and the bone of contention for so long a time between two great and powerful nations—there was now but a heap of smoking ruins, the stacks of some thirty chimneys only remaining to mark where the houses stood, and sixteen barrels of gunpowder and ball and a cart-load of scalping knives—discovered in the only magazine which had refused to fire—were the only spoils which remained to be gathered. But a small force was left, the main army marching East soon after. A square stockade for two hundred men, under Colonel Hugh Mercer, was built, which was succeeded the next year by the more imposing and much more costly structure, Fort Pitt.

STRANGE DISCOVERY BY THE YOUNG SIR PETER HALKET
OF THE SKELETONS OF HIS FATHER AND BROTHER.

No sooner had General Forbes possession of the fort, or rather its site, than Major Halket, the son of Sir Peter Halket, and successor to his title and estates, resolved to visit the battle-ground of Braddock's Field with a company of sharpshooters, under command of Captain West, brother of the great painter, Sir Benjamin West. The young Sir Peter had piously accompanied the Highlanders to America mainly to try and discover the remains of his father and brother, whose sad and peculiar death, at Braddock's Field, we have already described.

By interrogating some of the Indians who had fought with the French at that massacre, he found one who said he had seen an officer, answering the Major's description, fall near a remarkable tree, which he thought he could discover, stating, moreover, that the incident was impressed on his memory by observing a young subaltern, who, in running to the officer's assistance, was shot dead on reaching the spot, and who fell across the other's body.

The Major had a mournful conviction on his mind that the two officers were his father and brother, and the expedition, commanded by Captain West, and piloted by the Indians, took up their melancholy march. From Galt's Life of Benjamin West we give this brief account of this remarkable excursion.

"Captain West and his companions proceeded through the woods and along the banks of the river, towards the scene of the battle. The Indians regarded

the expedition as a religious rite, and guided the troops with awe and in profound silence. The soldiers were affected with sentiments not less serious, and as they explored the bewildering labyrinths of those vast forests, their hearts were often melted with inexpressible sorrow, for they frequently found skeletons lying across the trunks of fallen trees—a mournful proof to their imaginations, that the men who sat there had perished of hunger, in vainly attempting to find their way to the plantations. Sometimes their feelings were raised to the utmost pitch of horror by the sight of skulls and bones scattered on the ground—a certain indication that the bodies had been devoured by wild beasts; and in other places they saw the blackness of ashes amidst the relics—the tremendous evidence of atrocious rites.

“At length they reached a turn of the river, not far from the principal scene of destruction, and the Indian who remembered the death of the two officers stopped; the detachment also halted. He then looked round in quest of some object which might recall, distinctly, his recollection of the ground, and suddenly darted into the woods. The soldiers rested their arms without speaking. A shrill cry was soon after heard, and the other guides made signs for the troops to follow them towards the spot from which it came.

“In a short time they reached the Indian warrior, who, by his cry, had announced to his companions that he had found the place where he was posted on the day of battle. As the troops approached, he pointed to the tree under which the officers had fallen. Captain West halted his men around the spot, and with Sir Peter Halket, and other officers, formed a

circle, while the Indians removed the leaves which thickly covered the ground. The skeletons were found, as the Indians expected, lying across each other. The officers having looked at them some time, the Major said, that as his father had an artificial tooth, he thought he might be able to ascertain if they were indeed his bones and those of his brother.

"The Indians were, therefore, ordered to remove the skeleton of the youth, and to bring to view that of the old officer. This was done, and after a short examination, Major Halket exclaimed, 'It is my father,' and fell back into the arms of his companions. The pioneers then dug a grave, and the bones being laid in it together, a Highland plaid was spread over them, and they were interred with the customary honors." (See *Appendix Z.*)

APPENDIX.

P.

THE TOUCHING STORY OF FANNY BRADDOCK.

The story of Braddock's sister, Fanny, which Goldsmith relates at length in his *life of Beau Nash*, is a sad and touching one. She was left a large fortune at her sister's decease, moved in the very best society, and contracted a passion for elegance. "Whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady." Naturally gay, sprightly, and generous to a fault, and excelling in conversation, she left writings both in prose and verse which were as witty and brilliant as any in that age. Her chief failing was imprudence in the use of money. Anxious to relieve distress, she was lavish beyond reason; at nineteen she was surrounded by lovers, among whom was S——, a talented but unfortunate man, whose love, pity, generosity, and even friendship, were all in excess. He was called "the good-natured man," and became Mistress Braddock's favorite. Very soon his debts becoming overwhelming, he was arrested and thrown into prison, and his lady-love immediately took the fatal resolution of releasing him by discharging all his debts. All the admonitions of Nash and her other friends were disregarded. Her fortune was by this

means exhausted, and, with all her attractions, she lost rank and esteem, and accepted Nash's invitation of a return to Bath, where, for a time, she moved in the very first circles, but a settled melancholy now possessed her, and nothing could divert her.

Her beauty, simplicity, and artlessness finally made her the victim of a designing woman who kept fashionable gambling rooms, and who by flattery, loans of money, etc., soon gained an entire ascendancy over the thoughtless deserted girl, and in 1727, Miss Fanny Braddock, without, as Goldsmith says, "ever transgressing the laws of virtue, had entirely lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at dame Lindsey's, Sylvia, as she was then familiarly called, was sent for, and was obliged to suffer all those slights which the rich but too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune."

This charming girl struggled hard with adversity, and yielded to every encroachment of contempt with sullen reluctance. Matters soon grew from bad to worse, until her friend Nash induced her to break off all connection with dame Lindsey, and to rent part of a house, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, regularity, and virtue; but her detestation of life still grew on her, and about this time she frequently dwelt, and conversed much, on suicide. She soon became so poor that, unable to mix in company for want of the elegancies of dress, she lived a lonely and deserted life, and accepted the position of governess in Mr. Wood's family.

While he and part of his household were absent in London, she conceived the fatal resolution of leaving a life in which she could see no corner for comfort. Thus resolved, she sat down at the dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following lines on one of the panes:—

O death! thou pleasing end of human woe;
Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below;
Still mayst thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

She then went into company with the most cheerful serenity, and ordered supper to be ready in the little library, where she spent the hours before bedtime, in dandling two of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. From this point we quote Goldsmith:

"In retiring to her chamber, she went into the nursery to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in the cradle. Struck with the innocence of its looks, and the consciousness of her meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears, and hugging it in her arms. She then bid her old servant good-night, and went to bed as usual. She soon quitted it, however, and dressed herself in clean linen and white garments of every kind, like a bridesmaid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread. The end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots.

"Thus prepared, she sat down and read: for she left the book open at that place, in the story of Olympia, in the 'Orlando Furioso' of Ariosto, where, by the pity and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined and left to the mercy of an unpitying world. This fatal event gave her fresh spirits to go through her tragical purpose. So, standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle which was tied round her neck, over a closet door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended. Her weight, however, broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell on the floor with such violence that her fall awakened a workman that lay in the house, about half after two. Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room, as her usual custom was when she wanted sleep, and the workman imagining it to be only some ordinary accident, again went to sleep.

"She once more, therefore, had recourse to a stronger girdle, made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended till she died. Her old maid waited as usual for the ringing

of the bell, hour after hour, until two of the afternoon, when the workman entering by the window, found their unfortunate mistress still hanging and quite cold. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of lunacy, and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave.

"Thus ended," concludes Goldsmith, "a female wit, a toast and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken; formed for the delight of society, fallen by imprudence to be an object of pity. Hundreds in high life lamented her fate, and bought up her effects with the greatest avidity; and she remains the strongest instance to posterity that want of prudence alone almost cancels every other virtue."

When the news of the suicide was told to her brother, Edward Braddock, he is said to have uttered this cruel and unfeeling play upon words: "Poor Fanny, I always thought she would play till she would be forced to '*tie herself up*.'" To "tie oneself up from play" was a cant phrase of the day for incurring some obligation, which should act as a restraint upon gambling.

Q.

WASHINGTON'S OPINION OF BRADDOCK.

Nile's Register for May, 1818, contains a deeply interesting account, written out for the Editor, by the venerable William Findley, Youngstown, Pa., of a conversation held with President Washington, concerning Braddock's defeat. He said that Braddock was unfortunate, but his character was very much too severely treated; that he was one of the best and honestest of any British officers with whom he had been acquainted. Even in the manner of fighting he was not more to blame than others; that of all that were consulted, only one person (probably himself), objected to it. "Braddock was both my general and my physician. I was attacked with a dangerous fever on the march, and he left a

sergeant to take care of me, and gave me fever powders, with directions how to use them, and a wagon to bring me on when I would be able, which was only the day before the defeat, the first day I had ridden a horse for a considerable time, and then had to ride with a pillow under me." The President stated, also, that when once out, during Forbes' campaign in '58, he ran the greatest hazard of his life; that he had been ordered to reinforce a bullock guard on their way to camp, and marched his party single file, with trailed arms, sending a runner to inform the British officer in what manner he could meet him. The officer some how misunderstood him, and the parties met in the dark, and fired on each other, till they killed thirty of their own men; nor could they be stopped till he had to go in between their fires, and throw up the muzzles of their guns with his sword.

R.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS ENGAGED.

Many of the officers—both British and American—beside those mentioned, rose to prominence in after times. It is generally stated that Hugh Mercer, the hero of Trenton, was present, but this is a mistake. The first mention we have of this sturdy Scotchman, is in Armstrong's expedition against Kitanning in '56. There was a George and a John Mercer, both of whom were at Fort Necessity, with Washington, but no Hugh Mercer with Braddock. Dr. Hugh Mercer was left by General Forbes in command of the handful of troops placed in charge of the ruins of Fort Duquesne in '58, and subsequently took prominent part in our revolution. Captain Adam Stephen, of the Virginia Rangers, rose to be Colonel of Virginia troops, and was a general officer of the revolution. General Horatio Gates, who figured so conspicuously in our revolution, and whose peculiarities are a well-known part of American history, did not cut much of a

figure in this expedition. Colonel Dunbar, "the Tardy," notwithstanding his disgraceful retreat, was made a British Major-General in '58, and a Lieutenant-General in '60. Lieutenant Gladwyn, distinguished for his very gallant defence of Detroit against Pontiac, was made Colonel in '77, and Major-General in '82. Engineer Harry Gordon, who first discovered the foe at Braddock's Field, became Lieutenant-Colonel in '77. Captain Morris, Braddock's aid, married in 1758, the beautiful and celebrated Mary Philipse, of New York, a great heiress, for whose hand Washington himself was a suitor. The landed possessions of the Philipse family were enormous, embracing much of the site of New York City. Adhering to the crown at the outbreak of the revolution, their estates were confiscated and the children's claims were purchased by John Jacob Astor for \$100,000, worth at that time \$5,000,000, but, at present, incalculable. Lieutenant-Colonel Burton rose to be Major-General in '62. He once about this time fell desperately in love with the tawny daughter of an Indian Chief, and some state that he married her. Captain Lewis, of the Virginia Rangers, had five brothers in his Company, and became the General Lewis, whom Washington, at the outbreak of the revolution, considered the foremost of all American soldiers. Sir John St. Clair remained a long time in service in America, and in '62 was made a full Colonel. At Braddock's defeat he "was shot through the body under the right pap;" and so we might run on. Certain it is, however, that Braddock's campaign proved a dear school to many a young and ambitious officer who afterwards sought service and achieved distinction in different fields.

S.

GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN'S LASHES.

The whipping administered to General Daniel Morgan, the celebrated Commander of the Riflemen of the revolution, is an historical fact, acknowledged by himself, but authorities differ as to the time, place, and details. It is also an undeniable fact that Morgan, when about nineteen years of age, was a wagoner employed by Braddock. We have given the common version of this whipping, but Dr. Wm. Hill, of Winchester, Va., who was General Morgan's pastor and most intimate friend, gives another, as follows:

"Upon one occasion, while assisting in changing his linen, I discovered his back to be covered with scars and ridges, from shoulders to the waist. 'General,' said I, 'what has been the matter with your back?' 'Oh,' replied he, 'that has been the doing of old King George. While I was in his service upon a certain occasion, he promised to give me five hundred lashes. But he failed in his promise, and gave me but four hundred and ninety-nine, so he has been owing me one lash ever since. While the drummer was laying them on my back, I heard him miscount one. I was counting after him at the time. I did not think it worth while to tell him of his mistake, and let it go.'"

T.

SIR PETER HALKET AND "SECOND SIGHT."

We do no violence to probability in making Sir Peter Halket have a vision of what is called "Second Sight." It was not only a general Scotch belief of that day, but long after and even yet. Walter Scott makes great use of it in his novels. All will remember in "Waverley" the eve of the

battle of Preston-Pans in 1745, when Callum Beg aimed his fusee at the English Colonel, Gardiner, and was about to shoot, when an aged Highland seer stopped his arm, saying, "Spare your shot, his hour is not yet come, but let him beware of to-morrow. *I see his winding sheet high up on his breast.*" This is easily explained. The Taish, or Second Sight, was a faculty which Scottish seers were said to possess, without any volition on their part, of seeing future events as if present before their eyes. When a vision comes, the eyes stare until the object vanishes, and sometimes a swoon ensues. The time of the foreseen occurrence is judged by the time of the day at which the vision occurs; if early in the morning, it will be accomplished a few hours afterwards; if at noon, *that very day*; if in the evening, that night; if in the night, according to the lateness of the hour; in days, weeks, months, and sometimes years. A shroud seen about a man is to them a sign of death. If said shroud be below the middle, death will not come for a year; but if it be around the upper part of the body, death may be expected in a few hours or days. Thus the significance of Callum Beg's and Halket's remarks. Scott, in a note on old Allansbane, in his "Lady of the Lake," almost professes his belief in the Taish, and quotes Martin's account of it, and how to interpret the sights seen. The beautiful and well-known poem of "Lochiel," by Campbell, will also occur to the reader.

U.

INDIAN CHIEFS, AND CHRISTIAN POST.

The Chiefs here mentioned were some of the most noted of that day. The assertion made that most of them, with their followers, could have been firmly held in the British interest, had they been as justly, liberally, and politicly treated by them as by the French, is a well-established

historic fact. It admits of not a particle of doubt. The Delawares and Shawnees, especially, were the old-time allies of the British, and the committee appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly to enquire into the reasons of the alienation and hostility of these two tribes in particular, set forth very plainly the causes for Indian estrangement. The main complaint was that the British were constantly, by means of negotiations, feasting, presents, etc., buying from the Six Nations who claimed to be their masters, the land from under their feet. Scarooyaddy and Andrew Montour stated to the Assembly that the defection was secretly encouraged by the Six Nations, and that their hostility grew more bold and open after Braddock's defeat, owing to the seeming weakness, and want of union among the English, and to their inability or unwillingness to protect them. It might have fared very much with General Forbes as with General Braddock, had not Christian Frederick Post, a worthy Moravian Missionary, been sent on two separate visits to the Delawares and Shawnees, gathered about the head of the Ohio. Post kept a very interesting diary, giving a faithful account of his travels, difficulties, and various talks with the Indians. He found them sick of the war, anxious for peace, and re-alliance with the English. He saw Kings Beaver, and Shingiss; Killbuck, Kuckquetackton, Pisquetumen, Keteuskund, and Delaware George, who seemed as much surprised as pleased at Post's representations, all agreeing that if they had known the feelings and good intentions the British had towards them, they never would have taken up the hatchet against them.

V.

COLONEL BOUQUET'S DEFEAT OF GUYASUTHA.

The bloody and desperate battle fought on the 5th and 6th of August, 1763, between Colonel, afterwards General

Henry Bouquet and Guyasutha, the celebrated Seneca Chief, is memorable for two reasons—because of the ruse by which it was won, and because it furnishes a sample of an Indian battle fairly fought, and gallantly won. For it cannot be well denied that down to the decisive victory of “mad Anthony Wayne,” August 20th, 1794, over the combined forces of the Ohio Indians, which led to the cession to the United States of all Eastern Ohio, the Indians had been almost uniformly successful. Fighting Indians is an art which has cost innumerable bloody and expensive battles to learn, and is to this day very imperfectly acquired; as witness the late struggle with the Oregon Modoc band.

In '63, broke out the famous Indian war, usually known as “Pontiac’s war,” though sometimes called “Guyasutha’s war.” In this contest all the Ohio Indians took part, and all the British forts were attacked about the same time. Fort Pitt which had succeeded Old Fort Duquesne, and which was then held by a very small force under the gallant Captain Ecuyer, was very vigorously assailed. Guyasutha’s Indians had surrounded it and cut off all communication. Although the savages had no cannon, they posted themselves under the banks of both rivers, and incessantly harassed the garrison with musketry and rifles, hoping by fire, famine, or perpetual annoyance to overcome the brave little garrison.

Bouquet hastily assembled a small force of about five hundred, chiefly Highlanders, totally unused to Indian warfare, and reached Carlisle about July. He found the whole country in a panic, and the fort, and every house, barn and shed crowded with settlers’ families. Forts Ligonier and Bedford were first reinforced in the most secret and skilful manner. Reaching Fort Ligonier on the 2nd of August, Bouquet left there his wagons, and adventurously proceeded with pack-horses into a dangerous defile at Turtle Creek.

When within half a mile of Bushy Run, after a very harassing march of seventeen miles, they were suddenly

and violently attacked by Indians at one P.M. These were at first beaten off, but they rushed in on all sides, and in great force occupied the heights, almost completely surrounding Bouquet's little army, and pouring in a most galling and fatal fire. A general charge along the whole line dislodged the swarming Indians from the heights, but the savages returned again and again to the attack, pouring in a murderous hail of fire in front and on both flanks, and even attacking the convoy in the rear.

The contest became hotter and hotter, the savages rushing to the attack with wonderful spirit and resolution, and the British holding their own with obstinacy and tenacity. It was life or death with them. Darkness alone ended the bloody battle. The brave little force was almost completely worn out. The day had been exceedingly sultry; they had fought for seven hours on empty stomachs; they were nearly tormented to death by thirst, and had coolly and with desperate courage withstood the galling hail from a fiery circle of whooping demons.

Right in the leafy wilderness where they had fought, on this hot sultry August night, without one drop of water to cool their parched tongues and fevered bodies, the poor Highlanders sank down to rest. Over sixty of their number, including several officers, had been killed or wounded. A dropping fire, and occasional yells and whoops were kept up by the Indians; and in constant fear of a desperate night attack, the anxious hours were dragged through. At the very first streak of dawn a horrible din of yells and shrieks burst forth on all sides of them, and volley after volley of bullets came whistling among their thinned ranks. The combat raged fiercer and hotter than the day before. The Indians seemed more desperate and reckless. They would rush up to close quarters and fire from every bush and tree which could yield cover. Although repulsed at every point, fresh Indians would take the places of the retreating, and the conflict raged more furiously as the day advanced. Yielding their ground when a charge was made, the crafty

savages would vanish for a moment only to come out in a new spot.

The troops maddened by thirst, fainting from heat, and worn out by incessant charges which led to nothing, were almost completely exhausted. Their distress was so plainly visible, that the foe redoubled their horrid yells and fierce attacks, approaching so near as to deride and curse them in bad English. The whole camp was in utter confusion. The wounded and terror-stricken horses rushed frantically about, and the drivers concealed themselves or ran away, and all seemed lost. The defence became wavering and irresolute; all hope had gone, and death or torture menaced the jaded but still brave survivors. If anything was to be done, then was just the time, and no moment to spare.

Bouquet happily was equal to the occasion. In the very midst of despair he conceived and carried into immediate execution a masterly stratagem. He determined to get the Indians into one body, draw them into a trap, and then give them a furious bayonet charge, and so end the conflict. Two Companies were ordered to fall back suddenly in the centre, while the troops on the flank should advance across the vacancy in the circle as if to cover their retreat. Meanwhile another Company of Light Infantry, with one of Grenadiers, were ordered to lie in ambush to support the first two Companies on the feigned retreat. The stratagem took. These movements were mistaken for defeat and retreat. The yelling, screeching demons, believing that their time had come at last, leaped from cover on all sides and rushed headlong to the spot, pouring in a most galling fire. It seemed for a moment that nothing could withstand that impetuous advance and attack, but the two Companies which had retreated, had, under cover of the dense woods and underbrush, made a rapid and secret detour, and now burst out on each flank of the yelling, on-rushing crowd of savages, and discharged a heavy volley right in their very midst. The Indians, though taken completely by surprise,

faced about with great intrepidity, and boldly returned the fire, and essayed to recover ground.

It was too late; with a wild fierce yell of rage, the Highlanders were upon them with the cold steel. A well-conducted bayonet charge an Indian *has* never and *will* never stand. The shock was irresistible, and they fled in a tumultuous mob. Now the two other Companies, who had been crouched in ambush, awaiting the moment to strike, put in an appearance. As the fugitive throng, pressed back by the advancing wall of bristling steel, passed directly across their front, they rose and poured in a destructive volley, which ended the whole matter. The four Companies now uniting, soon changed flight to utter rout. No time was given them to reload; many were shot or driven down, while the rest were scattered in remediless confusion throughout the woods.

While all this took place in *one* part of the circle, the remaining savages on the other sides first watched, then wavered, then lost heart, and finally betook themselves to headlong flight.

And thus was this gallant little force, and its brave and skilful Swiss commander, saved from a terrible disaster—snatched from the very jaws of death. Forty Indians, some of them their chief warriors, had been slain outright. Bouquet lost about fifty killed, and had sixty wounded. The troops had so greatly suffered, and so many horses had been lost, that large amounts of stores had to be destroyed. The march was still difficult and tedious, though entirely unmolested, and it was not until four days after this bloody struggle that Bouquet arrived at Fort Pitt with his convoy, and thus raised the siege.

W.

WASHINGTON WISHES A MONUMENT TO BRADDOCK.

Every student of American history is familiar with the name of General Gage, so indelibly associated with the outbreak of our Revolutionary War. He was second son of Thomas, eighth Baronet and first Viscount Gage, and was of noble but poor family. His father once remarking in a political dispute that he always gave his sons their own way. "Yes," said Winnington, "but that is the *only* thing you ever *do* give them." Gage rose to high rank in the British army, and married Margaret, daughter of Peter Kemble, Esq., of the Cold Spring, (New York,) family of that name, and their son subsequently succeeded his uncle in the Peerage. The English writer, Smollett, commits a grave error when, in speaking of Braddock's defeat and retreat, he says:

"At last the General received a musket-shot through his right arm and lungs, of which he died in a few hours, having been carried off the field by the *bravery of Lieutenant-Colonel Gage*, and another of his officers." Cowardice, rather than conspicuous bravery, is attributed to Gage on *this* side of the Ocean. In Washington's conversation with Findley, quoted elsewhere, the President stated there had been a coldness between Braddock and Dunbar, and that after the battle, he, Washington, had been sent with orders to the latter, first being commanded by Braddock to stop the retreat; which was the easier to be done since the enemy did not pursue. He overtook Gage *three miles in advance* of the place where the retreat was halted, to which spot he sent Gage back; that this being done, he, with two men, in one of the wettest and darkest nights, in which they had often to alight and grope for the road, and after travelling forty miles, arrived at Dunbar's panic-stricken camp about sunrise.

Washington stated, moreover, "that he had taken care of the wounded General, having him carefully carried in a tumbril, and that he buried Braddock in the middle of the road, making the horses and wagons pass over it, to conceal the place from the Indians, *designing* at some future day to *erect a monument to his memory*, which he had no opportunity of doing, till after the Revolutionary War, *when he made diligent search for the grave, but the road had been so much turned and the clear land so extended, that it could not be found.*"

This is a passage exceedingly creditable to Washington's heart. Gratitude is a very rare virtue, and that he should thus endeavor to pay back on the dying and deserted old General, the kindness and attention he himself had but a short time before received from him, and that he should be so anxious to show respect to a brave, but unfortunate and foully-aspersed soldier, as to hunt for Braddock's neglected grave after a long and bitter war with that General's countrymen, is something of which an American can well be proud.

We have stated in our story how it has remained to Pittsburghers of *the present day* to rescue this neglected grave from total neglect. This monument will, we trust, *yet be erected. It is not an American, but a British duty.* Braddock's battle-field, hard by which lies the dust of so many English soldiers, should also have its appropriate monument.

X.

COLONEL JAMES SMITH'S ACCOUNT OF THE TORTURE.

The scene which we have described as presenting itself to Talbot and Smith on the evening of the great battle, is pretty fully taken from the published narrative of the latter. As stated, Smith was the only English-speaking white man

who witnessed the French and Indian departure for the battle-field, the return of the conquerors, and the subsequent torture of the prisoners, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt his veracity. We quote his own words: "I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch; as I spoke Dutch, I went to one of them and asked him what was the news. He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees, and in gullies, and kept up a constant fire on the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown. Some time after this, I heard a number of scalp halloos and saw a Company of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great many bloody scalps, Grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, etc., with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that another Company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this Company was carrying scalps; after this came another Company with a number of wagon horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose.

"About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blackened;—these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of the Allegheny river, opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men; they had him tied to a stake, and kept touching him with firebrands, red-hot irons, etc., and he screaming in the most doleful manner—the Indians, in the mean-

time, yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I retired to my lodgings both sore and sorry."

Y.

THE INDIAN CUSTOM OF ADOPTION.

No strange custom among the American Indians seems so universally established, or so well-attested, as that of the adoption into their tribes and families of those captured in war, or on their various forays, and of the subsequent kind and impartial treatment received. They appear absolutely to make no difference between them and their own kith and kin. The formal ceremony of adoption is observed with solemnity. The one Talbot is made to go through, including the speeches, and the washing by young squaws in the river, was borrowed from the actual experience of Colonel James Smith, noticed elsewhere. American border annals abound in instances of the adoption of both children and grown people of both sexes, and of their restoration to friends and relatives after many years of separation. Some become such complete Indians, or form such strong attachments to their new relatives, that they refuse to quit them.

We have, elsewhere, recounted Colonel Henry Bouquet's victory over the Indians at Bushy Run. The next year he made a highly successful campaign against the Ohio Indians, which resulted in the return of over three hundred captives to their homes. A large number of these had been adopted, and we cannot better illustrate our subject than by showing their behaviour. Many had become completely attached to their habits of life, and returned to their settlements with great reluctance. The scene when the captives were brought to Bouquet's camp, and delivered up, is said by those who witnessed it to have been exceedingly touching and affecting. The Indians used every possible device, first to avoid,

and then to delay this delivery, but Bouquet made it a *sine qua non*; they shed torrents of tears, earnestly and most affectionately commending these adopted relatives to the care and protection of the officers. So long as they remained in camp the Indians visited them from day to day; and brought them skins, horses, corn, and many rich presents as tokens of their sincere and tender affection.

Not only this, but when Bouquet's army took up its backward march, some of the Indians solicited and obtained leave to accompany their former captives all the way to Fort Pitt, and employed themselves in hunting and bringing provisions for them on the road. A young Mingo carried this still further, and gave an instance of constant devotion, which is well worthy of honorable mention. He had formed so strong an attachment to a young Virginia captive as to call her his wife; against all remonstrances of the imminent danger he exposed himself to by approaching the frontiers, where the rude and lawless pioneers were exceedingly hostile to all Indians, he persisted in following her far beyond the border, and at the risk of being killed by the relations of those who had been captured or scalped by those of his nation.

Some grown persons who had lived long with the Indians, had become so much attached to them that the Shawnees were obliged to bind several of them and force them along to camp. Some women who had been delivered up, afterwards found means to escape and run back to the Indian towns, while others, who could not make their escape, clung to their tawny acquaintances at parting, and continued many days in bitter lamentations, even refusing all food. These undoubted facts challenge our esteem, and shed honor upon the Indian character. It is generally admitted that those they adopt are treated exactly like their own relatives. No difference in food, raiment, or treatment.

Z.

THE DEFEAT OF VARUS, AND VISIT OF GERMANICUS.

After the burial of the two Halket skeletons, the remains of four hundred soldiers were gathered together and deposited in a large, shallow pit near by. But the work must have been very imperfectly done, since, in 1776, at the time Justice Yeates visited the battle-field (see farther on), he saw numerous skulls, and skeletons (in many instances mere *disjecta membra*) lying all over the ground. About twenty years ago, some laborers, engaged on a cutting for the Pennsylvania Central R. R. (which road now skirts, and in some places divides, the battle-ground), came upon a mass of these buried remains, and the discovery therewith of some hundreds of British guineas created a great excitement at the time and much profitless search for more.

This visit to Braddock's Field, and the gathering together and burial of the skeletons found therein, has been appropriately likened by Pittsburgh's historian, Neville B. Craig, to a somewhat similar event of old classic times, and of which the Latin historian, Tacitus, gives a touching and deeply interesting account. We can only very briefly refer to it.

In the year 9 of the Christian era, Varus, with an army of three legions and some cohorts, was induced by treacherous advisers to penetrate far into the territory of the Bructeri, Germany. Having advanced for many days through thick forests, they found themselves in a deep, sombre valley, where they were beset by German foes, and badly defeated after a desperate struggle lasting for three whole days. Varus himself dared not survive his disgrace, but killed himself with his own sword.

Some time afterwards another Roman army, under the celebrated Germanicus, found itself victor in the same country, and while pursuing the fugitive Germans came

upon the forest of Tentobrugium, in which Varus had been defeated, and where lay the unburied remains of the massacred legions. "Touched by this affecting circumstance," writes Tacitus, "Germanicus resolved to pay the last human offices to the relics of that unfortunate Commander, and his slaughtered soldiers. The same tender sentiment diffused itself through the army; some felt the touch of nature for their relatives; others for their friends. The army marched through a gloomy solitude. The first camp of Varus appeared in view. Further on were traced the ruins of a rampart, and the hollow of a ditch well nigh filled up. This was supposed to be the spot where the few who escaped the general massacre made their last effort and perished in the attempt. The plains around were white with bones; in some places thinly scattered; in others lying in heaps, as the men happened to fall in flight, or in a body resisted to the last. Fragments of javelins and limbs of horses lay scattered in the field. Human skulls were seen upon the trunks of trees. In the adjacent woods stood the savage altars, where the tribunes and principal centurions were offered up a sacrifice with barbarous rites.

"Some of the soldiers who survived that dreadful day, and afterwards broke their chains, related the particulars. 'Here the Commanders of the legions were put to the sword; on that spot the eagles were seized; there Varus received his first wound; and this is the place where he gave himself the mortal stab, and died by his own sword. Yonder mound was the tribunal from which Arminius harangued his countrymen; here he fixed his gibbets; there he dug the funeral trenches, and in that quarter he offered every mark of scorn and insolence to the colors and the Roman Eagles.'

"Six years had elapsed since the overthrow of Varus; and now, on the same spot, the Roman army collected the bones of their slaughtered countrymen,—whether they were burying the remains of strangers or of their own friends, no man knew. All, however, considered themselves as performing the last obsequies to their kindred and their

brother soldiers. While employed in this pious office, their hearts were torn with contending passions; by turns oppressed with grief and burning for revenge. A monument to the memory of the dead was raised with turf. Germanicus, with his own hand, laid the first sod."

BRADDOCK'S FIELDS IN THESE MODERN TIMES.

Judge Yeates paid a visit to Braddock's Field in 1776, and even then, more than twenty years after the battle, saw many striking signs of the desperate conflict. Skeletons unburied, huge limbs cut off by the cannon ball, and the trunks and branches of those yet thickly standing marked and scarred for thirty feet up with ball and grape. He writes: "My feelings were heightened by the warm and glowing narrative of that day's events by Dr. Walker, who was an eye witness. He pointed out the ford where the army crossed the Monongahela (below Turtle Creek, eight hundred yards). A finer sight could not have been beheld; the shining barrels of the muskets; the excellent order of the men; the cleanliness of their apparel; the joy depicted upon every face at being so near Fort Duquesne, the highest object of their wishes. The music re-echoed through the mountains; how brilliant the morning; how melancholy the evening."

That unhappy field was witness long after to another strange and startling scene. It was on Friday, August 1st, 1794, and during the height of the Western Insurrection—generally known as the "whiskey rebellion"—that many thousand armed men assembled by expresses sent through the four counties involved, under penalty of having their property destroyed if they absented themselves. A Pittsburgh delegation was there, urged by the threat that as they harbored the chief opponents to the insurrection, they must appear on the ground to assert their adherence to it, or their town would be burned down about their ears. The motives which gathered this multitude were varied. Many came from fear; many from curiosity; many were deceived into

the belief that it was a simple militia muster, and all seemed confused as to what were best to be done.

The day was spent in eating, drinking, and smoking. At night the fires were lighted, and groups of men chatted, sung, gamed, or earnestly discussed under the trees. David Bradford, mounted on a superb horse, with splendid trappings, and arrayed in full martial uniform, with plumes floating, and sword drawn, acted as Major-General to this remarkable and heterogeneous collection of countrymen. The good people of Pittsburgh were greatly alarmed at the threats and rumors carried to their ears that an attack was to be made on their fort, and their town destroyed. Goods were packed, houses abandoned, guards stationed, and the whole town was in a state of terrible commotion and dismay, but happily, peaceful counsels, under the politic advice and entreaties of leaders, prevailed, and it was agreed that the insurgents should simply march through the place to impress and overawe the citizens, and should then cross the Monongahela and disperse.

The procession, said to be about two and a half miles long, and to number between five and six thousand persons, entered the town about noon of Saturday, all in file and in good order. The guns of the fort were loaded, and the little garrison of two hundred and fifty soldiers drawn up, prepared to give the insurgents a hot reception should they venture an attack, but they prudently gave the fort a wide berth, and after marching through the main street, and being helped liberally to whiskey by the frightened citizens, they noisily crossed the Monongahela in boats about night-fall, and gradually dispersed; but not until the most reckless or drunken of their number had fired the barns and stacks of Colonel Kirkpatrick, located on the top of Coal Hill, and near by the spot where we have located the first scene of our tale. The flames cast a lurid glare over the little town and surrounding country, but fortunately this was the extent of the mischief done, and then this strange impromptu army scattered to their various homes. Although this vast

assemblage gave weight and impetus to the insurrection, yet it was soon after completely suppressed, and without bloodshed.

Since that troublous time, Braddock's Fields have been left to the peaceful labors of the husbandman, and waving fields of rich grain have year after year occupied that "dark and bloody ground." Many is the bullet or grape-shot we have gathered on that fatal plain. It is now staked off, and will soon be completely covered with the elegant mansions of Pittsburgh merchants, and no monument is yet erected to announce to a curious public the exact locality of this important battle and disastrous defeat. Pittsburgh should bestir itself in this matter.

THE END.

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